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The Complete Works of

John L. Motley

VOLUME IX

History of the United Netherlands

From the Death of William the Silent to the Twelve Years' Truce, 1609

VOL. IV

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THE UNITED NETHERLANDS

CHAPTER XXIII

Philip's scheme of aggrandizement—Projected invasion of France—Internal condition of France—Character of Henry of Navarre—Preparation for action—Battle of Ivry—Victory of the French king over the League—Reluctance of the king to attack the French capital—Siege of Paris—The pope indisposed toward the League—Extraordinary demonstration of ecclesiastics—Influence of the priests—Extremities of the siege—Attempted negotiation—State of Philip's army—Difficult position of Farnese—March of the allies to the relief of Paris—Lagny taken and the city relieved—Desertion of the king's army—Siege of Corbeil—Death of Pope Sixtus V.—Recapture of Lagny and Corbeil—Return of Parma to the Netherlands—Result of the expedition.

THE scene of the narrative shifts to France. The history of the United Netherlands at this epoch is a world-history. Were it not so, it would have far less of moral and instruction for all time than it is really capable of affording. The battle of liberty against despotism was now fought in the hop-fields of Brabant or the polders of Friesland, now in the narrow seas which encircle England, and now on the sunny plains of Dauphiny, among the craggy inlets of Brittany, or along the highroads and rivers which lead to the gates of Paris. But everywhere a noiseless, secret, but ubiquitous negotiation was

speeding with never an instant's pause to accomplish the work which lansquenets and riders, pikemen and carbineers, were contending for on a hundred battle-fields and amid a din of arms which for a quarter of a century had been the regular hum of human industry. For nearly a generation of mankind, Germans and Hollanders, Englishmen, Frenchmen, Scotchmen, Irishmen, Spaniards, and Italians, seemed to be born into the world mainly to fight for or against a system of universal monarchy, conceived for his own benefit by a quiet old man who passed his days at a writing-desk in a remote corner of Europe. It must be confessed that Philip II. gave the world work enough. Whether, had the peoples governed themselves, their energies might not have been exerted in a different direction, and on the whole have produced more of good to the human race than came of all this blood and smoke, may be questioned.

But the divine right of kings, associating itself with the power supreme of the Church, was struggling to maintain that old mastery of mankind which awakening reason was inclined to dispute. Countries and nations being regarded as private property to be inherited or bequeathed by a few favored individuals, provided always that those individuals were obedient to the chief priest, it had now become right and proper for the Spanish monarch to annex Scotland, England, and France to the very considerable possessions which were already his own. Scotland he claimed by virtue of the expressed wish of Mary, to the exclusion of her heretic son. France, which had been unjustly usurped by another family in times past to his detriment, and which only a mere human invention—a "pleasantry," as Alva had happily termed it, "called the Salic law"—prevented

from passing quietly to his daughter, as heiress to her mother, daughter of Henry II., he was now fully bent upon making his own without further loss of time. England, in consequence of the mishap of the year '88, he was inclined to defer appropriating until the possession of the French coasts, together with those of the Netherlands, should enable him to risk the adventure with assured chances of success.

The Netherlands were fast slipping beyond his control, to be sure, as he engaged in these endless schemes; and ill-disposed people of the day said that the king was like Æsop's dog, lapping the river dry in order to get at the skins floating on the surface. The Duke of Parma was driven to his wits' ends for expedients, and beside himself with vexation, when commanded to withdraw his ill-paid and mutinous army from the provinces for the purpose of invading France.[1] Most importunate were the appeals and potent the arguments by which he attempted to turn Philip from his purpose. It was in vain. Spain was the great, aggressive, overshadowing power at that day, before whose plots and whose violence the nations alternately trembled, and it was France that now stood in danger of being conquered or dismembered by the common enemy of all. That unhappy kingdom, torn by intestine conflict, naturally invited the ambition and the greediness of foreign powers. Civil war had been its condition, with brief intervals, for a whole generation of mankind. During the last few years the sword had been never sheathed, while the

[1] "Con todo, claro es," said Champagny, with bitterness, "que no bastando ya para la guerra que tenemos, mucho menos para si nos engolfamos en la de Francia."—Discours sur les affaires des Pays-Bas, MS. before cited.

Holy Confederacy and the Béarnese struggled together for the mastery. Religion was the mantle under which the chiefs on both sides concealed their real designs as they led on their followers year after year to the desperate conflict. And their followers, the masses, were doubtless in earnest. A great principle—the relation of man to his Maker, and his condition in a future world, as laid down by rival priesthoods—has in almost every stage of history had power to influence the multitude to fury and to deluge the world in blood. And so long as the superstitious element of human nature enables individuals or combinations of them to dictate to their fellow-creatures those relations, or to dogmatize concerning those conditions,—to take possession of their consciences, in short, and to interpose their mummeries between man and his Creator,—it is probable that such scenes as caused the nations to shudder throughout so large a portion of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries will continue to repeat themselves at intervals in various parts of the earth. Nothing can be more sublime than the self-sacrifice, nothing more demoniac than the crimes, which human creatures have seemed always ready to exhibit under the name of religion.

It was and had been really civil war in France; in the Netherlands it had become essentially a struggle for independence against a foreign monarch; although the germ out of which both conflicts had grown to their enormous proportions was an effort of the multitude to check the growth of papacy. In France, accordingly, civil war, attended by that gaunt sisterhood, murder, pestilence, and famine, had swept from the soil almost everything that makes life valuable. It had not brought in its train that extraordinary material prosperity and

intellectual development at which men wondered in the Netherlands, and to which allusion has just been made. But a fortunate conjunction of circumstances had now placed Henry of Navarre in a position of vantage. He represented the principle of nationality, of French unity. It was impossible to deny that he was in the regular line of succession, now that luckless Henry of Valois slept with his fathers, and the principle of nationality might perhaps prove as vital a force as attachment to the Roman Church. Moreover, the adroit and unscrupulous Béarnese knew well how to shift the mantle of religion from one shoulder to the other, to serve his purposes or the humors of those whom he addressed.

"The King of Spain would exclude me from the kingdom and heritage of my father because of my religion," he said to the Duke of Saxony; "but in that religion *I am determined to persist so long as I shall live.*"[1] The hand was the hand of Henry, but it was the voice of Duplessis-Mornay.

"Were there thirty crowns to win," said he, at about the same time, to the states of France, "*I would not change my religion on compulsion,* the dagger at my throat. Instruct me, instruct me; *I am not obstinate.*"[2] There spoke the wily free-thinker, determined not to be juggled out of what he considered his property by fanatics or priests of either church. Had Henry been a real devotee, the fate of Christendom might have been different. The world has long known how much misery it is in the power of crowned bigots to inflict.

On the other hand, the Holy League, the sacred Con-

[1] Lettre du Roy au Duc de Saxe, dressée par Duplessis, Mém. et Corresp. de Duplessis-Mornay, iv. 491.

[2] Lettre du Roy de Navarre aux états de ce royaume, ibid., 322 seq.

federacy, was Catholic or nothing. Already it was more papist than the pope, and loudly denounced Sixtus V. as a Huguenot because he was thought to entertain a weak admiration both for Henry the heretic and for the Jezebel of England.

But the Holy Confederacy was bent on destroying the national government of France and dismembering the national domain. To do this the pretext of trampling out heresy and indefinitely extending the power of Rome was most influential with the multitude, and entitled the leaders to enjoy immense power for the time being, while maturing their schemes for acquiring permanent possession of large fragments of the national territory. Mayenne, Nemours, Aumale, Mercœur, longed to convert temporary governments into independent principalities. The Duke of Lorraine looked with longing eyes on Verdun, Sedan, and the other fair cities within the territories contiguous to his own domains. The reckless house of Savoy, with whom freebooting and land-robbery seemed geographical and hereditary necessities, was busy on the southern borders, while it seemed easy enough for Philip II., in right of his daughter, to secure at least the duchy of Brittany before entering on the sovereignty of the whole kingdom.

To the eyes of the world at large France might well seem in a condition of hopeless disintegration; the restoration of its unity and former position among the nations, under the government of a single chief, a weak and wicked dream. Furious and incessant were the anathemas hurled on the head of the Béarnese for his persistence in drowning the land in blood, in the hope of recovering a national capital which never could be his, and of wresting from the control of the Confederacy

that power which, whether usurped or rightful, was considered, at least by the peaceably inclined, to have become a solid fact.

The poor puppet locked in the tower of Fontenay, and entitled Charles X., deceived and scared no one. Such money as there was might be coined in its name, but Madam League reigned supreme in Paris. The Confederates, inspired by the eloquence of a cardinal legate, and supplied with funds by the faithful, were ready to dare a thousand deaths rather than submit to the rule of a tyrant and heretic.

What was an authority derived from the laws of the land and the history of the race compared with the dogmas of Rome and the trained veterans of Spain? It remained to be seen whether nationality or bigotry would triumph. But in the early days of 1590 the prospects of nationality were not encouraging.

François de Luxembourg, Duc de Pincey, was in Rome at that moment, deputed by such Catholic nobles of France as were friendly to Henry of Navarre.[1] Sixtus might perhaps be influenced as to the degree of respect to be accorded to the envoy's representations by the events of the campaign about to open. Meantime the legate Gaetano, young, rich, eloquent, unscrupulous, distinguished alike for the splendor of his house and the brilliancy of his intellect, had arrived in Paris.[2]

Followed by a great train of adherents, he had gone down to the House of Parliament, and was about to seat himself under the dais reserved for the king, when Brisson, first president of Parliament, plucked him back by

[1] De Thou, t. xi. liv. xcvii. 100–103.

[2] Dondini, De rebus in Gallia gestis ab Alexandro Farnesio, i. 131.

the arm, and caused him to take a seat immediately below his own.[1]

Deeply was the bold president to expiate this defense of king and law against the Holy League. For the moment, however, the legate contented himself with a long harangue setting forth the power of Rome, while Brisson replied by an oration magnifying the grandeur of France.

Soon afterward the cardinal addressed himself to the counteraction of Henry's projects of conversion. For well did the subtle priest understand that in purging himself of heresy the Béarnese was about to cut the ground from beneath his enemies' feet. In a letter to the archbishops and bishops of France he argued the matter at length. Especially he denied the necessity or the legality of an assembly of all the prelates of France, such as Henry desired, to afford him the requisite "instruction" as to the respective merits of the Roman and the Reformed Church. Certainly, he urged, the Prince of Béarn could hardly require instruction as to the tenets of either, seeing that at different times he had faithfully professed both.[2]

But while benches of bishops and doctors of the Sorbonne were burnishing all the arms in ecclesiastical and legal arsenals for the approaching fray, the sound of louder if not more potent artillery began to be heard in the vicinity of Paris. The candid Henry, while seeking ghostly instruction with eagerness from his papistical patrons, was equally persevering in applying for the assistance of heretic musketeers and riders from his Protestant friends in England, Holland, Germany, and Switzerland.

[1] De Thou, ubi sup. 108. [2] Ibid.

Queen Elizabeth and the States-General vied with each other in generosity to the great champion of Protestantism, who was combating the Holy League so valiantly, and rarely has a great historical figure presented itself to the world so bizarre of aspect, and under such shifting perplexity of light and shade, as did the Béarnese in the early spring of 1590.

The hope of a considerable portion of the Catholic nobility of his realm, although himself an excommunicated heretic; the mainstay of Calvinism, while secretly bending all his energies to effect his reconciliation with the pope; the idol of the austere and grimly puritanical, while himself a model of profligacy; the leader of the earnest and the true, although false as water himself in every relation in which human beings can stand to each other; a standard-bearer of both great branches of the Christian Church in an age when religion was the atmosphere of men's daily lives, yet finding his sincerest admirer and one of his most faithful allies in the Grand Turk;[1] the representative of national liberty and human

[1] A portion of the magnificently protective letter of Sultan Amurath, in which he complimented Henry on his religious steadfastness, might almost have made the king's cheek tingle:

". . . a toi, Henri de Navarre de la race invincible des Bourbons, nous avons entendu que Don Philippe, de la maison d'Autriche, favorisant aucuns de tes ennemis, tache de te priver de la succession légitime qui t'appartient au royaume de France qui est de notre alliance et confedération en haine de ce *que tu detestes les faux services des idoles, tres déplaisantes au grand Dieu, pour tenir purement ce que tu tiens qui est le meilleur du monde;* je te fais assavoir qu'ayant en horreur cette cause qui ne tend qu'au profit particulier de ceux qui se sont élevés contre toi, je veux prendre ta protection et tellement dompter la folie de tes ennemis et de l'Espagnol qui t'occupe injustement le royaume de Navarre, qu'il en sera mémoire à jamais, et te rendant victorieux, je veux

rights against regal and sacerdotal absolutism, while himself a remorseless despot by nature and education, and a believer in no rights of the people save in their privilege to be ruled by himself, it seems strange at first view that Henry of Navarre should have been for centuries so heroic and popular an image. But he was a soldier, a wit, a consummate politician; above all, he was a man, at a period when to be a king was often to be something much less or much worse.

To those accustomed to weigh and analyze popular forces it might well seem that he was now playing an utterly hopeless game. His capital garrisoned by the pope and the King of Spain, with its grandees and its populace scoffing at his pretense of authority and loathing his name; with an exchequer consisting of what he could beg or borrow from Queen Elizabeth—most parsimonious of sovereigns, reigning over the half of a small island—and from the States-General, governing a half-born, half-drowned little republic, engaged in a quarter of a century's warfare with the greatest monarch in the world; with a wardrobe consisting of a dozen shirts and five pocket-handkerchiefs,[1] most of them ragged, and with a commissariat made up of what could be brought in the saddle-bags of his Huguenot cavaliers, who came to the charge with him to-day, and to-morrow were dispersed again to their mountain fastnesses, it did not seem likely, on any reasonable theory of dynamics,

te rétablir avec ma puissance redoutable par tout le monde au grand épouvantement de tous les roys, ayant moyen de les réduire en telle extrémité qu'ils ne te feront jamais ennui."—Arch. de Sim. (Paris) MS., B. 64, 17. Cited by Capefigue, Hist. de la Réforme, de la Ligue et du règne de Henri IV., v. 361.

[1] L'Estoile, 203.

that the power of the Béarnese was capable of outweighing pope and Spain, and the meaner but massive populace of France, and the Sorbonne, and the great chiefs of the Confederacy, wealthy, long descended, allied to all the sovereigns of Christendom, potent in territorial possessions, and skilful in wielding political influences.

"The Béarnese is poor, but a gentleman of good family,"[1] said the cheerful Henry, and it remained to be seen whether nationality, unity, legitimate authority, history, and law would be able to neutralize the powerful combination of opposing elements.

The king had been besieging Dreux, and had made good progress in reducing the outposts of the city. As it was known that he was expecting considerable reinforcements of English ships, Netherlanders, and Germans, the chiefs of the League issued orders from Paris for an attack before he should thus be strengthened.

For Parma, unwillingly obeying the stringent commands of his master, had sent from Flanders eighteen hundred picked cavalry, under Count Philip Egmont, to join the army of Mayenne. This force comprised five hundred Belgian heavy dragoons, under the chief nobles of the land, together with a selection, in even proportions, of Walloon, German, Spanish, and Italian troopers.

Mayenne accordingly crossed the Seine at Mantes with an army of ten thousand foot and, including Egmont's contingent, about four thousand horse. A force under Marshal d'Aumont, which lay in Ivry at the passage of the Eure, fell back on his approach and joined the remainder of the king's army. The siege of Dreux was

[1] L'Estoile, 203.

abandoned, and Henry withdrew to the neighborhood of Nonancourt. It was obvious that the duke meant to offer battle, and it was rare that the king under any circumstances could be induced to decline a combat.[1]

On the night of the 12th–13th March Henry occupied St.-André, a village situated on an elevated and extensive plain four leagues from Nonancourt, in the direction of Ivry, fringed on three sides by villages and by a wood, and commanding a view of all the approaches from the country between the Seine and Eure. It would have been better had Mayenne been beforehand with him, as the sequel proved; but the duke was not famed for the rapidity of his movements. During the greater part of the night Henry was employed in distributing his orders for that conflict which was inevitable on the following day. His army was drawn up according to a plan prepared by himself, and submitted to the most experienced of his generals for their approval. He then personally visited every portion of the encampment, speaking words of encouragement to his soldiers, and perfecting his arrangements for the coming conflict. Attended by Marshals d'Aumont and Biron, he remained on horseback during a portion of the night, having ordered his officers to their tents and reconnoitered as well as he could the position of the enemy. Toward morning he retired to his headquarters at Fourainville, where he threw himself half dressed on his truckle-bed, and, although the night was bitterly cold, with no covering but his cloak. He was startled from his slumber before the dawn by a movement of lights in the enemy's

[1] De Thou, t. xi. liv. xcvii. 116 seq. Coloma, Guerras de los Estados Baxos, iii. 43 seq. Parma to Philip, March 24, 1590, Arch. de Sim. MS.

camp, and he sprang to his feet, supposing that the duke was stealing a march upon him despite all his precautions. The alarm proved to be a false one, but Henry lost no time in ordering his battle. His cavalry he divided in seven troops or squadrons. The first, forming the left wing, was a body of three hundred, under Marshal d'Aumont, supported by two regiments of French infantry. Next, separated by a short interval, was another troop of three hundred, under the Duke of Montpensier, supported by two other regiments of foot, one Swiss and one German. In front of Montpensier was Baron Biron the younger, at the head of still another body of three hundred. Two troops of cuirassiers, each four hundred strong, were on Biron's left, the one commanded by the Grand Prior of France, Charles d'Angoulême, the other by M. de Givry. Between the prior and Givry were six pieces of heavy artillery, while the battalia, formed of eight hundred horse in six squadrons, was commanded by the king in person, and covered on both sides by English and Swiss infantry, amounting to some four thousand in all. The right wing was under the charge of old Marshal Biron, and comprised three troops of horse, numbering one hundred and fifty each, two companies of German riders, and four regiments of French infantry. These numbers, which are probably given with as much accuracy as can be obtained, show a force of about three thousand horse and twelve thousand foot.

The Duke of Mayenne, seeing too late the advantage of position which he might have easily secured the day before, led his army forth with the early light, and arranged it in an order not very different from that adopted by the king, and within cannon-shot of his lines.

The right wing, under Marshal de la Châtre, consisted of three regiments of French and one of Germans, supporting three regiments of Spanish lancers, two cornets of German riders under the Bastard of Brunswick, and four hundred cuirassiers. The battalia, which was composed of six hundred splendid cavalry, all noblemen of France, guarding the white banner of the Holy League, and supported by a column of three thousand Swiss and two thousand French infantry, was commanded by Mayenne in person, assisted by his half-brother, the Duke of Nemours. In front of the infantry was a battery of six cannon and three culverins. The left wing was commanded by Marshal de Rêne, with six regiments of French and Lorrainers, two thousand Germans, six hundred French cuirassiers, and the mounted troopers of Count Egmont. It is probable that Mayenne's whole force, therefore, amounted to nearly four thousand cavalry and at least thirteen thousand foot.[1]

Very different was the respective appearance of the two armies, so far, especially, as regarded the horsemen on both sides. Gay in their gilded armor and waving plumes, with silken scarfs across their shoulders, and the fluttering favors of fair ladies on their arms or in their helmets, the brilliant champions of the Holy Catholic Confederacy clustered around the chieftains of the great house of Guise, impatient for the conflict. It was like a muster for a brilliant and chivalrous tournament. The Walloon and Flemish nobles, outrivaling even the self-confidence of their companions in arms, taunted them with their slowness. The impetuous Egmont, burning to eclipse the fame of his ill-fated father at

[1] De Thou, Coloma, ubi sup. Dondini, i. 140 seq. Meteren, xvi. 292. Parma's letters before cited.

Gravelines and St.-Quentin in the same holy cause, urged on the battle with unseemly haste, loudly proclaiming that if the French were faint-hearted he would himself give a good account of the Navarrese prince without any assistance from them.

A cannon-shot away, the grim Puritan nobles, who had come forth from their mountain fastnesses to do battle for king and law and for the rights of conscience against the Holy League,—men seasoned in a hundred battle-fields, clad all in iron, with no dainty ornaments nor holiday luxury of warfare,—knelt on the ground, smiting their mailed breasts with iron hands, invoking blessings on themselves and curses and confusion on their enemies in the coming conflict, and chanting a stern psalm of homage to the God of battles and of wrath. And Henry of France and Navarre, descendant of Louis the Holy and of Hugh the Great, beloved chief of the Calvinist cavaliers, knelt among his heretic brethren, and prayed and chanted with them. But not the stanchest Huguenot of them all, not Duplessis, nor D'Aubigné, nor De la Noue with the Iron Arm, was more devoted on that day to crown and country than were such papist supporters of the rightful heir as had sworn to conquer the insolent foreigner on the soil of France or die.

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When this brief prelude was over, Henry made an address to his soldiers, but its language has not been preserved.[1] It is known, however, that he wore that day his famous snow-white plume, and that he ordered his soldiers, should his banner go down in the conflict, to follow wherever and as long as that plume should be seen waving on any part of the field. He had taken a position by which his troops had the sun and wind in

[1] De Thou, ubi sup.

their backs, so that the smoke rolled toward the enemy and the light shone in their eyes. The combat began with the play of artillery, which soon became so warm that Egmont, whose cavalry, suffering and galled, soon became impatient, ordered a charge. It was a most brilliant one. The heavy troopers of Flanders and Hainault, following their spirited chieftain, dashed upon old Marshal Biron, routing his cavalry, charging clean up to the Huguenot guns, and sabering the cannoneers. The shock was square, solid, irresistible, and was followed up by the German riders under Eric of Brunswick, who charged upon the battalia of the royal army, where the king commanded in person.

There was a panic. The whole royal cavalry wavered, the supporting infantry recoiled, the day seemed lost before the battle was well begun. Yells of "Victory! Victory! Up with the Holy League, down with the heretic Béarnese!" resounded through the Catholic squadrons. The king and Marshal Biron, who were near each other, were furious with rage, but already doubtful of the result. They exerted themselves to rally the troops under their immediate command, and to reform the shattered ranks.[1]

The German riders and French lancers, under Brunswick and Bassompierre, had, however, not done their work as thoroughly as Egmont had done. The ground was so miry and soft that in the brief space which separated the hostile lines they had not power to urge their horses to full speed. Throwing away their useless lances, they came on at a feeble canter, sword in hand, and were unable to make a very vigorous impression on the more heavily armed troopers opposed to them. Meeting with

[1] De Thou, Dondini, Coloma, Meteren, ubi sup.

a firm resistance to their career, they wheeled, faltered a little, and fell a short distance back.[1] Many of the riders, being of the Reformed religion, refused, moreover, to fire upon the Huguenots, and discharged their carbines in the air.[2]

The king, whose glance on the battle-field was like inspiration, saw the blot, and charged upon them in person with his whole battalia of cavalry. The veteran Biron followed hard upon the snow-white plume. The scene was changed, victory succeeded to impending defeat, and the enemy was routed. The riders and cuirassiers, broken into a struggling heap of confusion, strewed the ground with their dead bodies, or carried dismay into the ranks of the infantry as they strove to escape. Brunswick went down in the mêlée, mortally wounded, as it was believed. Egmont, renewing the charge at the head of his victorious Belgian troopers, fell dead with a musket-ball through his heart. The shattered German and Walloon cavalry, now pricked forward by the lances of their companions, under the passionate commands of Mayenne and Aumale, now falling back before the furious charges of the Huguenots, were completely over-

[1] William Lyly to Sir F. Walsingham, March 20, 1590, S. P. Office MS., a blunt, plain-spoken Englishman and eye-witness, writing from the spot. Mémoires de Sully (ed. Londres, 1747), iii. 168, 169. The Duc de Sully, who fought in the squadron which sustained Egmont's first onset, and who received seven wounds, states expressly that the king would have been hopelessly defeated had the whole army of the League displayed the same remarkable valor as was manifested by Egmont's command. The right of the royal cavalry broke into a panic flight after the hand-to-hand combat had lasted a quarter of an hour, and the left was broken and thrown into utter confusion.

[2] Sully, ubi sup.

thrown and cut to pieces. Seven times did Henry of Navarre in person lead his troopers to the charge; but suddenly, in the midst of the din of battle and the cheers of victory, a message of despair went from lip to lip throughout the royal lines. The king had disappeared. He was killed, and the hopes of Protestantism and of France were fallen forever with him. The white standard of his battalia had been seen floating wildly and purposelessly over the field; for his bannerman, Pot de Rhodes, a young noble of Dauphiny, wounded mortally in the head, with blood streaming over his face and blinding his sight, was utterly unable to control his horse, who galloped hither and thither at his own caprice, misleading many troopers who followed in his erratic career. A cavalier, armed in proof, and wearing the famous snow-white plume, after a hand-to-hand struggle with a veteran of Count Bossu's regiment, was seen to fall dead by the side of the bannerman. The Fleming, not used to boast, loudly asserted that he had slain the Béarnese, and the news spread rapidly over the battle-field. The defeated Confederates gained new courage, the victorious Royalists were beginning to waver, when suddenly, between the hostile lines, in the very midst of the battle, the king galloped forward, bareheaded, covered with blood and dust, but entirely unhurt. A wild shout of "Vive le Roi!" rang through the air. Cheerful as ever, he addressed a few encouraging words to his soldiers with a smiling face, and again led a charge. It was all that was necessary to complete the victory. The enemy broke and ran away on every side in wildest confusion, followed by the Royalist cavalry, who sabered them as they fled. The panic gained the foot-soldiers, who should have supported the cavalry, but had not been

at all engaged in the action. The French infantry threw away their arms as they rushed from the field and sought refuge in the woods. The Walloons were so expeditious in the race that they never stopped till they gained their own frontier.[1] The day was hopelessly lost, and although Mayenne had conducted himself well in the early part of the day, it was certain that he was excelled by none in the celerity of his flight when the rout had fairly begun. Pausing to draw breath as he gained the wood, he was seen to deal blows with his own sword among the mob of fugitives, not that he might rally them to their flag and drive them back to another encounter, but because they encumbered his own retreat.[2]

The Walloon carbineers, the German riders, and the French lancers, disputing as to the relative blame to be attached to each corps, began shooting and sabering each other almost before they were out of the enemy's sight. Many were thus killed. The lansquenets were all put to the sword. The Swiss infantry were allowed to depart for their own country on pledging themselves not again to bear arms against Henry IV. It is probable that eight hundred of the Leaguers were either killed on the battle-field or drowned in the swollen river in their retreat. About one fourth of that number fell in the army

[1] Lyly's letter before cited. Compare Coloma, Dondini, De Thou, Meteren, ubi sup.

[2] Decorous chroniclers like Dondini (i. 143) and others represent the duke as vigorously rallying and rebuking the fugitives; but, says honest William Lyly, telling what he saw: "The enemy thus ran away, Mayenne to Ivry, where the Walloons and reiters followed so fast that, there standing, hasting to draw breath, and not able to speak, he was constrained to draw his sword to strike the fliers, to make place for his own flight."—MS. letter before cited.

of the king. It is certain that of the contingent from the obedient Netherlands two hundred and seventy, including their distinguished general, lost their lives.[1] The Bastard of Brunswick, crawling from beneath a heap of slain, escaped with life.[2] Mayenne lost all his standards and all the baggage of his army, while the army itself was for a time hopelessly dissolved.[3]

Few cavalry actions have attained a wider celebrity in history than the fight of Ivry. Yet there have been many hard-fought battles, where the struggle was fiercer and closer, where the issue was for a longer time doubtful, where far more lives on either side were lost, where the final victory was immediately productive of very much greater results, and which, nevertheless, have sunk into hopeless oblivion. The personal details which remain concerning the part enacted by the adventurous king at this most critical period of his career, the romantic interest which must always gather about that ready-witted, ready-sworded Gascon, at the moment when, to contemporaries, the result of all his struggles seemed so hopeless, or at best so doubtful; above all, the numerous royal and princely names which embellished the roll-call of that famous passage of arms, and which were supposed, in those days at least, to add such luster to a battle-field as humbler names, however illustrious by valor or virtue, could never bestow, have made this combat forever famous.

Yet it is certain that the most healthy moral, in mili-

[1] De Thou says eight hundred, Dondini four hundred, but Farnese in his letter to the king says two hundred and seventy.

[2] So says Dondini, i. 149. Coloma says he was killed.

[3] Dondini, De Thou, Coloma, Meteren, Parma's letters, Lyly's letter.

tary affairs, to be derived from the event, is that the importance of a victory depends less upon itself than on the use to be made of it. Mayenne fled to Mantes, the Duke of Nemours to Chartres, other leaders of the League in various directions. Mayenne told everybody he met that the Béarnese was killed, and that although his own army was defeated, he should soon have another one on foot. The same intelligence was communicated to the Duke of Parma, and by him to Philip. Mendoza and the other Spanish agents went about Paris spreading the news of Henry's death, but the fact seemed woefully to lack confirmation, while the proofs of the utter overthrow and shameful defeat of the Leaguers were visible on every side. The Parisians—many of whom, the year before, had in vain hired windows in the principal streets, in order to witness the promised entrance of the Béarnese, bound hand and foot, and with a gag in his mouth,[1] to swell the triumph of Madam League—were incredulous as to the death now reported to them of this very lively heretic, by those who had fled so ignominiously from his troopers.

De la Noue and the other Huguenot chieftains earnestly urged upon Henry the importance of advancing upon Paris without an instant's delay, and it seems at least extremely probable that, had he done so, the capital would have fallen at once into his hands. It is the concurrent testimony of contemporaries that the panic, the destitution, the confusion would have made resistance impossible had a determined onslaught been made.[2] And Henry had a couple of thousand horsemen flushed

[1] L'Estoile, Reg. Journal de Henri IV., 6.

[2] Dondini, Coloma, ubi sup. Compare De Thou, Meteren, Sully, et mult. al.

with victory, and a dozen thousand foot who had been compelled to look upon a triumph in which they had no opportunity of sharing. Success and emulation would have easily triumphed over dissension and despair.

But the king, yielding to the counsels of Biron and other Catholics, declined attacking the capital, and preferred waiting the slow, and in his circumstances eminently hazardous, operations of a regular siege. Was it the fear of giving a signal triumph to the cause of Protestantism that caused the Huguenot leader, so soon to become a renegade, to pause in his career? Was it anxiety lest his victorious entrance into Paris might undo the diplomacy of his Catholic envoy at Rome? Or was it simply the mutinous condition of his army, especially of the Swiss mercenaries, who refused to advance a step unless their arrears of pay were at once furnished them out of the utterly empty exchequer of the king?[1] Whatever may have been the cause of the delay, it is certain that the golden fruit of victory was not plucked, and that although the Confederate army had rapidly dissolved, in consequence of their defeat, the king's own forces manifested as little cohesion.

And now began that slow and painful siege, the details of which are as terrible, but as universally known, as those of any chapters in the blood-stained history of the century. Henry seized upon the towns guarding the rivers Seine and Marne, twin nurses of Paris. By controlling the course of those streams as well as that of the Yonne and Oise,—especially by taking firm possession of Lagny, on the Marne, whence a bridge led from the Isle of France to the Brie country, great thoroughfare of wine and corn, and of Corbeil, at the junc-

[1] Mémoires de Sully, iv. 177 seq.

tion of the little river Essonne with the Seine,—it was easy in that age to stop the vital circulation of the imperial city.

By midsummer, Paris, unquestionably the first city of Europe at that day,[1] was in extremities, and there are few events in history in which our admiration is more excited by the power of mankind to endure almost preternatural misery, or our indignation more deeply aroused by the cruelty with which the sublimest principles of human nature may be made to serve the purposes of selfish ambition and groveling superstition, than this famous leaguer.

Rarely have men at any epoch defended their fatherland against foreign oppression with more heroism than that which was manifested by the Parisians of 1590 in resisting religious toleration and in obeying a foreign and priestly despotism. Men, women, and children cheerfully laid down their lives by thousands in order that the papal legate and the King of Spain might trample upon that legitimate sovereign of France who was one day to become the idol of Paris and of the whole kingdom.

A census taken at the beginning of the siege had shown a populace of two hundred thousand souls, with a sufficiency of provisions, it was thought, to last one month.[2] But before the terrible summer was over, so completely had the city been invested, the bushel of wheat was worth three hundred and sixty crowns, rye and oats being but little cheaper.[3] Indeed, grain might as well have cost three thousand crowns the bushel, for

[1] "Aquella vasta ciudad, sin disputa la mayor de Europa," says Coloma, iii. 45.

[2] De Thou, t. xi. liv. xcvii. 162.

[3] Bor, iii. xviii. 535.

the prices recorded placed it beyond the reach of all but the extremely wealthy. The flesh of horses, asses, dogs, cats, rats, had become rare luxuries. There was nothing cheap, said a citizen bitterly, but sermons.[1] And the priests and monks of every order went daily about the streets, preaching fortitude in that great resistance to heresy by which Paris was earning for itself a crown of glory, and promising the most direct passage to paradise for the souls of the wretched victims who fell daily, starved to death, upon the pavements. And the monks and priests did their work nobly, aiding the general resolution by the example of their own courage. Better fed than their fellow-citizens, they did military work in trench, guard-house, and rampart, as the population became rapidly unfit, from physical exhaustion, for the defense of the city.

The young Duke of Nemours, governor of the place, manifested as much resolution and conduct in bringing his countrymen to perdition as if the work in which he was engaged had been the highest and holiest that ever tasked human energies. He was sustained in his task by that proud princess, his own and Mayenne's mother, by Madame Montpensier, by the resident triumvirate of Spain, Mendoza, Commander Moreo, and John Baptist Tassis, by the cardinal legate Gaetano, and, more than all, by the sixteen chiefs of the wards, those municipal tyrants of the unhappy populace.[2]

[1] L'Estoile, 23: "Tout ce qui estoit bon marché a Paris étoient les sermons où on repaissoit le pauvre monde affamé de vent, c'est à dire de menteries . . . persuadant qu'il valoit mieux tuer ses propres enfants, n'ayant de quoi leur donner à manger, que de recevoir et reconnoître un roy héréticque," etc.

[2] Ibid., 23 seq. De Thou, ubi sup. 162 seq. Bor, ubi sup.

Pope Sixtus himself was by no means eager for the success of the League. After the battle of Ivry he had most seriously inclined his ear to the representations of Henry's envoy, and showed much willingness to admit the victorious heretic once more into the bosom of the Church. Sixtus was not desirous of contributing to the advancement of Philip's power. He feared his designs on Italy, being himself most anxious at that time to annex Naples to the holy see. He had amassed a large treasure, but he liked best to spend it in splendid architecture, in noble fountains, in magnificent collections of art, science, and literature, and, above all, in building up fortunes for the children of his sister the washerwoman, and in allying them all to the most princely houses of Italy, while never allowing them even to mention the name of their father, so base was his degree; but he cared not to disburse from his hoarded dollars to supply the necessities of the League.[1]

But Gaetano, although he could wring but fifty thousand crowns from his Holiness, after the fatal fight of Ivry, to further the good cause, was lavish in expenditures from his own purse and from other sources, and this, too, at a time when thirty-three per cent. interest was paid to the usurers of Antwerp for one month's loan of ready money.[2] He was indefatigable, too, and most successful in his exhortations and ghostly consolations to the people. Those proud priests and great nobles were playing a reckless game, and the hopes of mankind beyond the grave were the counters on their table. For themselves there were rich prizes for the winning. Should they succeed in dismembering the fair land where they were enacting their fantastic parts, there

[1] De Thou, liv. xcvii.

[2] Meteren, xvi. 293.

were temporal principalities, great provinces, petty sovereignties, to be carved out of the heritage which the Béarnese claimed for his own. Obviously, then, their consciences could never permit this shameless heretic, by a simulated conversion at the critical moment, to block their game and restore the national unity and laws. And even should it be necessary to give the whole kingdom, instead of the mere duchy of Brittany, to Philip of Spain, still there were mighty guerdons to be bestowed on his supporters before the foreign monarch could seat himself on the throne of Henry's ancestors.

As to the people who were fighting, starving, dying by thousands in this great cause, there were eternal rewards in another world profusely promised for their heroism instead of the more substantial bread and beef, for lack of which they were laying down their lives.

It was estimated that before July twelve thousand human beings in Paris had died for want of food within three months. But as there were no signs of the promised relief by the army of Parma and Mayenne, and as the starving people at times appeared faint-hearted, their courage was strengthened one day by a stirring exhibition.

An astonishing procession marched through the streets of the city, led by the Bishop of Senlis and the Prior of Chartreux, each holding a halberd in one hand and a crucifix in the other, and graced by the presence of the cardinal legate and of many prelates from Italy. A lame monk, adroitly manipulating the staff of a drum-major, went hopping and limping before them, much to the amazement of the crowd. Then came a long file of monks,—Capuchins, Bernardists, Minims, Franciscans, Jacobins, Carmelites, and other orders,—each with his

cowl thrown back, his long robes trussed up, a helmet on his head, a cuirass on his breast, and a halberd in his hand. The elder ones marched first, grinding their teeth, rolling their eyes, and making other ferocious demonstrations. Then came the younger friars, similarly attired, all armed with harquebuses, which they occasionally and accidentally discharged, to the disadvantage of the spectators, several of whom were killed or wounded on the spot. Among others a servant of Cardinal Gaetano was thus slain, and the event caused much commotion, until the cardinal proclaimed that a man thus killed in so holy a cause had gone straight to heaven and had taken his place among the just. It was impossible, thus argued the people in their simplicity, that so wise and virtuous a man as the cardinal should not know what was best.

The procession marched to the church of Our Lady of Loretto, where they solemnly promised to the Blessed Virgin a lamp and ship of gold, should she be willing to use her influence in behalf of the suffering city, to be placed on her shrine as soon as the siege should be raised.[1]

But these demonstrations, however cheering to the souls, had comparatively little effect upon the bodies of the sufferers. It was impossible to walk through the streets of Paris without stumbling over the dead bodies of the citizens. Trustworthy eye-witnesses of those dreadful days have placed the number of the dead during the summer at thirty thousand.[2] A tumultuous assemblage of the starving and the forlorn rushed at last to the municipal palace, demanding peace or bread.

[1] De Thou, t. xi. liv. xcvii. 161. Herrera, p. iii. lib. v. cl. 210.

[2] L'Estoile, 25. Herrera says fifty thousand (loc. cit.).

The rebels were soon dispersed, however, by a charge, headed by the Chevalier d'Aumale, and assisted by the chiefs of the wards, and so soon as the riot was quelled, its ringleader, a leading advocate, Renaud by name, was hanged.[1]

Still, but for the energy of the priests, it is doubtful whether the city could have been held by the Confederacy. The Duke of Nemours confessed that there were occasions when they never would have been able to sustain a determined onslaught, and they were daily expecting to see the Prince of Béarn battering triumphantly at their gates. But the eloquence of the preachers, especially of the one-eyed Father Boucher, sustained the fainting spirits of the people, and consoled the sufferers in their dying agonies by glimpses of paradise. Sublime was that devotion, superhuman that craft, but it is only by weapons from the armory of the Unseen that human creatures can long confront such horrors in a wicked cause. Superstition, in those days at least, was a political force absolutely without limitation, and most adroitly did the agents of Spain and Rome handle its tremendous enginery against unhappy France. For the hideous details of the most dreadful sieges recorded in ancient or modern times were now reproduced in Paris. Not a revolutionary circumstance at which the world had shuddered in the accounts of the siege of Jerusalem was spared. Men devoured such dead vermin as could be found lying in the streets. They crowded greedily around stalls in the public squares where the skin, bones, and offal of such dogs, cats, and unclean beasts as still remained for the consumption of the wealthier classes were sold to the populace. Over the doorways of these

[1] De Thou, ubi sup. 177.

flesh-markets might be read: "Hæc sunt munera pro iis qui vitam pro Philippo profuderunt."[1] Men stood in archways and narrow passages, lying in wait for whatever stray dogs still remained at large, noosed them, strangled them, and, like savage beasts of prey, tore them to pieces and devoured them alive.[2] And it sometimes happened, too, that the equally hungry dog proved the more successful in the foul encounter, and fed upon the man. A lady visiting the Duchess of Nemours—called, for the high pretensions of her sons by her two marriages, the queen mother—complained bitterly that mothers in Paris had been compelled to kill their own children outright to save them from starving to death in lingering agony. "And if you are brought to that extremity," replied the duchess, "as for the sake of our holy religion to be forced to kill your own children, do you think that so great a matter, after all? What are your children made of more than other people's children? What are we all but dirt and dust?"[3] Such was the consolation administered by the mother of the man who governed Paris and defended its gates against its lawful sovereign at the command of a foreigner; while the priests, in their turn, persuaded the populace that it was far more righteous to kill their own children, if they had no food to give them, than to obtain food by recognizing a heretic king.[4]

It was related, too, and believed, that in some instances mothers had salted the bodies of their dead children and fed upon them, day by day, until the hideous repast

[1] L'Estoile, 27. "De ce que j'écris," adds the journalist, "mes yeux ont veu une bonne partie."

[2] De Thou, ubi sup. 177.

[3] L'Estoile, 29.

[4] Ibid., 23.

would no longer support their own life. They died, and the secret was revealed by servants who had partaken of the food.[1] The Spanish ambassador Mendoza advised recourse to an article of diet which had been used in some of the Oriental sieges. The counsel at first was rejected as coming from the agent of Spain, who wished at all hazards to save the capital of France from falling out of the hands of his master into those of the heretic. But dire necessity prevailed, and the bones of the dead were taken in considerable quantities from the cemeteries, ground into flour, baked into bread, and consumed. It was called Madame Montpensier's cake, because the duchess earnestly proclaimed its merits to the poor Parisians. "She was never known to taste it herself, however," bitterly observed one who lived in Paris through that horrible summer. She was right to abstain, for all who ate of it died, and the Montpensier flour fell into disuse.[2]

Lansquenets and other soldiers, mad with hunger and rage, when they could no longer find dogs to feed on, chased children through the streets, and were known in several instances to kill and devour them on the spot.[3] To those expressing horror at the perpetration of such a crime, a leading personage, member of the Council of Nine, maintained that there was less danger to one's soul in satisfying one's hunger with a dead child, in case of necessity, than in recognizing the heretic Béarnese, and he added that all the best theologians and doctors of Paris were of his opinion.[4]

[1] L'Estoile, 25.

[2] Ibid. De Thou, ubi sup. 177. [3] L'Estoile, 30.

[4] Ibid.: "Lansquenets, gens de soi barbares et inhumains, mourans de male rage et faim, commencèrent à chasser aux enfans comme aux chiens, et en mangerent trois, deux à l'hostel Saint

As the summer wore on to its close through all these horrors, and as there were still no signs of Mayenne and Parma leading their armies to the relief of the city, it became necessary to deceive the people by a show of negotiation with the beleaguering army. Accordingly, the Spanish ambassador, the legate, and the other chiefs of the Holy League appointed a deputation, consisting of the Cardinal Gondy, the Archbishop of Lyons, and the Abbé d'Elbéne, to Henry.[1] It soon became evident to the king, however, that these commissioners were but trifling with him in order to amuse the populace. His attitude was dignified and determined throughout the interview. The place appointed was St. Anthony's Abbey, before the gates of Paris. Henry wore a cloak and the order of the Holy Ghost, and was surrounded by his council, the princes of the blood, and by more than four hundred of the chief gentlemen of his army. After passing the barricade, the deputies were received by old Marshal Biron, and conducted by him to the king's chamber of state. When they had made their salutations, the king led the way to an inner cabinet, but his

Denis et un à l'hôtel de Palaiseau, et fut commis ce cruel et barbare acte dans l'enceinte des murailles de Paris, tant l'ire de Dieu estoit embrassée sur nos testes. Ce qui tenant du commencement pour une fable pour ce que me sembloit que *hoc erat atrocius vero*, j'ai trouvé depuis que c'estoit verité, confessé et temoigné par les propres bouches des lansquenets. De moi j'ai ouï tenir ceste proposition à un grand Catholique de Paris qui estoit du Conseil des Neuf qu'il y avoit moins de danger de s'accomoder d'un enfant mort en telle nécessité que de reconnoître le Béarnais, estant héréticque comme il estoit, et que de son opinion estoient tous les meilleurs théologiens et docteurs de Paris." Compare Meteren, xvi. 293, who relates that eighteen children were said to have been eaten.

[1] De Thou, ubi sup.

progress was much impeded by the crowding of the nobles about him. Wishing to excuse this apparent rudeness, he said to the envoys: "Gentlemen, these men thrust me on as fast to the battle against the foreigner as they now do to my cabinet. Therefore bear with them." Then turning to the crowd, he said: "Room, gentlemen, for the love of me," upon which they all retired.[1]

The deputies then stated that they had been sent by the authorities of Paris to consult as to the means of obtaining a general peace in France. They expressed the hope that the king's disposition was favorable to this end, and that he would likewise permit them to confer with the Duke of Mayenne. This manner of addressing him excited his choler. He told Cardinal Gondy, who was spokesman of the deputation, that he had long since answered such propositions. He alone could deal with his subjects. He was like the woman before Solomon: he would have all the child or none of it.[2] Rather than dismember his kingdom he would lose the whole. He asked them what they considered him to be. They answered that they knew his rights, but that the Parisians had different opinions. If Paris would only acknowledge him to be king there could be no more question of war. He asked them if they desired the King of Spain or the Duke of Mayenne for their king, and bade them look well to themselves. The King of Spain could not help them, for he had too much business on hand, while Mayenne had neither means nor courage, having been within three leagues of them for three weeks doing nothing. Neither king nor duke should

[1] W. Lyly to Sir E. Stafford, July 29 (August 8), 1590, S. P. Office MS.

[2] Ibid.

have that which belonged to him, of that they might be assured.[1] He told them he loved Paris as his capital, as his eldest daughter. If the Parisians wished to see the end of their miseries it was to him they should appeal, not to the Spaniard nor to the Duke of Mayenne. By the grace of God and the swords of his brave gentlemen he would prevent the King of Spain from making a colony of France as he had done of Brazil. He told the commissioners that they ought to die of shame that they, born Frenchmen, should have so forgotten their love of country and of liberty as thus to bow the head to the Spaniard, and, while famine was carrying off thousands of their countrymen before their eyes, to be so cowardly as not to utter one word for the public welfare from fear of offending Cardinal Gaetano, Mendoza, and Moreo.[2] He said that he longed for a combat to decide the issue, and that he had charged Count de Brissac to tell Mayenne that he would give a finger of his right hand for a battle, and two for a general peace.[3] He knew and pitied the sufferings of Paris, but the horrors now raging there were to please the King of Spain. That monarch had told the Duke of Parma to trouble himself but little about the Netherlands so long as he could preserve for him his city of Paris. But it was to lean on a broken reed to expect support from this old, decrepit king, whose object was to dismember the flourishing kingdom of France, and to divide it among as many tyrants as he had sent viceroys to the Indies.[4] The crown was his own birthright. Were it elective, he

[1] W. Lyly to Sir E. Stafford, MS. last cited. Compare De Thou, t. xi. liv. xcvii.

[2] De Thou, ubi sup.

[3] Ibid.

[4] Ibid.

should receive the suffrages of the great mass of the electors. He hoped soon to drive those red-crossed foreigners out of his kingdom. Should he fail, they would end by expelling the Duke of Mayenne and all the rest who had called them in, and Paris would become the theater of the bloodiest tragedy ever yet enacted.[1] The king then ordered Sir Roger Williams to see that a collation was prepared for the deputies, and the veteran Welshman took occasion to indulge in much blunt conversation with the guests. He informed them that he, Mr. Sackville, and many other strangers were serving the king from the hatred they bore the Spaniards and Mother League, and that his royal mistress had always eight thousand Englishmen ready to maintain the cause.

While the conferences were going on, the officers and soldiers of the besieging army thronged to the gate, and had much talk with the townsmen. Among others, time-honored La Noue with the Iron Arm stood near the gate and harangued the Parisians. "We are here," said he, "five thousand gentlemen; we desire your good, not your ruin. We will make you rich: let us participate in your labor and industry. Undo not yourselves to serve the ambition of a few men." The townspeople, hearing the old warrior discoursing thus earnestly, asked who he was. When informed that it was La Noue, they cheered him vociferously, and applauded his speech with the greatest vehemence.[2] Yet La Noue was the foremost Huguenot that the sun shone upon, and the Parisians were starving themselves to death out of hatred to heresy. After the collation the commissioners were permitted to go from the camp in order to consult Mayenne.

[1] De Thou, ubi sup.

[2] Lyly's letter before cited.

Such, then, was the condition of Paris during that memorable summer of tortures. What now were its hopes of deliverance out of this Gehenna? The trust of Frenchmen was in Philip of Spain, whose legions, under command of the great Italian chieftain, were daily longed for to save them from rendering obedience to their lawful prince.

For even the king of straw, the imprisoned cardinal, was now dead, and there was not even the effigy of any other sovereign than Henry of Bourbon to claim authority in France. Mayenne, in the course of long interviews with the Duke of Parma at Condé and Brussels, had expressed his desire to see Philip King of France, and had promised his best efforts to bring about such a result. In that case he stipulated for the second place in the kingdom for himself, together with a good rich province in perpetual sovereignty, and a large sum of money in hand. Should this course not run smoothly, he would be willing to take the crown himself, in which event he would cheerfully cede to Philip the sovereignty of Brittany and Burgundy, besides a selection of cities to be arranged for at a later day. Although he spoke of himself with modesty, said Alexander, it was very plain that he meant to arrive at the crown himself.[1] Well had the Béarnese alluded to the judgment of Solomon. Were not children thus ready to dismember their mother as foul and unnatural as the mother who would divide her child?

And what was this dependence on a foreign tyrant really worth? As we look back upon those dark days with the light of what was then the almost immediate future turned full and glaring upon them, we find it

[1] Parma to Philip, May 20, 1590, Arch. de Sim. MS.

difficult to exaggerate the folly of the chief actors in those scenes of crime. Did not the penniless adventurer, whose keen eyesight and wise recklessness were passing for hallucination and foolhardiness in the eyes of his contemporaries, understand the game he was playing better than did that profound thinker, that mysterious but infallible politician, who sat in the Escorial and made the world tremble at every hint of his lips, every stroke of his pen?

The Netherlands, that most advanced portion of Philip's domain, without the possession of which his conquest of England and his incorporation of France were but childish visions, even if they were not monstrous chimeras at best, were to be in a manner left to themselves, while their consummate governor and general was to go forth and conquer France at the head of a force with which he had been in vain attempting to hold those provinces to their obedience. At that very moment the rising young chieftain of the Netherlands was most successfully inaugurating his career of military success. His armies, well drilled, well disciplined, well paid, full of heart and of hope, were threatening their ancient enemy in every quarter, while the veteran legions of Spain and Italy, heroes of a hundred Flemish and Frisian battle-fields, were disorganized, starving, and mutinous. The famous ancient legion, the Tercio Viejo, had been disbanded for its obstinate and confirmed unruliness. The legion of Manrique, sixteen hundred strong, was in open mutiny at Courtray. Farnese had sent the Prince of Ascoli to negotiate with them, but his attempts were all in vain.[1] Two years' arrearages —to be paid, not in cloth at four times what the con-

[1] Parma to Philip, April 10, 1590, Arch. de Sim. MS.

tractors had paid for it, but in solid gold—were their not unreasonable demands after years of as hard fighting and severe suffering as the world has often seen. But Philip, instead of ducats or cloth, had only sent orders to go forth and conquer a new kingdom for him. Verdugo, too, from Friesland, was howling for money, garroting and hanging his mutinous veterans every day,[1] and sending complaints and most dismal forebodings as often as a courier could make his way through the enemy's lines to Farnese's headquarters. And Farnese, on his part, was garroting and hanging the veterans.[2]

Alexander did not, of course, inform his master that he was a mischievous lunatic, who upon any healthy principle of human government ought long ago to have been shut up from all communion with his species. It was very plain, however, from his letters, that such was his innermost thought, had it been safe, loyal, or courteous to express it in plain language.

He was himself stung almost to madness, moreover, by the presence of Commander Moreo, who hated him, who was perpetually coming over from France to visit him, who was a spy upon all his actions, and who was regularly distilling his calumnies into the ears of Secretary Idiaquez and of Philip himself.[3] The king was informed that Farnese was working for his own ends and was disgusted with his sovereign; that there never had been a petty prince of Italy that did not wish to become a greater one, or that was not jealous of Philip's power; and that there was not a villain in all Christen-

[1] Parma to Philip, June 24, 1590, Arch. de Sim. MS.

[2] Same to same, June 26 and July 22, 1590, ibid.

[3] Moreo to Idiaquez, January 30, 1590, ibid.

dom but wished for Philip's death. Moreo followed the prince about to Antwerp, to Brussels, to Spa, whither he had gone to drink the waters for his failing health, pestered him, lectured him, pried upon him, counseled him, enraged him. Alexander told him at last that he cared not if the whole world came to an end so long as Flanders remained, which alone had been intrusted to him, and that if he was expected to conquer France it would be as well to give him the means of performing that exploit. So Moreo told the king that Alexander was wasting time and wasting money, that he was the cause of Egmont's overthrow, and that he would be the cause of the loss of Paris and of the downfall of the whole French scheme, for that he was determined to do nothing to assist Mayenne, or that did not conduce to his private advantage.[1]

Yet Farnese had been not long before informed, in sufficiently plain language, and by personages of great influence, that in case he wished to convert his viceroyalty of the Netherlands into a permanent sovereignty he might rely on the assistance of Henry of Navarre, and perhaps of Queen Elizabeth.[2] The scheme would not have been impracticable, but the duke never listened to it for a moment.

If he were slow in advancing to the relief of starving, agonizing Paris, there were sufficient reasons for his delay. Most decidedly and bitterly, but loyally, did he denounce the madness of his master's course in all his communications to that master's private ear.

He told him that the situation in which he found him-

[1] Moreo to Philip, June 22, 1590, Arch. de Sim. MS.

[2] Duplessis to Buzanval, Mém. et Corresp. de Duplessis-Mornay, iv. 270.

self was horrible. He had no money for his troops, he had not even garrison bread to put in their mouths. He had not a single stiver to advance them on account. From Friesland, from the Rhine country, from every quarter, cries of distress were rising to heaven, and the lamentations were just. He was in absolute penury. He could not negotiate a bill on the royal account, but had borrowed on his own private security a few thousand crowns, which he had given to his soldiers. He was pledging his jewels and furniture like a bankrupt, but all was now in vain to stop the mutiny at Courtray. If that went on it would be of most pernicious example, for the whole army was disorganized, malcontent, and of portentous aspect. "These things," said he, "ought not to surprise people of common understanding, for without money, without credit, without provisions, and in an exhausted country, it is impossible to satisfy the claims or even to support the life of the army."[1] When he sent the Flemish cavalry to Mayenne in March, it was under the impression that with it that prince would have maintained his reputation and checked the progress of the Béarnese until greater reinforcements could be forwarded. He was now glad that no larger number had been sent, for all would have been sacrificed on the fatal field of Ivry.[2]

The country around him was desperate, believed itself abandoned, and was expecting fresh horrors every day. He had been obliged to remove portions of the garrisons at Deventer and Zutphen purely to save them from starving and desperation. Every day he was in-

[1] Parma to Philip, January 30, February 20, March 14, March 24, March 30, April 19, 1590, Arch. de Sim. MS.

[2] Ibid.

formed by his garrisons that they could feed no longer on fine words or hopes, for in them they found no sustenance.[1]

But Philip told him that he must proceed forthwith to France, where he was to raise the siege of Paris and occupy Calais and Boulogne, in order to prevent the English from sending succor to the Béarnese, and in order to facilitate his own designs on England. Every effort was to be made before the Béarnese climbed into the seat. The Duke of Parma was to talk no more of difficulties, but to conquer them[2]—a noble phrase on the battle-field, but comparatively easy of utterance at the writing-desk.

At last, Philip having made some remittances, miserably inadequate for the necessities of the case, but sufficient to repress in part the mutinous demonstrations throughout the army, Farnese addressed himself with a heavy heart to the work required of him. He confessed the deepest apprehensions of the result both in the Netherlands and in France. He intimated a profound distrust of the French, who had ever been Philip's enemies, and dwelt on the danger of leaving the provinces unable to protect themselves, badly garrisoned, and starving. "It grieves me to the soul, it cuts me to the heart," he said, "to see that your Majesty commands things which are impossible, for it is our Lord alone that can work miracles. Your Majesty supposes that with the little money you have sent me I can satisfy all the soldiers serving in these provinces, settle with the Spanish and the German mutineers,—because, if they are to be used

[1] Parma to Philip, January 30, February 20, March 14, March 24, March 30, April 19, 1590, Arch. de Sim. MS.

[2] Philip to Parma, June 20, 1590, ibid.

in the expedition, they must at least be quieted,—give money to Mayenne and the Parisians, pay retaining-wages (wartgeld) to the German riders for the protection of these provinces, and make sure of the maritime places, where the same mutinous language is held as at Courtray The poverty, the discontent, and the desperation of this unhappy country," he added, "have been so often described to your Majesty that I have nothing to add. I am hanging and garroting my veterans everywhere, only because they have rebelled for want of pay, without committing any excess. Yet under these circumstances I am to march into France with twenty thousand troops—the least number to effect anything withal. I am confused and perplexed, because the whole world is exclaiming against me, and protesting that through my desertion the country intrusted to my care will come to utter perdition. On the other hand, the French cry out upon me that I am the cause that Paris is going to destruction, and with it the Catholic cause in France. Every one is pursuing his private ends. It is impossible to collect a force strong enough for the necessary work. Paris has reached its extreme unction, and neither Mayenne nor any one of the Confederates has given this invalid the slightest morsel to support her till your Majesty's forces should arrive."[1]

He reminded his sovereign that the country around Paris was eaten bare of food and forage, and yet that it was quite out of the question for him to undertake the transportation of supplies for his army all the way—supplies from the starving Netherlands to starving France. Since the king was so peremptory, he had nothing for it but to obey, but he vehemently disclaimed

[1] Parma to Philip, July 22, 1590, Arch. de Sim. MS.

all responsibility for the expedition, and, in case of his death, he called on his Majesty to vindicate his honor, which his enemies were sure to assail.[1]

The messages from Mayenne becoming daily more pressing, Farnese hastened as much as possible those preparations which at best were so woefully inadequate, and avowed his determination not to fight the Béarnese if it were possible to avoid an action. He feared, however, that with totally insufficient forces he should be obliged to accept the chances of an engagement.[2]

With twelve thousand foot and three thousand horse Farnese left the Netherlands in the beginning of August, and arrived on the 3d of that month at Valenciennes. His little army, notwithstanding his bitter complaints, was of imposing appearance.[3] The archers and halberdiers of his body-guard were magnificent in taffeta and feathers and surcoats of cramoisie velvet. Four hundred nobles served in the cavalry. Aremberg and Berlaymont and Chimay, and other grandees of the Netherlands, in company with Ascoli and the sons of Terranova and Pastrana, and many more great lords of Italy and Spain, were in immediate attendance on the illustrious captain. The son of Philip's secretary of state Idiaquez and the nephew of the cardinal legate Gaetano were among the marshals of the camp.[4]

Alexander's own natural authority and consummate powers of organization had for the time triumphed over the disintegrating tendencies which, it had been seen,

[1] Parma to Philip, MS. before cited.

[2] Same to same, July 23, 1590, ibid.

[3] Same to same, August 28, 1590, ibid.

[4] Bor, iii. xviii. 535. Coloma, iii. 47. Bentivoglio, p. ii. lib. iv. 340 seq.

were everywhere so rapidly destroying the foremost military establishment of the world. Nearly half his forces, both cavalry and infantry, were Netherlanders; for—as if there were not graves enough in their own little territory—those Flemings, Walloons, and Hollanders were destined to leave their bones on both sides of every well-stricken field of that age between liberty and despotism. And thus thousands of them had now gone forth under the banner of Spain to assist their own tyrant in carrying out his designs upon the capital of France, and to struggle to the death with thousands of their own countrymen who were following the fortunes of the Béarnese. Truly in that age it was religion that drew the boundary-line between nations.

The army was divided into three portions. The vanguard was under the charge of the Netherland general Marquis of Renty, the battalia was commanded by Farnese in person, and the rear-guard was intrusted to that veteran Netherlander, La Motte, now called the Count of Everbecq. Twenty pieces of artillery followed the last division.[1] At Valenciennes Farnese remained eight days, and from this place Count Charles Mansfeld took his departure in a great rage—resigning his post as chief of artillery because La Motte had received the appointment of general-marshal of the camp—and returned to his father, old Peter Ernest Mansfeld, who was lieutenant-governor of the Netherlands in Parma's absence.[2]

[1] Bor, Coloma, ubi sup. Dondini, ii. 300 seq. De Thou, t. lxi. liv. xcvii. 183 seq. Bentivoglio, p. ii. lib. iv. 340 seq. Meteren, xvi. 293 seq.

[2] Letters of Mansfeld to Philip and to Parma, August 11, 1590, Arch. de Sim. MS.

Leaving Valenciennes on the 11th, the army proceeded by way of Quesnoy, Guise, Soissons, Fritemilon, to Meaux. At this place, which is ten leagues from Paris, Farnese made his junction, on the 22d of August, with Mayenne, who was at the head of six thousand infantry—one half of them Germans, under Cobalto, and the other half French—and of two thousand horse.[1]

On arriving at Meaux, Alexander proceeded straightway to the cathedral, and there, in presence of all, he solemnly swore that he had not come to France in order to conquer that kingdom, or any portion of it, in the interests of his master, but only to render succor to the Catholic cause and to free the friends and confederates of his Majesty from violence and heretic oppression.[2] Time was to show the value of that oath.

Here the deputation from Paris, the Archbishop of Lyons and his colleagues, whose interview with Henry has just been narrated, were received by the two dukes. They departed, taking with them promises of immediate relief for the starving city. The allies remained five days at Meaux, and leaving that place on the 27th, arrived in the neighborhood of Chelles on the last day but one of the summer. They had a united force of five thousand cavalry and eighteen thousand foot.[3]

The summer of horrors was over, and thus with the first days of autumn there had come a ray of hope for the proud city which was lying at its last gasp. When the allies came in sight of the monastery of Chelles they

[1] Lo sucedido a este felicissimo exercito despues que entro en Francia hasta el 3 de Octubre, Arch. de Sim. MS. Parma to Philip, August 28, 1590, ibid.

[2] Coloma, iii. 47vo.

[3] Lo sucedido, etc., ubi sup. Parma's letter last cited.

found themselves in the immediate neighborhood of the Béarnese.

The two great captains of the age had at last met face to face. They were not only the two first commanders of their time, but there was not a man in Europe at that day to be at all compared with either of them. The youth, concerning whose earliest campaign an account will be given in the following chapter, had hardly yet struck his first blow. Whether that blow was to reveal the novice or the master was soon to be seen. Meantime in 1590 it would have been considered a foolish adulation to mention the name of Maurice of Nassau in the same breath with that of Navarre or of Farnese.

The scientific duel which was now to take place was likely to task the genius and to bring into full display the peculiar powers and defects of the two chieftains of Europe. Each might be considered to be still in the prime of life, but Alexander, who was turned of forty-five, was already broken in health, while the vigorous Henry was eight years younger and of an iron constitution. Both had passed their lives in the field, but the king, from nature, education, and the force of circumstances, preferred pitched battles to scientific combinations, while the duke, having studied and practised his art in the great Spanish and Italian schools of warfare, was rather a profound strategist than a professional fighter, although capable of great promptness and intense personal energy when his judgment dictated a battle. Both were born with that invaluable gift which no human being can acquire, authority, and both were adored and willingly obeyed by their soldiers, so long as those soldiers were paid and fed.

The prize now to be contended for was a high one.

Alexander's complete success would tear from Henry's grasp the first city of Christendom, now sinking exhausted into his hands, and would place France in the power of the Holy League and at the feet of Philip. Another Ivry would shatter the Confederacy and carry the king in triumph to his capital and his ancestral throne. On the approach of the combined armies under Parma and Mayenne, the king had found himself most reluctantly compelled to suspend the siege of Paris. His army, which consisted of sixteen thousand foot and five thousand horse, was not sufficiently numerous to confront at the same time the relieving force and to continue the operations before the city.[1] So long, however, as he held the towns and bridges on the great rivers, and especially those keys to the Seine and Marne, Corbeil and Lagny, he still controlled the life-blood of the capital, which indeed had almost ceased to flow.

On the 31st August he advanced toward the enemy. Sir Edward Stafford, Queen Elizabeth's ambassador, arrived at St.-Denis in the night of the 30th August. At a very early hour next morning he heard a shout under his window, and looking down, beheld King Henry at the head of his troops, cheerfully calling out to his English friend as he passed his door. "Welcoming us after his familiar manner," said Stafford, "he desired us, in respect of the battle every hour expected, to come as his friends to see and help him, and not to treat of anything which afore we meant, seeing the present state to require it, and the enemy so near that we might well have been interrupted in half an hour's talk, and necessity constrained the

[1] De Thou, ubi sup.

king to be in every corner, where for the most part we follow him."[1] That day Henry took up his headquarters at the monastery of Chelles, a fortified place within six leagues of Paris, on the right bank of the Marne. His army was drawn up in a wide valley somewhat encumbered with wood and water, extending through a series of beautiful pastures toward two hills of moderate elevation. Lagny, on the left bank of the river, was within less than a league of him on his right hand. On the other side of the hills, hardly out of cannon-shot, was the camp of the allies. Henry, whose natural disposition in this respect needed no prompting, was most eager for a decisive engagement. The circumstances imperatively required it of him. His infantry consisted of Frenchmen, Netherlanders, English, Germans, Scotch; but of his cavalry four thousand were French nobles, serving at their own expense, who came to a battle as to a banquet, but who were capable of riding off almost as rapidly, should the feast be denied them. They were volunteers, bringing with them rations for but a few days, and it could hardly be expected that they would remain as patiently as did Parma's veterans, who, now that their mutiny had been appeased by payment of a portion of their arrearages, had become docile again. All the great chieftains who surrounded Henry, whether Catholic or Protestant,—Montpensier, Nevers, Soissons, Condé, the Birons, Lavradin, D'Aumont, Tremouille, Turenne, Chatillon, La Noue,—were urgent for the conflict, concerning the expediency of which there could indeed be no doubt, while the king was in raptures at the opportunity of dealing a decisive blow at the Con-

[1] Stafford to Burghley, August 28 (September 7), 1590, S. P. Office MS.

federacy of foreigners and rebels who had so long defied his authority and deprived him of his rights.

Stafford came up with the king, according to his cordial invitation, on the same day, and saw the army all drawn up in battle array. While Henry was "eating a morsel in an old house," Turenne joined him with six or seven hundred horsemen and between four and five thousand infantry. "They were the likeliest footmen," said Stafford, "the best countenanced, the best furnished that ever I saw in my life; the most part of them old soldiers that had served under the king for the religion all this while."

The envoy was especially enthusiastic, however, in regard to the French cavalry. "There are near six thousand horse," said he, "whereof gentlemen above four thousand, about twelve hundred other French, and eight hundred reiters. I never saw, nor I think never any man saw, in France such a company of gentlemen together so well horsed and so well armed."[1]

Henry sent a herald to the camp of the allies, formally challenging them to a general engagement, and expressing a hope that all differences might now be settled by the ordeal of battle, rather than that the sufferings of the innocent people should be longer protracted.[2]

Farnese, on arriving at Meaux, had resolved to seek the enemy and take the hazards of a stricken field. He had misgivings as to the possible result, but he expressly announced this intention in his letters to Philip, and Mayenne confirmed him in his determination.[3] Never-

[1] Stafford to Burghley, August 28 (September 7), 1590, S. P. Office MS.

[2] Bor, Coloma, Dondini, De Thou, Bentivoglio, Meteren, ubi sup.

[3] Parma to Philip, August 28, 1590, Arch. de Sim. MS.

theless, finding the enemy so eager and having reflected more maturely, he saw no reason for accepting the chivalrous cartel. As commander-in-chief—for Mayenne willingly conceded the supremacy which it would have been absurd in him to dispute—he accordingly replied that it was his custom to refuse a combat when a refusal seemed advantageous to himself, and to offer battle whenever it suited his purposes to fight. When that moment should arrive the king would find him in the field. And having sent this courteous but unsatisfactory answer to the impatient Béarnese,[1] he gave orders to fortify his camp, which was already sufficiently strong. Seven days long the two armies lay face to face,—Henry and his chivalry chafing in vain for the longed-for engagement,—and nothing occurred between those forty or fifty thousand mortal enemies, encamped within a mile or two of each other, save trifling skirmishes leading to no result.[2]

At last Farnese gave orders for an advance. Renty, commander of the vanguard, consisting of nearly all the cavalry, was instructed to move slowly forward over the two hills, and descending on the opposite side, to deploy his forces in two great wings to the right and left. He was secretly directed in this movement to magnify as much as possible the apparent dimensions of his force. Slowly the columns moved over the hills. Squadron after squadron, nearly all of them lancers, with their pennons flaunting gaily in the summer wind, displayed themselves deliberately and ostentatiously in the face of

[1] Coloma, Bentivoglio, De Thou, ubi sup.

[2] Alexander estimated the forces of Henry at 14,000 foot and 5000 horse. Stafford placed them at 17,000 foot and 6000 horse. (Letters cited.) The united forces of Mayenne and Farnese, as we have seen, amounted to 18,000 foot and 5000 horse.

the Royalists. The splendid light horse of Basti, the ponderous troopers of the Flemish bands of ordnance under Chimay and Berlaymont, and the famous Albanian and Italian cavalry, were mingled with the veteran Leaguers of France, who had fought under the Balafré, and who now followed the fortunes of his brother Mayenne. It was an imposing demonstration.[1]

Henry could hardly believe his eyes as the much-coveted opportunity, of which he had been so many days disappointed, at last presented itself, and he waited with more than his usual caution until the plan of attack should be developed by his great antagonist. Parma, on his side, pressed the hand of Mayenne as he watched the movement, saying quietly, "We have already fought our battle and gained the victory."[2] He then issued orders for the whole battalia—which, since the junction, had been under command of Mayenne, Farnese reserving for himself the superintendence of the entire army—to countermarch rapidly toward the Marne and take up a position opposite Lagny. La Motte, with the rear-guard, was directed immediately to follow. The battalia had thus become the van, the rear-guard the battalia, while the whole cavalry corps by this movement had been transformed from the vanguard into the rear. Renty was instructed to protect his manœuvers, to restrain the skirmishing as much as possible, and to keep the commander-in-chief constantly informed of every occurrence. In the night he was to intrench and fortify himself rapidly and thoroughly, without changing his position.

[1] Bor, Coloma, Bentivoglio, Dondini, De Thou, Meteren, ubi sup.

[2] Bentivoglio, loc. cit.

Under cover of this feigned attack, Farnese arrived at the riverside on the 15th September, 1590, seized an open village directly opposite Lagny which was connected with it by a stone bridge, and planted a battery of nine pieces of heavy artillery directly opposite the town. Lagny was fortified in the old-fashioned manner, with not very thick walls, and without a terre-plein. Its position, however, and its command of the bridge, seemed to render an assault impossible, and De la Fin, who lay there with a garrison of twelve hundred French, had no fear for the security of the place. But Farnese, with the precision and celerity which characterized his movements on special occasions, had thrown pontoon-bridges across the river three miles above, and sent a considerable force of Spanish and Walloon infantry to the other side. These troops were ordered to hold themselves ready for an assault so soon as the batteries opposite should effect a practicable breach. The next day Henry, reconnoitering the scene, saw, with intense indignation, that he had been completely outgeneraled. Lagny, the key to the Marne, by holding which he had closed the door on nearly all the food-supplies for Paris, was about to be wrested from him. What should he do? Should he throw himself across the river and rescue the place before it fell? This was not to be thought of even by the audacious Béarnese. In the attempt to cross the river under the enemy's fire, he was likely to lose a large portion of his army. Should he fling himself upon Renty's division, which had so ostentatiously offered battle the day before? This at least might be attempted, although not so advantageously as would have been the case on the previous afternoon. To undertake this was the result of a rapid

council of generals. It was too late. Renty held the hills so firmly intrenched and fortified that it was an idle hope to carry them by assault. He might hurl column after column against those heights, and pass the day in seeing his men mowed to the earth without result.

His soldiers, magnificent in the open field, could not be relied upon to carry so strong a position by sudden storm, and there was no time to be lost. He felt the enemy a little. There was some small skirmishing, and while it was going on, Farnese opened a tremendous fire across the river upon Lagny. The weak walls soon crumbled, a breach was effected, the signal for assault was given, and the troops, posted on the other side, after a brief but sanguinary struggle, overcame all resistance, and were masters of the town. The whole garrison, twelve hundred strong, was butchered,[1] and the city thoroughly sacked; for Farnese had been brought up in the old-fashioned school of Alva and Julien Romero and Commander Requesens.

Thus Lagny was seized before the eyes of Henry, who was forced to look helplessly on his great antagonist's triumph.[2] He had come forth in full panoply and abounding confidence to offer battle. He was foiled of his combat, and he had lost the prize. Never was blow more successfully parried, a counter-stroke more ingeniously planted. The bridges of Charenton and St.-Maur now fell into Farnese's hands without a contest. In an incredibly short space of time provisions and munitions were poured into the starving city, two thousand boat-loads arriving in a single day. Paris was relieved.[3]

[1] Coloma, loc. cit.

[2] Coloma, De Thou, Dondini, Bentivoglio, Meteren, ubi sup.

[3] Ibid.

Alexander had made his demonstration and solved the problem. He had left the Netherlands against his judgment, but he had at least accomplished his French work as none but he could have done it. The king was now in worse plight than ever.[1] His army fell to pieces. His cavaliers, cheated of their battle, and having neither food nor forage, rode off by hundreds every day. "Our state is such," said Stafford, on the 16th September, "and so far unexpected and wonderful, that I am almost ashamed to write, because methinks everybody should think I dream. Myself seeing of it methinketh that I dream. For, my lord, to see an army—such a one, I think, as I shall never see again, especially for horsemen and gentlemen—to take a mind to disband upon the taking of such a paltry thing as Lagny, a town no better indeed than Rochester, it is a thing so strange to me that seeing of it I can scarce believe it. They make their excuses of their want, which I know indeed is great, for there were few left with one penny in their purses, but yet that extremity could not be such but that they might have tarried ten days, or fifteen at the most, that the

[1] "I dare assure you this king runneth as hard a fortune as ever he did in his life," said Stafford, adding somewhat cynically: "If with his loss was lost nothing I would care but little, though somewhat for Christianity, but it maketh my heart bleed to think if the Spaniard grow here (as he beginneth to settle, and that deeplier than I could ever have believed Frenchmen's hearts would have endured) what mischief will follow to us; and therefore in the meantime, while they may be provided for, if there be not present order given to send men into Flanders to make a present retractive for the Prince of Parma, I do not only doubt, but I do assure myself that we shall not have leisure to tarry here, or expect the good that the helps out of Germany may bring hereafter."—Stafford to Burghley, August 28 (September 7), 1590, S. P. Office MS.

king desired of them. . . . From six thousand horse that we were and above, we are come to two thousand; and I do not see an end of our leave-takers, for those be hourly.

"The most I can see we can make account of to tarry are the Viscount Turenne's troops, and M. de Chatillon's, and our Switzers and lansquenets, which make very near five thousand. The first that went away, though he sent word to the king an hour before he would tarry, was the Count Soissons, by whose parting on a sudden and without leave-taking we judge a discontentment."[1]

The king's army seemed fading into air. Making virtue of necessity, he withdrew to St.-Denis, and decided to disband his forces, reserving to himself only a flying camp with which to harass the enemy as often as opportunity should offer.

It must be confessed that the Béarnese had been thoroughly outgeneraled. "It was not God's will," said Stafford, who had been in constant attendance upon Henry through the whole business; "we deserved it not; for the king might as easily have had Paris as drunk, four or five times. And at the last, if he had not committed those faults that children would not have done, only with the desire to fight and give the battle (which the other never meant), he had had it in the Duke of Parma's sight as he took Lagny in ours."[2] He had been foiled of the battle on which he had set his heart, and in which he felt confident of overthrowing the great captain of the age and trampling the League under his feet. His capital, just ready to sink exhausted into his hands, had been wrested from his grasp, and was alive

[1] Stafford to Burghley, September 6 (16), 1590, S. P. Office MS.
[2] Ibid.

with new hope and new defiance. The League was triumphant, his own army scattering to the four winds. Even a man of high courage and sagacity might have been in despair. Yet never were the magnificent hopefulness, the wise audacity, of Henry more signally manifested than now when he seemed most blundering and most forlorn. His hardy nature ever met disaster with so cheerful a smile as almost to perplex disaster herself.

Unwilling to relinquish his grip without a last effort, he resolved on a midnight assault upon Paris. Hoping that the joy at being relieved, the unwonted feasting which had succeeded the long fasting, and the consciousness of security from the presence of the combined armies of the victorious League, would throw garrison and citizens off their guard, he came into the neighborhood of the Faubourgs St.-Jacques, St.-Germain, St.-Marcel, and St.-Michel on the night of the 9th September. A desperate effort was made to escalade the walls between St.-Jacques and St.-Germain. It was foiled, not by the soldiers nor the citizens, but by the sleepless Jesuits, who, as often before during this memorable siege, had kept guard on the ramparts, and who now gave the alarm.[1] The first assailants were hurled from their ladders, the city was roused, and the Duke of Nemours was soon on the spot, ordering burning pitch hoops, stones, and other missiles to be thrown down upon the invaders. The escalade was baffled; yet once more that night, just before dawn, the king in person renewed the attack on the Faubourg St.-Germain. The faithful Stafford stood by his side in the trenches, and was wit-

[1] "Acudieron los primeros á la muralla los padres Jesuitas, guiados por el padre Francisco Xuares Español," etc.—Coloma, iii. 51.

ness to his cool determination, his indomitable hope. La Noue, too, was there and was wounded in the leg—an accident the results of which were soon to cause much weeping through Christendom.[1] Had one of those garlands of blazing tar which all night had been fluttering from the walls of Paris alighted by chance on the king's head, there might have been another history of France. The ladders, too, proved several feet too short, and there were too few of them. Had they been more numerous and longer, the tale might have been a different one. As it was, the king was forced to retire with the approaching daylight.[2]

The characteristics of the great commander of the Huguenots and of the Leaguers' chieftain respectively were well illustrated in several incidents of this memorable campaign. Farnese had been informed by scouts

[1] Meteren, ubi sup.

[2] Coloma, Bentivoglio, Dondini, De Thou, Meteren, ubi sup. "The king to stay awhile, his troops together had an enterprise on Paris this day sennight at night, and, with some intelligence that he said he had in it which I could perceive no token of, had an enterprise to take it by escalade, and to that purpose had six thousand footmen and twelve hundred horse that passed the bridge that he had made at Gonfolar with boats. The king himself was in the enterprise, and I with him, and in the ditch with him, though when he told me the manner I saw it impossible, yet I went with him because he should not say I was against it for fear. But when we came there our ladders were too short by five foot, the larme in the town an hour before and no word of any intelligence, and so we retired without Paris, which I dare assure you the king might have had about five times within these five months, but he is too good a king, and loveth his subjects too well that hate him deadly. There was upon the return of that enterprise no stay, but everybody would be gone, and the king, seeing that there was no remedy, gave them leave on promise of return." —Stafford to Burghley, September 6 (16), 1590, S. P. Office MS.

and spies of this intended assault by Henry on the walls of Paris. With his habitual caution, he discredited the story.[1] Had he believed it, he might have followed the king in overwhelming force and taken him captive. The penalty of Henry's unparalleled boldness was thus remitted by Alexander's exuberant discretion.

Soon afterward Farnese laid siege to Corbeil. This little place, owing to the extraordinary skill and determination of its commandant, Rigaut, an old Huguenot officer, who had fought with La Noue in Flanders, resisted for nearly four weeks. It was assaulted at last, Rigaut killed, the garrison of one thousand French soldiers put to the sword, and the town sacked. With the fall of Corbeil both the Seine and Marne were reopened.[2]

Alexander then made a visit to Paris, where he was received with great enthusiasm. The legate, whose efforts and whose money had so much contributed to the successful defense of the capital, had returned to Italy to participate in the election of a new pope. For the "Huguenot pope,"[3] Sixtus V., had died at the end of August, having never bestowed on the League any of his vast accumulated treasures to help it in its utmost need. It was not surprising that Philip was indignant, and had resorted to menace of various kinds against the Holy Father, when he found him swaying so perceptibly in the direction of the hated Béarnese. Of course when he died his complaint was believed to be Spanish poison. In those days none but the very obscure were thought

[1] Coloma, iii. 51vo.

[2] Coloma, iii. 51 seq. Bentivoglio, Dondini, De Thou, Meteren, ubi sup.

[3] "At Paris the pope is accounted a Huguenot."—Lyly to Walsingham, April 2 (12), 1590, S. P. Office MS.

capable of dying natural deaths, and Philip was esteemed too consummate an artist to allow so formidable an adversary as Sixtus to pass away in God's time only. Certainly his death was hailed as matter of great rejoicing by the Spanish party in Rome, and as much ignominy bestowed upon his memory as if he had been a heretic, while in Paris his decease was celebrated with bonfires and other marks of popular hilarity.[1]

To circumvent the great Huguenot's reconciliation with the Roman Church was of course an indispensable portion of Philip's plan, for none could be so dull as not to perceive that the resistance of Paris to its heretic sovereign would cease to be very effective so soon as the sovereign had ceased to be heretic. It was most important, therefore, that the successor of Sixtus should be the tool of Spain. The leading Confederates were well aware of Henry's intentions to renounce the Reformed faith and to return to the communion of Rome whenever he could formally accomplish that measure. The crafty Béarnese knew full well that the road to Paris lay through the gates of Rome. Yet it is proof either of the privacy with which great public matters were then transacted, or of the extraordinary powers of deceit with which Henry was gifted, that the leaders of Protestantism were still hoodwinked in regard to his attitude. Notwithstanding the embassy of Luxembourg and the many other indications of the king's intentions, Queen Elizabeth continued to regard him as the great champion of the Reformed faith. She had just sent him an emerald, which she had herself worn, accompanied by the expression of her wish that the king in wearing it might never

[1] Stafford to Burghley, September 14 (24), 1590, S. P. Office MS. De Thou, t. xi. liv. xcvii. 270–273.

strike a blow without demolishing an enemy, and that in his further progress he might put all his enemies to rout and confusion. "You will remind the king, too," she added, "that the emerald has this virtue, never to break *so long as faith remains entire and firm*." [1]

And the shrewd Stafford, who was in daily attendance upon him, informed his sovereign that there were no symptoms of wavering on Henry's part. "The Catholics here," said he, "cry hard upon the king to be a Catholic or else that he is lost, and they would persuade him that, for all their calling in the Spaniards, both Paris and all other towns will yield to him, if he will but assure them that he will become a Catholic. For my part, I think they would laugh at him when he had done so, and so I find he believeth the same, if he had mind to it, which I find no disposition in him unto it." [2] The not very distant future was to show what the disposition of the bold Gascon really was in this great matter, and whether he was likely to reap nothing but ridicule from his apostasy, should it indeed become a fact. Meantime it was the opinion of the wisest sovereign in Europe and of one of the most adroit among her diplomatists that there was really nothing in the rumors as to the king's contemplated conversion.

It was, of course, unfortunate for Henry that his stanch friend and admirer Sixtus was no more. But English diplomacy could do but little in Rome, and men

[1] "Vous ferez souvenir au roi que l'esmeraude a ceste vertu de ne point rompre (a ce que l'on dict) tant que la foy demeure entiere et ferme."—Queen to the French ambassador, "from Oatlands, on a Saturday night, after her coming from hunting," August 13, 1590, S. P. Office MS.

[2] Stafford to Burghley, September 14 (24), 1590, ibid.

were trembling with apprehension lest that arch-enemy of Elizabeth, that devoted friend of Philip, the English Cardinal Allen, should be elected to the papal throne. "Great ado is made in Rome," said Stafford, "by the Spanish ambassador, by all corruptions and ways that may be, to make a pope that must needs depend and be altogether at the King of Spain's devotion. If the princes of Italy put not their hands unto it, no doubt they will have their wills, and I fear greatly our villainous Allen, for, in my judgment, I can comprehend no man more with reason to be tied altogether to the King of Spain's will than he. I pray God send him either to God or the devil first. An evil-minded Englishman, tied to the King of Spain by necessity, finding almost four millions of money, is a dangerous beast for a pope in this time."[1]

Cardinal Allen was doomed to disappointment. His candidacy was not successful, and after the brief reign, thirteen days long, of Urban VII., Sfondrato wore the triple tiara, with the title of Gregory XIV. Before the year closed, that pontiff had issued a brief urging the necessity of extirpating heresy in France and of electing a Catholic king, and asserting his determination to send to Paris, that bulwark of the Catholic faith, not empty words alone, but troops, to be paid fifteen thousand crowns of gold each month, so long as the city should need assistance.[2] It was therefore probable that the great leader of the Huguenots, now that he had been defeated by Farnese and that his capital was still loyal to the League, would obtain less favor, however conscientiously he might instruct himself, from Gregory

[1] MS. letter last cited.

[2] De Thou, t. xi. liv. xcvii. 343.

XIV. than he had begun to find in the eyes of Sixtus after the triumph of Ivry.

Parma refreshed his army by a fortnight's repose, and early in November determined on his return to the Netherlands. The Leaguers were aghast at his decision, and earnestly besought him to remain. But the duke had given them back their capital, and although this had been accomplished without much bloodshed in their army or his own, sickness was now making sad ravages among his troops, and there was small supply of food or forage for such large forces as had now been accumulated in the neighborhood of Paris. Moreover, dissensions were breaking out between the Spaniards, Italians, and Netherlanders of the relieving army and their French allies. The soldiers and peasants hated the foreigners who came there as victors, even although to assist the Leaguers in overthrowing the laws, government, and nationality of France. The stragglers and wounded on Farnese's march were killed by the country people in considerable numbers, and it was a pure impossibility for him longer to delay his return to the provinces which so much against his will he had deserted.

He marched back by way of Champagne rather than by that of Picardy, in order to deceive the king. Scarcely had he arrived in Champagne when he heard of the retaking of Lagny and Corbeil. So soon as his back was turned, the League thus showed its impotence to retain the advantage which his genius had won. Corbeil, which had cost him a month of hard work, was recaptured in two days. Lagny fell almost as quickly. Earnestly did the Confederates implore him to return to their rescue, but he declined almost contemptuously to retrace his steps. His march was conducted in the same

order and with the same precision which had marked his advance. Henry, with his flying camp, hung upon his track, harassing him now in front, now in rear, now in flank. None of the skirmishes were of much military importance. A single cavalry combat, however, in which old Marshal Biron was nearly surrounded and was in imminent danger of death or capture, until chivalrously rescued by the king in person at the head of a squadron of lancers, will always possess romantic interest.[1] In a subsequent encounter, near Baroges on the Vesle, Henry had sent Biron forward with a few companies of horse to engage some five hundred carbineers of Farnese on their march toward the frontier, and had himself followed close upon the track with his usual eagerness to witness or participate in every battle. Suddenly Alphonse Corse, who rode at Henry's side, pointed out to him, not more than a hundred paces off, an officer wearing a felt hat, a great ruff, and a little furred cassock, mounted on a horse without armor or caparisons, galloping up and down and brandishing his sword at the carbineers to compel them to fall back. This was the Duke of Parma, and thus the two great champions of the Huguenots and of the Leaguers, the two foremost captains of the age, had met face to face.[2] At that moment La Noue, riding up, informed the king that he had seen the whole of the enemy's horse and foot in battle array, and Henry, suspecting the retreat of Farnese to be a feint for the purpose of luring him on with his

[1] Bentivoglio, p. ii. lib. v. 348, 349. Dondini, ii. 363 seq. Coloma, iii. 52 seq. Report of the king's actions by Grimstone, November 23–28, 1590, S. P. Office MS.

[2] Grimstone's letter, MS. last cited. Compare Coloma, Dondini, Bentivoglio, ubi sup.

small force to an attack, gave orders to retire as soon as possible.[1]

At Guise, on the frontier, the duke parted with Mayenne, leaving with him an auxiliary force of four thousand foot and five hundred horse, which he could ill spare. He then returned to Brussels, which city he reached on the 4th December, filling every hotel and hospital with his sick soldiers, and having left one third of his numbers behind him. He had manifested his own military skill in the adroit and successful manner in which he had accomplished the relief of Paris, while the barrenness of the result from the whole expedition vindicated the political sagacity with which he had remonstrated against his sovereign's infatuation.

Paris, with the renewed pressure on its two great arteries at Lagny and Corbeil, soon fell into as great danger as before; the obedient Netherlands during the absence of Farnese had been sinking rapidly to ruin, while, on the other hand, great progress and still greater preparations in aggressive warfare had been made by the youthful general and stadholder of the Republic.[2]

[1] Grimstone's letter, MS. last cited.

[2] Coloma, Dondini, Bentivoglio, ubi sup. De Thou, t. xi. liv. xcvii. 205 seq. Lo sucedido, etc., Arch. de Sim. MS. Parma to Philip, October 3 and 21, 1590, ibid. Same to same, November 19, 1590, ibid. Same to same, November 28, 1590, ibid. Same to same, December 31, 1590, ibid.

CHAPTER XXIV

Prince Maurice—State of the republican army—Martial science of the period—Reformation of the military system by Prince Maurice—His military genius—Campaign in the Netherlands—The fort and town of Zutphen taken by the states' forces—Attack upon Deventer—Its capitulation—Advance on Groningen, Delfzyl, Opslag, Yementil, Steenwyk, and other places—Farnese besieges Fort Knodsenburg—Prince Maurice hastens to its relief—A skirmish ensues, resulting in the discomfiture of the Spanish and Italian troops—Surrender of Hulst and Nimwegen—Close of military operations of the year.

WHILE the events revealed in the last chapter had been occupying the energies of Farnese and the resources of his sovereign, there had been ample room for Prince Maurice to mature his projects and to make a satisfactory beginning in the field. Although Alexander had returned to the Netherlands before the end of the year 1590, and did not set forth on his second French campaign until late in the following year, yet the condition of his health, the exhaustion of his funds, and the dwindling of his army made it impossible for him to render any effectual opposition to the projects of the youthful general.

For the first time Maurice was ready to put his theories and studies into practice on an extensive scale. Compared with modern armaments, the warlike machi-

nery to be used for liberating the Republic from its foreign oppressors would seem almost diminutive. But the science and skill of a commander are to be judged by the results he can work out with the materials within reach. His progress is to be measured by a comparison with the progress of his contemporaries—coheirs with him of what Time had thus far bequeathed.

The regular army of the Republic, as reconstructed, was but ten thousand foot and two thousand horse, but it was capable of being largely expanded by the train-bands of the cities, well disciplined and inured to hardship, and by the levies of German reiters and other foreign auxiliaries in such numbers as could be paid for by the hard-pressed exchequer of the provinces.

To the state council, according to its original constitution, belonged the levying and disbanding of troops, the conferring of military offices, and the supervision of military operations by sea and land. It was its duty to see that all officers made oath of allegiance to the United Provinces.

The course of Leicester's administration, and especially the fatal treason of Stanley and of Yorke, made it seem important for the true lovers of their country to wrest from the state council, where the English had two seats, all political and military power. And this, as has been seen, was practically but illegally accomplished. The silent revolution by which at this epoch all the main attributes of government passed into the hands of the States-General, acting as a league of sovereignties, has already been indicated. The period during which the council exercised functions conferred on it by the States-General themselves was brief and evanescent. The jeal-

ousy of the separate provinces soon prevented the state council, a supreme executive body intrusted with the general defense of the commonwealth, from causing troops to pass into or out of one province or another without a patent from his Excellency the Prince, not as chief of the whole army, but as governor and captain-general of Holland, or Gelderland, or Utrecht, as the case might be.

The highest military office in the Netherlands was that of captain-general or supreme commander. This quality was from earliest times united to that of stadholder, who stood, as his title implied, in the place of the reigning sovereign, whether count, duke, king, or emperor. After the foundation of the Republic this dynastic form, like many others, remained, and thus Prince Maurice was at first only captain-general of Holland and Zealand, and subsequently of Gelderland, Utrecht, and Overyssel, after he had been appointed stadholder of those three provinces in 1590, on the death of Count Nieuwenaar. However much in reality he was general-in-chief of the army, he never in all his life held the appointment of captain-general of the Union.

To obtain a captain's commission in the army, it was necessary to have served four years, while three years' service was the necessary preliminary to the post of lieutenant or ensign. Three candidates were presented by the province for each office, from whom the stadholder appointed one. The commissions, except those of the highest commanders, were made out in the name of the States-General, by advice and consent of the council of state. The oath of allegiance, exacted from soldiers as well as officers, mentioned the name of the particular province to which they belonged, as well as that of the

States-General.[1] It thus appears that, especially after Maurice's first and successful campaigns, the supreme authority over the army really belonged to the States-General, and that the powers of the state council in this regard fell, in the course of four years, more and more into the background, and at last disappeared almost entirely. During the active period of the war, however, the effect of this revolution was in fact rather a greater concentration of military power than its dispersion, for the States-General meant simply the province of Holland. Holland was the Republic.

The organization of the infantry was very simple. The tactical unit was the company. A temporary combination of several companies made a regiment, com-

[1] For example, the oath for a soldier of Holland was: "I promise and swear to the States-General of the United Netherlands, who remain by the Union and by the maintenance of the Reformed religion, and also to the knights, nobles, and regents [magistrates] of the countship and province of Holland, representing the states of said province, and therewith to the states of the other provinces in which I may be employed, and also to the regents of the cities as well within as without the province of Holland where I may be placed in garrison, to be faithful and true. See Journaal van Anthonis Duyck (1591–1602): uitgegeven op Last van het Departement van Oorlog, met Inleiding en Aanteekeningen door Lodewijk Mulder, Kapitein der Infanterie ('s Graven Hage, Martinus Nyhoff, 1862), pp. xlvi, xlvii. All lovers of Dutch history must sincerely rejoice that this valuable contemporary manuscript is at last in course of publication, and that it is in the hands of so accomplished and able an editor. I am under the deepest obligations to Captain Mulder for the information derived, in regard to the military history of this epoch in the Netherlands, from his learned and lucid introduction, and in drawing largely and almost exclusively from this source in the first part of the present chapter, I desire to express my thanks in the warmest manner.

manded by a colonel or lieutenant-colonel, but for such regiments there was no regular organization. Sometimes six or seven companies were thus combined, sometimes three times that number, but the strength of a force, however large, was always estimated by the number of companies, not of regiments.[1]

The normal strength of an infantry company, at the beginning of Maurice's career, may be stated at one hundred and thirteen, commanded by one captain, one lieutenant, one ensign, and by the usual non-commissioned officers. Each company was composed of musketeers, harquebusiers, pikemen, halberdiers, and bucklermen. Long after portable firearms had come into use, the greater portion of foot-soldiers continued to be armed with pikes, until the introduction of the fixed bayonet enabled the musketeer to do likewise the duty of pikeman. Maurice was among the first to appreciate the advantage of portable firearms, and he accordingly increased the proportion of soldiers armed with the musket in his companies. In a company of a hundred and thirteen, including officers, he had sixty-four armed with firelocks to thirty carrying pikes and halberds. As before his time the proportion between the arms had been nearly even, he thus more than doubled the number of firearms.[2]

Of these weapons there were two sorts, the musket and the harquebus. The musket was a long, heavy, unmanageable instrument. When fired it was placed upon an iron gaffle, or fork, which the soldier carried with him and stuck before him into the ground. The bullets of the musket were twelve to the pound.[3]

[1] Mulder, Inleiding, l, li.

[2] Ibid., li, lii.

[3] Ibid., liv.

The harquebus, or haakbus, "hook-gun," so called because of the hook in the front part of the barrel to give steadiness in firing, was much lighter, was discharged from the hand, and carried bullets of twenty-four to the pound. Both weapons had matchlocks.[1]

The pike was eighteen feet long at least, and pikemen as well as halberdmen carried rapiers.[2]

There were three bucklermen to each company, introduced by Maurice for the personal protection of the leader of the company. The prince was often attended by one himself, and on at least one memorable occasion was indebted to this shield for the preservation of his life.[3]

The cavalry was divided into lancers and carbineers. The unit was the squadron, varying in number from sixty to one hundred and fifty, until the year 1591, when the regular complement of the squadron was fixed at one hundred and twenty.[4]

As the use of cavalry on the battle-field at that day, or at least in the Netherlands, was not in rapidity of motion nor in severity of shock, the attack usually taking place on a trot, Maurice gradually displaced the lance in favor of the carbine.[5] His troopers thus became rather mounted infantry than regular cavalry.

The carbine was at least three feet long, with wheellocks, and carried bullets of thirty to the pound.[6]

The artillery was a peculiar organization. It was a gild of citizens rather than a strictly military force like the cavalry and infantry. The arm had but just begun to develop itself, and it was cultivated as a special trade by the Gild of the Holy Barbara, existing in all the prin-

[1] Mulder, liv–lix.
[2] Ibid.
[3] Ibid.
[4] Ibid.
[5] Ibid.
[6] Ibid.

cipal cities. Thus a municipal artillery gradually organized itself, under the direction of the gun-masters (busmeesters), who in secret labored at the perfection of their art, and who taught it to their apprentices and journeymen, as the principles of other crafts were conveyed by master to pupil. This system furnished a powerful element of defense at a period when every city had in great measure to provide for its own safety.[1]

In the earlier campaigns of Maurice three kinds of artillery were used—the whole cannon (kartouw) of forty-eight pounds, the half-cannon, or twenty-four pounder, and the field-piece carrying a ball of twelve pounds. The two first were called battering-pieces or siege-guns. All the guns were of bronze.[2]

The length of the whole cannon was about twelve feet, its weight one hundred and fifty times that of the ball, or about seven thousand pounds. It was reckoned that the whole kartouw could fire from eighty to one hundred shots in an hour. Wet haircloths were used to cool the piece after every ten or twelve discharges. The usual charge was twenty pounds of powder.[3]

The whole gun was drawn by thirty-one horses, the half-cannon by twenty-three.[4]

The field-piece required eleven horses; but a regular field-artillery, as an integral part of the army, did not exist, and was introduced in much later times. In the greatest pitched battle ever fought by Maurice, that of Nieuport, he had but six field-pieces.[5]

The prince also employed mortars in his sieges, from which were thrown grenades, hot shot, and stones, but no greater distance was reached than six hundred yards.

[1] Mulder, lix–lxxiv. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.
[4] Ibid. [5] Ibid.

Bombshells were not often used, although they had been known for a century.[1]

Before the days of Maurice a special education for engineers had never been contemplated. Persons who had privately acquired a knowledge of fortification and similar branches of the science were employed upon occasion, but regular corps of engineers there were none. The prince established a course of instruction in this profession at the University of Leyden, according to a system drawn up by the celebrated Stevinus.[2]

Doubtless the most important innovation of the prince, and the one which required the most energy to enforce, was the use of the spade. His soldiers were jeered at by the enemy as mere boors and day-laborers who were dishonoring themselves and their profession by the use of that implement instead of the sword. Such a novelty was a shock to all the military ideas of the age, and it was only the determination and vigor of the prince and of his cousin Louis William that ultimately triumphed over the universal prejudice.[3]

The pay of the common soldier varied from ten to twenty florins the month, but every miner had eighteen florins, and when actually working in the mines thirty florins, monthly. Soldiers used in digging trenches received, over and above their regular pay, a daily wage of from ten to fifteen stivers, or nearly a shilling sterling.[4]

Another most wholesome improvement made by the prince was in the payment of his troops. The system prevailing in every European country at that day, by which governments were defrauded and soldiers starved,

[1] Mulder, lix–lxxiv.
[2] Ibid.,lxxiv–lxxix.
[3] Reyd, ix. 180 seq.
[4] Mulder, ubi sup.

was most infamous. The soldiers were paid through the captain, who received the wages of a full company, when perhaps not one third of the names on the muster-roll were living human beings. Accordingly, two thirds of all the money stuck to the officer's fingers, and it was not thought a disgrace to cheat the government by dressing and equipping for the day a set of ragamuffins, caught up in the streets for the purpose, and made to pass muster as regular soldiers.[1]

These passe-volants, or scarecrows, were passed freely about from one company to another, and the indecency of the fraud was never thought a disgrace to the colors of the company.

Thus, in the Armada year, the queen had demanded that a portion of her auxiliary force in the Netherlands should be sent to England. The states agreed that three thousand of these English troops, together with a few cavalry companies, should go, but stipulated that two thousand should remain in the provinces. The queen accepted the proposal, but when the two thousand had been counted out it appeared that there was scarcely a man left for the voyage to England. Yet every one of the English captains had claimed full pay for his company from her Majesty's exchequer.[2]

Against this tide of peculation and corruption the strenuous Maurice set himself with heart and soul, and there is no doubt that to his reformation in this vital matter much of his military success was owing. It was impossible that roguery and venality should ever furnish a solid foundation for the martial science.

To the student of military history the campaigns and sieges of Maurice, and especially the earlier ones, are of

[1] Mulder, xciv, xcv. [2] Ibid., xcix.

great importance. There is no doubt whatever that the youth who now, after deep study and careful preparation, was measuring himself against the first captains of the age, was founding the great modern school of military science. It was in this Netherland academy, and under the tuition of its consummate professor, that the commanders of the seventeenth century not only acquired the rudiments, but perfected themselves in the higher walks of their art. Therefore the siege operations, in which all that had been invented by modern genius, or rescued from the oblivion which had gathered over ancient lore during the more vulgar and commonplace practice of the mercenary commanders of the day, was brought into successful application, must always engage the special attention of the military student.

To the general reader, more interested in marking the progress of civilization and the advance of the people in the path of development and true liberty, the spectacle of the young stadholder's triumphs has an interest of another kind. At the moment when a thorough practical soldier was most needed by the struggling little commonwealth, to enable it to preserve liberties partially secured by its unparalleled sacrifices of blood and treasure during a quarter of a century, and to expel the foreign invader from the soil which he had so long profaned, it was destined that a soldier should appear.

Spade in hand, with his head full of Roman castrametation and geometrical problems, a prince, scarce emerged from boyhood, presents himself on that stage where grizzled Mansfelds, drunken Hohenlos, and truculent Verdugos have been so long enacting that artless military drama which consists of hard knocks and wholesale massacres. The novice is received with uni-

versal hilarity. But although the machinery of war varies so steadily from age to age that a commonplace commander of to-day, rich in the spoils of preceding time, might vanquish the Alexanders and Cæsars and Fredericks, with their antiquated enginery, yet the moral stuff out of which great captains, great armies, great victories are created is the simple material it was in the days of Sesostris or Cyrus. The moral and physiological elements remain essentially the same as when man first began to walk up and down the earth and destroy his fellow-creatures.

To make an army a thorough mowing-machine, it then seemed necessary that it should be disciplined into complete mechanical obedience. To secure this, prompt payment of wages and inexorable punishment of delinquencies were indispensable. Long arrearages were now converting Farnese's veterans into systematic marauders; for unpaid soldiers in every age and country have usually degenerated into highwaymen, and it is an impossibility for a sovereign, with the strictest intentions, to persist in starving his soldiers and in killing them for feeding themselves. In Maurice's little army, on the contrary, there were no back wages and no thieving. At the siege of Delfzyl Maurice hung two of his soldiers for stealing, the one a hat and the other a poniard, from the townsfolk, after the place had capitulated.[1] At the siege of Hulst he ordered another to be shot before the whole camp for robbing a woman.[2] This seems sufficiently harsh, but war is not a pastime nor a very humane occupation. The result was that robbery disappeared, and it is better for all that enlisted men should be soldiers rather than thieves. To secure the ends which alone can

[1] Reyd, ix. 171. [2] Van der Kemp, 112.

justify war—and if the Netherlanders engaged in defending national existence and human freedom against foreign tyranny were not justifiable, then a just war has never been waged—a disciplined army is vastly more humane in its operations than a band of brigands. Swift and condign punishment by the law martial, for even trifling offenses, is the best means of discipline yet devised.

To bring to utmost perfection the machinery already in existence, to encourage invention, to ponder the past with a practical application to the present, to court fatigue, to scorn pleasure, to concentrate the energies on the work in hand, to cultivate quickness of eye and calmness of nerve in the midst of danger, to accelerate movements, to economize blood even at the expense of time, to strive after ubiquity and omniscience in the details of person and place, these were the characteristics of Maurice, and they have been the prominent traits of all commanders who have stamped themselves upon their age. Although his method of war-making differed as far as possible from that of the Béarnese, yet the two had one quality in common, personal insensibility to fear. But in the case of Henry to confront danger for its own sake was in itself a pleasure, while the calmer spirit of Maurice did not so much seek the joys of the combat as refuse to desist from scientific combinations in the interests of his personal safety. Very frequently, in the course of his early campaigns, the prince was formally and urgently requested by the States-General not to expose his life so recklessly, and before he had passed his twenty-fifth year he had received wounds which, but for fortunate circumstances, would have proved mortal, because he was unwilling to leave special

operations on which much was depending to other eyes than his own. The details of his campaigns are, of necessity, the less interesting to a general reader from their very completeness. Desultory or semi-civilized warfare, where the play of the human passions is distinctly visible, where individual man, whether in buff jerkin or Milan coat of proof, meets his fellow-man in close mortal combat, where men starve by thousands or are massacred by townfuls, where hamlets or villages blaze throughout whole districts or are sunk beneath the ocean—scenes of rage, hatred, vengeance, self-sacrifice, patriotism, where all the virtues and vices of which humanity is capable stride to and fro in their most violent colors and most colossal shape, where man in a moment rises almost to divinity or sinks beneath the beasts of the field—such tragical records of which the sanguinary story of mankind is full—and no portion of it more so than the Netherland chronicles—appeal more vividly to the imagination than the neatest solution of mathematical problems. Yet, if it be the legitimate end of military science to accomplish its largest purposes at the least expense of human suffering, if it be progress in civilization to acquire by scientific combination what might be otherwise attempted, and perhaps vainly attempted, by infinite carnage, then is the professor with his diagrams, standing unmoved amid danger, a more truly heroic image than Cœur de Lion with his battle-ax or Alva with his truncheon.

The system, then a new one, which Maurice introduced to sustain that little commonwealth from sinking of which he had become at the age of seventeen the predestined chief, was the best under the circumstances that could have been devised. Patriotism the most passion-

ate, the most sublime, had created the Republic. To maintain its existence against perpetual menace required the exertion of perpetual skill.

Passionless as algebra, the genius of Maurice was ready for the task. Strategic points of immense value, important cities and fortresses, vital river-courses and communications—which foreign tyranny had acquired during the tragic past with a patient iniquity almost without a parallel, and which patriotism had for years vainly struggled to recover—were the earliest trophies and prizes of his art. But the details of his victories may be briefly indicated, for they have none of the picturesqueness of crime. The sieges of Naarden, Haarlem, Leyden, were tragedies of maddening interest, but the recovery of Zutphen, Deventer, Nimwegen, Groningen, and many other places, all-important though they were, was accomplished with the calmness of a consummate player, who throws down on the table the best half-dozen invincible cards, which it thus becomes superfluous to play.

There were several courses open to the prince before taking the field. It was desirable to obtain control of the line of the Waal, by which that heart of the Republic, Holland, would be made entirely secure. To this end, Gertruydenberg,—lately surrendered to the enemy by the perfidy of the Englishman Wingfield, to whom it had been intrusted,—Bois-le-Duc, and Nimwegen were to be wrested from Spain.

It was also important to hold the Yssel, the course of which river led directly through the United Netherlands, quite to the Zuyder Zee, cutting off Friesland, Groningen, and Gelderland from their sister provinces of Holland and Zealand. And here again the keys to this

river had been lost by English treason. The fort of Zutphen and the city of Deventer had been transferred to the Spaniard by Rowland Yorke and Sir William Stanley,[1] in whose honor the Republic had so blindly confided, and those cities it was now necessary to reduce by regular siege before the communications between the eastern and western portions of the little commonwealth could ever be established.

Still farther in the ancient Frisian depths, the memorable treason of that native Netherlander, the high-born Renneberg, had opened the way for the Spaniard's foot into the city of Groningen. Thus this whole important province, with its capital, long subject to the foreign oppressor, was garrisoned with his troops.

Verdugo, a veteran officer of Portuguese birth, who had risen from the position of hostler[2] to that of colonel and royal stadholder, commanded in Friesland. He had in vain demanded reinforcements and supplies from Farnese, who most reluctantly was obliged to refuse them in order that he might obey his master's commands to neglect everything for the sake of the campaign in France.

And Verdugo, stripped of all adequate forces to protect his important province, was equally destitute of means for feeding the troops that were left to him. "I hope to God that I may do my duty to the king and your Highness," he cried, "but I find myself sold up and pledged to such an extent that I am poorer than when I was a soldier at four crowns a month. And everybody in the town is as desperate as myself."[3]

[1] Vol. ii. of this work, chap. xiii.

[2] Reyd, ix. 172.

[3] Groen v. Prinsterer, Archives, etc., II. Série, i. 128.

Maurice, after making a feint of attacking Gertruydenberg and Bois-le-Duc, so that Farnese felt compelled, with considerable difficulty, to strengthen the garrison of those places, came unexpectedly to Arnheim with a force of nine thousand foot and sixteen hundred horse. He had previously and with great secrecy sent some companies of infantry under Sir Francis Vere to Doesburg.

On the 23d May (1591) five peasants and six peasant women made their appearance at dawn of day before the chief guard-house of the great fort in the Bad Meadow (Veluwe), opposite Zutphen, on the west side of the Yssel. It was not an unusual occurrence. These boors and their wives had brought baskets of eggs, butter, and cheese for the garrison, and they now set themselves quietly down on the ground before the gate, waiting for the soldiers of the garrison to come out and traffic with them for their supplies. Very soon several of the guard made their appearance, and began to chaffer with the peasants, when suddenly one of the women plucked a pistol from under her petticoats and shot dead the soldier who was cheapening her eggs. The rest of the party, transformed in an instant from boors to soldiers, then sprang upon the rest of the guard, overpowered and bound them, and took possession of the gate. A considerable force, which had been placed in ambush by Prince Maurice near the spot, now rushed forward, and in a few minutes the great fort of Zutphen was mastered by the states' forces without loss of a man. It was a neat and perfectly successful stratagem.[1]

Next day Maurice began the regular investment of

[1] Meteren, xvi. 298. Bor, iii. xxviii. 560, 562.

the city. On the 26th Count Louis William arrived with some Frisian companies. On the 27th Maurice threw a bridge of boats from the Bad Meadow side across the river to the Weert, before the city. On the 28th he had got batteries, mounting thirty-two guns, into position, commanding the place at three points. On the 30th the town capitulated. Thus within exactly one week from the firing of the pistol-shot by the supposed butterwoman, this fort and town, which had so long resisted the efforts of the states and were such important possessions of the Spaniards, fell into the hands of Maurice. The terms of surrender were easy. The city being more important than its garrison, the soldiers were permitted to depart with bag and baggage. The citizens were allowed three days to decide whether to stay under loyal obedience to the States-General or to take their departure. Those who chose to remain were to enjoy all the privileges of citizens of the United Provinces.[1]

But very few substantial citizens were left, for such had been the tyranny, the misery, and the misrule during the long occupation by a foreign soldiery of what was once a thriving Dutch town that scarcely anybody but paupers and vagabonds was left. One thousand houses were ruined and desolate. It is superfluous to add that the day of its restoration to the authority of the Union was the beginning of its renewed prosperity.

Maurice, having placed a national garrison in the place, marched the same evening straight upon Deventer, seven miles farther down the river, without pausing to sleep upon his victory. His artillery and munitions were sent rapidly down the Yssel.

Within five days he had thoroughly invested the city

[1] Bor, Meteren, ubi sup. Duyck, 6–14.

and brought twenty-eight guns to bear upon the weakest part of its defenses.

It was a large, populous, well-built town, once a wealthy member of the Hanseatic League, full of fine buildings, both public and private, the capital of the rich and fertile province of Overyssel, and protected by a strong wall and moat—as well fortified a place as could be found in the Netherlands.[1] The garrison consisted of fourteen hundred Spaniards and Walloons, under the command of Count Hermann van den Berg, first cousin of Prince Maurice.

No sooner had the states' army come before the city than a Spanish captain observed: "We shall now have a droll siege—cousins on the outside, cousins on the inside. There will be a sham fight or two, and then the cousins will make it up and arrange matters to suit themselves."[2]

Such hints had deeply wounded Van den Berg, who was a fervent Catholic, and as loyal a servant to Philip II. as he could have been had that monarch deserved, by the laws of nature and by his personal services and virtues, to govern all the swamps of Friesland. He slept on the gibe, having ordered all the colonels and captains of the garrison to attend at solemn mass in the great church the next morning. He there declared to them all publicly that he felt outraged at the suspicions concerning his fidelity, and after mass he took the sacrament, solemnly swearing never to give up the city or even to speak of it until he had made such resistance that he must be carried from the breach. So long as he could stand or sit he would defend the city intrusted to his care.[3]

[1] Guicciardini, in voce. [2] Reyd, ix. 169. [3] Ibid.

The whole council, who had come from Zutphen to Maurice's camp, were allowed to deliberate concerning the siege. The enemy had been seen hovering about the neighborhood in considerable numbers, but had not ventured an attempt to throw reinforcements into the place. Many of the councilors argued against the siege. It was urged that the resistance would be determined and protracted, and that the Duke of Parma was sure to take the field in person to relieve so important a city before its reduction could be effected.

But Maurice had thrown a bridge across the Yssel above and another below the town, had carefully and rapidly taken measures in the success of which he felt confident, and now declared that it would be cowardly and shameful to abandon an enterprise so well begun.

The city had been formally summoned to surrender, and a calm but most decided refusal had been returned.

On the 9th June the batteries began playing, and after four thousand six hundred shots a good breach had been effected in the defenses along the Kaye—an earthen work lying between two strong walls of masonry.

The breach being deemed practicable, a storm was ordered. To reach the Kaye it was necessary to cross a piece of water called the Haven, over which a pontoon-bridge was hastily thrown. There was now a dispute among the English, Scotch, and Netherlanders for precedence in the assault. It was ultimately given to the English, in order that the bravery of that nation might now on the same spot wipe out the disgrace inflicted upon its name by the treason of Sir William Stanley. The English did their duty well and rushed forward merrily, but the bridge proved too short. Some sprang over and pushed boldly for the breach. Some fell into

the moat and were drowned. Others, sustained by the Netherlanders under Solms, Meetkerken, and Brederode, effected their passage by swimming, leaping, or wading, so that a resolute attack was made. Hermann van den Berg met them in the breach at the head of seven companies. The defenders were most ferocious in their resistance. They were also very drunk. The count had placed many casks of Rhenish and of strong beer within reach, and ordered his soldiers to drink their fill as they fought.[1] He was himself as vigorous in his potations as he was chivalrous with sword and buckler. Two pages and two lieutenants fell at his side, but still he fought at the head of his men with a desperation worthy of his vow, until he fell wounded in the eye and was carried from the place. Notwithstanding this disaster to the commander of the town, the assailants were repulsed, losing two hundred and twenty-five in killed and wounded—Colonel Meetkerken and his brother, two most valuable Dutch officers, among them.[2]

During the whole of the assault a vigorous cannonade had been kept up upon other parts of the town, and houses and church towers were toppling down in all directions. Meanwhile the inhabitants,—for it was Sun-

[1] Reyd, ix. 169.

[2] Ibid. Bor, iii. xxviii. 563, 564. Meteren, xvi. 298. Duyck, 20, 21. Colonel Nicholas Meetkerken died of his wounds in this assault. He was less than thirty years of age, but already a veteran soldier, and had distinguished himself in the English-Dutch expedition, under Essex, against Portugal in 1587. His elder brother Anthony had been killed before Zutphen fort in 1586. His two younger brothers, Baldwin and Adolph, were both in the army. Adolph was shot through the body in this same storming-party in which Nicholas was killed, but seems to have recovered. They were the sons of Adolph Meetkerken, formerly president of

day,—instead of going to service, were driven toward the breach by the sergeant-major, a truculent Spaniard, next in command to Van den Berg, who ran about the place with a great stick, summoning the Dutch burghers to assist the Spanish garrison on the wall.[1] It was thought afterward that this warrior would have been better occupied among the soldiers, at the side of his commander.

A chivalrous incident in the open field occurred during the assault. A gigantic Albanian cavalry officer came prancing out of Deventer into the spaces between the trenches, defying any officer in the states' army to break a lance with him. Prince Maurice forbade any acceptance of the challenge, but Louis van der Cathulle, son of the famous Ryhove of Ghent, unable to endure the taunts and bravado of this champion, at last obtained permission to encounter him in single combat. They met accordingly with much ceremony, tilted against each other, and shivered their lances in good style, but without much effect. The Albanian then drew a pistol. Cathulle had no weapon save a cutlass, but with this weapon he succeeded in nearly cutting off the hand which held the pistol. He then took his enemy prisoner, the vainglorious challenger throwing his gold chain around his conqueror's neck in token of his victory. Prince Maurice caused his wound to be bound up and

Flanders, who, on account of his participation in Leicester's attempt upon Leyden (see vol. iii. of this work, chap. xvii.), was a refugee in England. See Mulder's note to Duyck, p. 20.

How much does the brief martial record of these four brothers in this war of Dutch burghers for national existence remind us of the simple but heroic annals of many a family of our own countrymen in the great war now waging for the same object! (1863.)

[1] Reyd, ubi sup.

then liberated him, sending him into the city with a message to the governor.[1]

During the following night the bridge, over which the assailants had nearly forced their way into the town, was vigorously attacked by the garrison; but Count Louis William, in person, with a chosen band, defended it stoutly till morning, beating back the Spaniards with heavy loss in a sanguinary midnight contest.[2]

Next morning there was a unanimous outcry on the part of the besieged for a capitulation. It was obvious that, with the walls shot to ruins as they had been, the place was no longer tenable against Maurice's superior forces. A trumpet was sent to the prince before the dawn of day, and on the 10th of June, accordingly, the place capitulated.[3]

It was arranged that the garrison should retire with arms and baggage whithersoever they chose. Van den Berg stipulated nothing in favor of the citizens, whether through forgetfulness or spite does not distinctly appear. But the burghers were received like brothers. No plunder was permitted, no ransom demanded, and the city took its place among its sisterhood of the United Provinces.[4] Van den Berg himself was received at the prince's headquarters with much cordiality. He was quite blind; but his wound seemed to be the effect of exterior contusions, and he ultimately recovered the sight of one eye. There was much free conversation between himself and his cousins during the brief interval in which he was their guest.

[1] Meteren, ubi sup. [2] Bor, ubi sup.

[3] Ibid. Meteren, Reyd, ubi sup. Duyck, 20–25. Parma to Philip, June 10, 1591, Arch. de Sim. MS.

[4] Ibid.

"I 've often told Verdugo," said he, "that the states had no power to make a regular siege, nor to come with proper artillery into the field, and he agreed with me. But we were both wrong, for I now see the contrary."

To which Count Louis William replied, with a laugh: "My dear cousin, I 've observed that in all your actions you were in the habit of despising us Beggars, and I have said that you would one day draw the shortest straw in consequence. I 'm glad to hear this avowal from your own lips."

Hermann attempted no reply, but let the subject drop, seeming to regret having said so much.[1]

Soon afterward he was forwarded by Maurice in his own coach to Ulff, where he was attended by the prince's body-physician till he was reëstablished in health.[2]

Thus within ten days of his first appearance before its walls the city of Deventer, and with it a whole province, had fallen into the hands of Maurice. It began to be understood that the young pedant knew something about his profession, and that he had not been fagging so hard at the science of war for nothing.[3]

The city was in a sorry plight when the states took possession of it. As at Zutphen, the substantial burghers had wandered away, and the foreign soldiers bivouacking there so long had turned the stately old Hanseatic city into a brick-and-mortar wilderness. Hundreds

[1] Reyd, ubi sup. [2] Bor, ubi sup.

[3] Turenne (Duc de Bouillon) was excessively enthusiastic. "Je ne vous sçauroy dire la joie," he wrote to Count John the Elder, "que j'ay de l'honneur que Monsieur le Comte Maurice votre nepveu a acquis en la prise de Zutphen et Deventer. Il a effacé en huict jours la réputation que le Duc de Parme a acquis en dix ans, et faict bien paraistre que la vertu et générosité de sa Maison est immortelle."—Groen v. Prinsterer, Archives, II. S. i. 169.

of houses had been demolished by the garrison, that the iron might be sold and the woodwork burned for fuel; for the enemy had conducted himself as if feeling in his heart that the occupation could not be a permanent one, and as if desirous to make the place as desolate as possible for the Beggars when they should return.[1]

The dead body of the traitor Yorke, who had died and been buried in Deventer, was taken from the tomb, after the capture of the city, and, with the vulgar ferocity so characteristic of the times, was hung, coffin and all, on the gibbet for the delectation of the states' soldiery.[2]

Maurice, having thus in less than three weeks recovered two most important cities, paused not an instant in his career, but moved at once on Groningen. There was a strong pressure put upon him to attempt the capture of Nimwegen, but the understanding with the Frisian stadholder and his troops had been that the enterprise upon Groningen should follow the reduction of Deventer.

On the 26th June Maurice appeared before Groningen. Next day, as a precautionary step, he moved to the right and attacked the strong city of Delfzyl. This place capitulated to him on the 2d July. The fort of Opslag surrendered on the 7th July. He then moved to the west of Groningen, and attacked the forts of Yementil and Lettebaest, which fell into his hands on the 11th July. He then moved along the Nyenoort through the Seven Wolds and Drenthe to Steenwyk, before which strongly fortified city he arrived on the 15th July.[3]

Meantime he received intercepted letters from Verdugo to the Duke of Parma, dated 19th June from

[1] Reyd, ubi sup.

[2] Bor, Reyd, Meteren, ubi sup.

[3] Bor, iii. xxviii. 566–569. Meteren, xvi. 298, 299. Reyd, ix. 169–172. Duyck, 25–34.

Groningen. In these the Spanish stadholder informed Farnese that the enemy was hovering about his neighborhood, and that it would be necessary for the duke to take the field in person in considerable force, or that Groningen would be lost, and with it the Spanish forces in the province. He inclosed a memorial of the course proper to be adopted by the duke for his relief.[1]

Notwithstanding the strictness by which Philip had tied his great general's hands, Farnese felt the urgency of the situation.[2] By the end of June, accordingly, although full of his measures for marching to the relief of the Leaguers in Normandy, he moved into Gelderland, coming by way of Xanten, Rees, and neighboring places. Here he paused for a moment perplexed, doubting whether to take the aggressive in Gelderland or to march straight to the relief of Groningen. He decided that it was better for the moment to protect the line of the Waal. Shipping his army accordingly into the Batavian Island or Good Meadow (Betuwe), which lies between the two great horns of the Rhine, he laid siege to Fort Knodsenburg, which Maurice had built the year before, on the right bank of the Waal, for the purpose of attacking Nimwegen. Farnese, knowing that the general of the states was occupied with his whole army far away to the north, and separated from him by two great rivers, wide and deep, and by the whole breadth of that dangerous district called the Foul Meadow (Veluwe), and by the vast quagmire known as the Rouvenian morass, which no artillery nor even any organized forces had ever traversed[3] since the beginning of the world, had

[1] Bor, ubi sup. 568.

[2] Bor, ubi sup. 570 seq. Meteren, ubi sup.

[3] Van der Kemp, i. 111.

felt no hesitation in throwing his army in boats across the Waal. He had no doubt of reducing a not very powerful fortress long before relief could be brought to it, and at the same time of disturbing by his presence in Batavia the combinations of his young antagonist in Friesland and Groningen.[1]

So with six thousand foot and one thousand horse[2] Alexander came before Knodsenburg. The news reached Maurice at Steenwyk on the 15th July. Instantly changing his plans, the prince decided that Farnese must be faced at once, and, if possible, driven from the ground, thinking it more important to maintain, by concentration, that which had already been gained, than to weaken and diffuse his forces in insufficient attempts to acquire more. Before two days had passed he was on the march southward, having left Louis William with a sufficient force to threaten Groningen. Coming by way of Hasselt Zwolle to Deventer, he crossed the Yssel on a bridge of boats on the 18th of July, and proceeded to Arnheim.[3] His army, although excessively fatigued by forced marches in very hot weather over nearly impassable roads, was full of courage and cheerfulness, having learned implicit confidence in its commander. On the 20th he was at Arnheim. On the 22d his bridge of boats was made, and he had thrown his little army across the Rhine into Batavia, and intrenched himself with his six thousand foot and fourteen hundred horse in the immediate neighborhood of Farnese. Foul Meadow and Good Meadow, dike, bog, wold, and quag-

[1] Bor, Meteren, ubi sup. Parma to Philip, July 24, 1591, Arch. de Sim. MS.

[2] Parma's letter last cited.

[3] Bor, Meteren, ubi sup.

mire, had been successfully traversed, and within one week of his learning that the great viceroy of Philip had reached the Batavian Island Maurice stood confronting that famous chieftain in battle array.

On the 22d July, Farnese, after firing two hundred and eighty-five shots at Fort Knodsenburg, ordered an assault, expecting that so trifling a work could hardly withstand a determined onslaught by his veterans. To his surprise, they were so warmly received that two hundred of the assailants fell at the first onset, and the attack was most conclusively repulsed.[1]

And now Maurice had appeared upon the scene, determined to relieve a place so important for his ulterior designs. On the 24th July he sent out a small but picked force of cavalry to reconnoiter the enemy. They were attacked by a considerable body of Italian and Spanish horse from the camp before Knodsenburg, including Alexander's own company of lancers under Nicelli. The states' troops fled before them in apparent dismay for a little distance, hotly pursued by the Royalists, until, making a sudden halt, they turned to the attack, accompanied by five fresh companies of cavalry and a thousand musketeers, who fell upon the foe from all directions. It was an ambush, which had been neatly prepared by Maurice in person, assisted by Sir Francis Vere. Sixty of the Spaniards and Italians were killed, and one hundred and fifty prisoners, including Captain Nicelli, taken, while the rest of the party sought safety in ignominious flight.[2] This little skirmish, in which ten companies of the picked veterans of Alexander Farnese had thus been utterly routed before his eyes, did much

[1] Bor, Meteren, ubi sup.

[2] Ibid. Groen v. Prinsterer, Archives, II. S. i. 172.

to inspire the states' troops with confidence in themselves and their leader.[1]

Parma was too experienced a campaigner, and had too quick an eye, not to recognize the error which he had committed in placing the dangerous river Waal, without a bridge, between himself and his supplies. He had not dreamed that his antagonist would be capable of such celerity of movement as he had thus displayed, and his first business now was to extricate himself from a position which might soon become fatal. Without hesitation, he did his best to amuse the enemy in front of the fort, and then passed the night in planting batteries upon the banks of the river, under cover of which he succeeded next day in transporting in ferry-boats his whole force, artillery, and baggage to the opposite shore, without loss, and with his usual skill.[2]

He remained but a short time in Nimwegen, but he was hampered by the express commands of the king. Moreover, his broken health imperatively required that he should once more seek the healing influence of the waters of Spa before setting forth on his new French expedition. Meanwhile, although he had for a time protected the Spanish possessions in the north by his demonstration in Gelderland, it must be confessed that the diversion thus given to the plans of Maurice was but a feeble one.

Having assured the inhabitants of Nimwegen that he

[1] Duyck, 38, 39. Bor, Meteren, ubi sup.

[2] Duyck, 41. "We may thank God Almighty," says, under date of July 27, the faithful journalist of these transactions, "that he has so guided our affairs that the Duke of Parma, whom hardly any cities or provinces could hitherto resist, and who therefore has usurped the title of the great Alexander, now with great

would watch over the city like the apple of his eye,[1] he took his departure on the 4th of August for Spa. He was accompanied on his journey by his son, Prince Ranuccio, just arrived from Italy.

After the retreat of Farnese, Maurice mustered his forces at Arnheim, and found himself at the head of seven thousand foot and fifteen hundred horse. It was expected by all the world that, being thus on the very spot, he would forthwith proceed to reduce the ancient, wealthy, imperial city of Nimwegen. The garrison and burghers accordingly made every preparation to resist the attack, disconcerted as they were, however, by the departure of Parma and by the apparent incapacity of Verdugo to bring them effectual relief.

But, to the surprise of all men, the states' forces suddenly disappeared from the scene, having been, as it were, spirited away by night-time, along those silent watery highways and crossways of canal, river, and estuary, the military advantages of which to the Netherlands Maurice was the first thoroughly to demonstrate. Having previously made great preparations of munitions and provisions in Zealand, the young general, who was thought hard at work in Gelderland, suddenly presented himself, on the 19th September, before the gates of Hulst, on the border of Zealand and Brabant. It was a place of importance from its situation, its possession by the enemy being a perpetual thorn in the side of the states, and a constant obstacle to the plans of Maurice. His arrangements having been made with

shame and loss has been obliged to retreat from before the single fort of Knodsenburg." Compare Bor, Meteren, ubi sup. Van der Kemp, i. 111. Coloma, iv. 74vo.

[1] Meteren, xvi. 299, 300.

the customary neatness, celerity, and completeness, he received the surrender of the city on the fifth day after his arrival.[1]

Its commander, Castillo, could offer no resistance, and was subsequently, it is said, beheaded by order of the Duke of Parma for his negligence.[2] The place is but a dozen miles from Antwerp, which city was at the very moment keeping great holiday and outdoing itself in magnificent festivals in honor of young Ranuccio.[3] The capture of Hulst before his eyes was a demonstration quite unexpected by the prince, and great was the wrath of old Mondragon, governor of Antwerp, thus bearded in his den. The veteran made immediate preparations for chastising the audacious Beggars of Zealand and their pedantic young commander, but no sooner had the Spaniards taken the field than the wily foe had disappeared as magically as he had come.

The Flemish earth seemed to have bubbles as the water hath, and while Mondragon was beating the air in vain on the margin of the Schelde, Maurice was back again upon the Waal, horse, foot, and artillery, bag, baggage, and munition, and had fairly set himself down in earnest to besiege Nimwegen, before the honest burghers and the garrison had finished drawing long breaths at their recent escape. Between the 14th and 16th October he had bridged the deep, wide, and rapid river, had transported eight thousand five hundred infantry and sixteen companies of cavalry to the southern side, had intrenched his camp and made his approaches, and had got sixty-eight pieces of artillery into three positions commanding the weakest part of the defenses of the city

[1] Meteren, ubi sup. Bor, ubi sup. 574. Duyck, 48–58.

[2] Ibid.

[3] Ibid.

between the Falcon Tower and the Hoender Gate.[1] The fort of Knodsenburg was also ready to throw hot shot across the river into the town. Not a detail in all these preparations escaped the vigilant eye of the commander-in-chief, and again and again was he implored not so recklessly to expose a life already become precious to his country. On the 20th October Maurice sent to demand the surrender of the city. The reply was facetious but decisive.

The prince was but a young suitor, it was said, and the city a spinster not so lightly to be won. A longer courtship and more trouble would be necessary.[2]

Whereupon the suitor opened all his batteries without further delay, and the spinster gave a fresh example of the inevitable fate of talking castles and listening ladies.

Nimwegen, despite her saucy answer on the 20th, surrendered on the 21st. Relief was impossible. Neither Parma, now on his way to France, nor Verdugo, shut up in Friesland, could come to the rescue of the place, and the combinations of Maurice were an inexorable demonstration.

The terms of the surrender were similar to those accorded to Zutphen and Deventer. In regard to the religious point it was expressly laid down by Maurice that the demand for permission to exercise publicly the Roman Catholic religion should be left to the decision of the States-General.[3]

And thus another most important city had been added to the domains of the Republic. Another triumph was inscribed on the record of the young commander. The

[1] Meteren, xvi. 300. Bor, xxviii. 575. Duyck, 59–67.

[2] Meteren, ubi sup.

[3] Meteren, Bor, Duyck, ubi sup. Van der Kemp, i. 113.

exultation was very great throughout the United Netherlands, and heartfelt was the homage rendered by all classes of his countrymen to the son of William the Silent.

Queen Elizabeth wrote to congratulate him in warmest terms on his great successes, and even the Spaniards began to recognize the merits of the new chieftain. An intercepted letter from Verdugo, who had been foiled in his efforts to arrest the career of Maurice, indicated great respect for his prowess. "I have been informed," said the veteran, "that Count Maurice of Nassau wishes to fight me. Had I the opportunity I assure you that I should not fail him, for even if ill luck were my portion, I should at least not escape the honor of being beaten by such a personage. I beg you to tell him so with my affectionate compliments. Yours, FRANCIS VERDUGO."[1]

These chivalrous sentiments toward Prince Maurice had not, however, prevented Verdugo from doing his best to assassinate Count Louis William. Two Spaniards had been arrested in the states' camp this summer, who came in as deserters, but who confessed, "with little or mostly without torture," that they had been sent by their governor and colonel with instructions to seize a favorable opportunity to shoot Louis William and set fire to his camp. But such practices were so common on the part of the Spanish commanders as to occasion no surprise whatever.[2]

It will be remembered that, two years before, the famous Martin Schenck had come to a tragic end at Nimwegen.[3] He had been drowned, fished up, hanged, drawn, and quartered, after which his scattered frag-

[1] Bor, ubi sup. 578.

[2] Groen v. Prinsterer, Archives, II. S. i. 148.

[3] Vol. iii. of this work, chap. xx.

ments, having been exposed on all the principal towers of the city, had been put in pickle and deposited in a chest. They were now collected and buried triumphantly in the tomb of the dukes of Gelderland. Thus the shade of the grim freebooter was at last appeased.[1]

The government of the city was conferred upon Count Louis William, with Gerard de Jonge as his lieutenant. A substantial garrison was placed in the city, and, the season being now far advanced, Maurice brought the military operations of the year, saving a slight preliminary demonstration against Gertruydenberg, to a close.[2] He had deserved and attained considerable renown. He had astonished the leisurely war-makers and phlegmatic veterans of the time, both among friends and foes, by the unexampled rapidity of his movements and the concentration of his attacks. He had carried great wagon-trains and whole parks of siege-artillery—the heaviest then known—over roads and swamps which had been deemed impassable even for infantry. He had traversed the length and breadth of the Republic in a single campaign, taken two great cities in Overyssel, picked up cities and fortresses in the province of Groningen and threatened its capital, menaced Steenwyk, relieved Knodsenburg, though besieged in person by the greatest commander of the age, beaten the most famous cavalry of Spain and Italy under the eyes of their chieftain, swooped, as it were, through the air upon Brabant, and carried off an important city almost in the sight of Antwerp, and sped back again in the freezing weather of early autumn, with his splendidly served and invincible artillery, to the imperial city of Nimwegen, which Farnese had sworn to guard like the apple of his eye, and

[1] Bor, ubi sup. [2] Bor, Meteren, Duyck, ubi sup.

which, with consummate skill, was forced out of his grasp in five days.

"Some might attribute these things to blind fortune," says an honest chronicler who had occupied important posts in the service of the prince and of his cousin Louis William, "but they who knew the prince's constant study and laborious attention to detail, who were aware that he never committed to another what he could do himself, who saw his sobriety, vigilance, his perpetual study and holding of counsel with Count Louis William (himself possessed of all these good gifts, perhaps even in greater degree), and who never found him seeking, like so many other commanders, his own ease and comfort, would think differently."[1]

[1] Reyd, ix. 175.

It is indeed impossible to regard the simple, earnest, genial, valorous, and studious character of Louis William without affection. His private letters are charming. In the intervals of his busy campaignings he found time not only for his own studies, but also for superintending the education of his two younger brothers. It had at first been proposed that they should go to an English university, but old Count John objected to the expense, and to the luxurious habits which they would encounter there. He liked not the "mores" of the young English nobles, he said, while he denounced in vehement language the drunkenness and profligacy of the Germans. It was now decided that Count Louis William should take charge of them himself. "As there is no good opportunity for them at Dillenburg," he wrote to his father, "and as the expense of Leyden seems too great, it is better that they should remain with me. Although living is very dear here, and my housekeeping is very hard upon me, yet are my young brothers, and their good education, on which their weal and woe depend, so dear to me that I will take charge of them with all my heart. In this case your Grace will please send them a learned preceptor, and pay for his salary and for my brothers' clothing. For the rest I will provide; and I will myself be their tutor in

reading and studying, in which I exercise myself as much as I have opportunity to do, and I will take them with me to the field whenever there is anything to see there, and anything going on against the enemy."—Groen v. Prinsterer, Archives, II. S. i. 149, 227, 131, 144.

This was the stuff out of which the Nassaus were made. William the Silent and his three brethren had already laid down their lives for the commonwealth which he had founded, and now there were his son and nine more of the race in arms for its defense, or devoting all their energies and their means to emulate the example set them by their predecessors. Nor can I refrain in this connection from citing the noble language in which the patriarch of the Nassaus, Count John the Elder, urged upon his sons and nephews the necessity of establishing a system of common schools in the United Provinces—an institution which, when adopted in that commonwealth, became a source of incalculable good, and which, transplanted in the next generation by English Pilgrims from Leyden to Massachusetts, and vastly developed in the virgin soil of America, has long been the chief safeguard and the peculiar glory of our own republic. "You must urge upon the States-General," said the only surviving brother of William the Silent, "that they, according to the example of the pope and the Jesuits, should establish free schools where children of quality as well as of poor families, for a very small sum, could be well and Christianly educated and brought up. This would be the greatest and most useful work and the highest service that you could ever accomplish for God and Christianity, and especially for the Netherlands themselves. . . . In summa, one may jeer at this as popish trickery, and undervalue it as one will, there still remains in the work an inexpressible benefit. *Soldiers and patriots thus educated, with a true knowledge of God and a Christian conscience; item, churches and schools, good libraries, books and printing-presses, are better than all armies, arsenals, armories, munitions, alliances, and treaties that can be had or imagined in the world.* . . . Pray urge upon his Grace [Prince Maurice], in cousinly and friendly manner, that he should not shrink from nor find shame or difficulty in these things, nor cease, under invocation of divine aid, from reflecting on them and furthering them with earnest diligence."—Groen v. Prinsterer, Archives, II. S. i. Letter 95, p. 210 seq.

CHAPTER XXV

War in Brittany and Normandy—Death of La Noue—Religious and political persecution in Paris—Murder of President Brisson, Larcher, and Tardif—The scepter of France offered to Philip—The Duke of Mayenne punishes the murderers of the magistrates—Speech of Henry's envoy to the States-General—Letter of Queen Elizabeth to Henry—Siege of Rouen—Farnese leads an army to its relief—The king is wounded in a skirmish—Siege of Rue by Farnese—Henry raises the siege of Rouen—Siege of Caudebec—Critical position of Farnese and his army—Victory of the Duke of Mercœur in Brittany.

Again the central point toward which the complicated events to be described in this history gravitate is found on the soil of France. Movements apparently desultory and disconnected—as they may have seemed to the contemporaneous observer, necessarily occupied with the local and daily details which make up individual human life—are found to be necessary parts of a whole, when regarded with that breadth and clearness of vision which is permitted to human beings only when they can look backward upon that long sequence of events which make up the life of nations and which we call the Past. It is only by the anatomical study of what has ceased to exist that we can come thoroughly to comprehend the framework and the vital conditions of that which lived. It is only by patiently lifting the shroud from the Past that we can enable ourselves to make even wide guesses

at the meaning of the dim Present and the veiled Future. It is only thus that the continuity of human history reveals itself to us as the most important of scientific facts.

If ever commonwealth was apparently doomed to lose that national existence which it had maintained for a brief period at the expense of infinite sacrifice of blood and treasure, it was the Republic of the United Netherlands in the period immediately succeeding the death of William the Silent. Domestic treason, secession of important provinces, religious hatred, foreign intrigue, and foreign invasion—in such a sea of troubles was the Republic destined generations long to struggle. Who but the fanatical, the shallow-minded, or the corrupt could doubt the inevitable issue of the conflict? Did not great sages and statesmen, whose teachings seemed so much wiser in their generation than the untaught impulses of the great popular heart, condemn over and over again the hopeless struggles and the atrocious bloodshed which were thought to disgrace the age, and by which it was held impossible that the cause of human liberty should ever be advanced?

To us who look back from the vantage summit which humanity has reached, thanks to the toil and sacrifices of those who have preceded us, it may seem doubtful whether a premature peace in the Netherlands, France, and England would have been an unmitigated blessing, however easily it might have been purchased by the establishment all over Europe of that holy institution called the Inquisition, and by the tranquil acceptance of the foreign domination of Spain.

If, too, ever country seemed destined to the painful process of national vivisection and final dismember-

ment, it was France. Its natural guardians and masters, save one, were in secret negotiation with foreign powers to obtain with their assistance a portion of the national territory under acknowledgment of foreign supremacy. There was hardly an inch of French soil that had not two possessors. In Burgundy Baron Biron was battling against the Viscount Tavannes; in the Lyonnais and Dauphiny Marshal des Digueres was fighting with the Dukes of Savoy and Nemours; in Provence Epergnon was resisting Savoy; in Languedoc Constable Montmorency contended with the Duke of Joyeuse; in Brittany the Prince of Dombes was struggling with the Duke of Mercœur.

But there was one adventurer who thought he could show a better legal title to the throne of France than all the doctors of the Sorbonne could furnish to Philip II. and his daughter, and who still trusted, through all the disasters which pursued him, and despite the machinations of venal warriors and mendicant princes, to his good right and his good sword, and to something more potent than both, the cause of national unity. His rebuke to the intriguing priests at the interview of St.-Denis, and his reference to the judgment of Solomon, formed the text to his whole career.

The brunt of the war now fell upon Brittany and Normandy. Three thousand Spaniards under Don John de Aquila had landed in the port of Blavet, which they had fortified as a stronghold on the coast.[1] And thither, to defend the integrity of that portion of France, which, in Spanish hands, was a perpetual menace to her realm, her crown, even to her life, Queen Elizabeth had sent some three thousand Englishmen, under commanders

[1] Coloma, iv. 61vo.

well known to France and the Netherlands. There was Black Norris, again dealing death among the Spaniards and renewing his perpetual squabbles with Sir Roger Williams. There was that doughty Welshman himself, truculent and caustic as ever and as ready with sword or pen, foremost in every mad adventure or every forlorn hope, criticizing with sharpest tongue the blunders and shortcomings of friend and foe, and devoting the last drop in his veins with chivalrous devotion to his queen. "The world cannot deny," said he, "that any carcass living ventured himself freer and oftener for his prince, state, and friends than I did mine. There is no more to be had of a poor beast than his skin, and for want of other means I never respected mine in the least respect toward my sovereign's service or country."[1] And so

[1] Williams to Burghley, February 15, 1592, S. P. Office MS.

A most brilliant combat had recently occurred before Dieppe, in which Sir Roger, at the head of six hundred men,—four hundred of them English,—had attacked two full regiments of the League in their intrenchments, and routed them utterly, with the loss of five hundred killed and wounded, four hundred prisoners, and sustaining but little loss himself. The achievement seems an extraordinary one, but is vouched for by the governor of Dieppe, on whose authority it was communicated by the French ambassador in London to the queen. "Glory to God and to the said Sir Williams," said the ambassador, "who has not belied by this action the good opinion that all good people of both nations had of him this long time, and has shown us that the English of our day have not degenerated from the ancient virtue of their fathers."—Beauvoir la Nocle to Burghley, May 24, 1591, S. P. Office MS.

No one gave better or blunter advice to both queen and king than this hard-fighting, sharp-writing Welshman. No one insisted more earnestly than he did on the entire union in interest and danger of Elizabeth, Henry, and the Dutch Republic, and that every battle gained in Brittany, Normandy, or the Nether-

passing his life in the saddle and under fire, yet finding leisure to collect the materials for, and to complete the execution of, one of the most valuable and attractive histories of the age, the bold Welshman again and again appears, wearing the same humorous but truculent aspect that belonged to him when he was wont to run up and down in a great morion and feathers on Flemish battle-fields, a mark for the Spanish sharp-shooters.

There, too, under the banner of the Béarnese, that

lands was a blow struck in immediate defense of England's very existence. "Therefore, sacred Majesty," wrote Williams, "if you can, help the king to take Rouen. If he be in Rouen, your Majesty may be assured this king is on his horseback in such sort that all Spain and their confederators will shake and dare think on nothing else but how to prevent him. Then shall he be well able to maintain himself, and your Majesty's purse be well spared; but doth he not take Rouen, and the Spaniards enter into these parts, as Villars and Tavannes doth demand them, then be assured all the charges of these wars must be on your Majesty, for the poor king shall not be able to pay five hundred soldiers. If he should be beaten, be assured in few months to fight for the English ports, in such sort that I pray God I may never see it. I fear I angered the king. If he be doing me right, your Majesty and the world found me ever his servant to the uttermost of my power. I found him sometimes speaking he would besiege Pontoise, sometimes Sancy in Champagne, and how he should join with the Almayn army. Besides other speeches, although not flattering, I am assured honest, I told his Majesty, 'Sir, if you will have the world to confess you as great a captain as yourself and all we here think you to be, you must recover or at least save your seaports, rather than those bicoques, or places of small importance in respect of them, else your best friends will despair of your government, and in short time not able to succor you for want of ports to land your necessaries.'"—Williams to the queen, from Dieppe, June 4, 1591, S. P. Office MS.

And again: "Doth the king prosper, your Majesty and estate must needs flourish, for the wars will rest all on him. Doth he

other historian of those sanguinary times, who had fought on almost every battle-field where tyranny and liberty had sought to smite each other dead, on French or Flemish soil, and who had prepared his famous political and military discourses in a foul dungeon swarming with toads and rats and other villainous reptiles, to which the worse than infernal tyranny of Philip II. had consigned him for seven years long as a prisoner of war—the brave and good La Noue with the Iron Arm, hero of a hundred combats, was fighting his last fight. At the siege of Lamballe, in Brittany, he had taken off his casque and climbed a ladder to examine the breach effected by the batteries. A harquebus-shot from the town grazed his forehead, and, without inflicting a severe wound, stunned him so much that he lost his balance and fell head foremost toward the ground. His leg, which had been wounded at the midnight assault upon Paris, where he stood at the side of King Henry, caught in the ladder and held him suspended. His head was severely bruised, and the contusions and shock to his war-worn frame were so great that he died after lingering eighteen days.

His son De Teligny, who in his turn had just been

decay, your Majesty must needs maintain his wars, or in a short time fight of yourself, not only against the Spanish, but against all the League, the which will increase daily, for all the mercenaries will follow the fortunate, I mean the victorious. Doth the Spanish ruin this king, Holland and Zealand will be found good cheap, and England in that case I pray God never to see it. Therefore, most sacred Sovereign, a penny to save a pound is well bestowed, and to ruin a suburb to save a city is done to good purpose. My meaning is better to spend part of your wealth and subjects than to hazard the whole. This king is on making or marring, resolving only on your Majesty's succor. Having it, he doubts nothing to take Rouen."—Williams to the queen, June 9, 1591, S. P. Office MS.

exchanged and released from the prison where he had lain since his capture before Antwerp, had hastened with joy to join his father in the camp, but came to close his eyes. The veteran caused the chapter in Job on the resurrection of the body to be read to him on his death-bed, and died expressing his firm faith in a hereafter. Thus passed away, at the age of sixty, on the 4th August, 1591, one of the most heroic spirits of France. Prudence, courage, experience, military knowledge both theoretic and practical, made him one of the first captains of the age, and he was not more distinguished for his valor than for the purity of his life and the moderation, temperance, and justice of his character.[1] The Prince of Dombes, in despair at his death, raised the siege of Lamballe.

There was yet another chronicler, fighting among the Spaniards, now in Brittany, now in Normandy, and now in Flanders, and doing his work as thoroughly with his sword as afterward with his pen, Don Carlos Coloma, captain of cavalry, afterward financier, envoy, and historian. For it was thus that those writers prepared themselves for their work. They were all actors in the great epic the episodes of which they have preserved. They lived and fought and wrought and suffered and wrote. Rude in tongue, aflame with passion, twisted all awry by prejudice, violent in love and hate, they have left us narratives which are at least full of color and thrilling with life.

Thus Netherlanders, Englishmen, and Frenchmen were again mingling their blood and exhausting their energies on a hundred petty battle-fields of Brittany and Normandy; but perhaps to few of those hard fighters

[1] De Thou, t. xi. liv. xcvii. 397, 398.

was it given to discern the great work which they were slowly and painfully achieving.

In Paris the League still maintained its ascendancy. Henry, having again withdrawn from his attempts to reduce the capital, had left the sixteen tyrants who governed it more leisure to occupy themselves with internal politics. A network of intrigue was spread through the whole atmosphere of the place. The Sixteen, sustained by the power of Spain and Rome, and fearing nothing so much as the return of peace, by which their system of plunder would come to an end, proceeded with their persecution of all heretics, real or supposed, who were rich enough to offer a reasonable chance of spoil. The soul of all these intrigues was the new legate, Sega, Bishop of Piacenza. Letters from him to Alexander Farnese, intercepted by Henry, showed a determination to ruin the Duke of Mayenne and Count Belin, governor of Paris, whom he designated as Colossus and Renard, to extirpate the magistrates and to put Spanish partizans in their places, and in general to perfect the machinery by which the authority of Philip was to be established in France. He was perpetually urging upon that monarch the necessity of spending more money among his creatures in order to carry out these projects.[1]

Accordingly, the attention of the Sixteen had been directed to President Brisson, who had already made himself so dangerously conspicuous by his resistance to the insolent assumption of the cardinal legate. This eminent jurisconsult had succeeded Pomponne de Bellièvre as first president of the Parliament of Paris. He had been distinguished for talent, learning, and eloquence as an advocate, and was the author of several

[1] De Thou, 438, 439.

important legal works. His ambition to fill the place of first president had caused him to remain in Paris after its revolt against Henry III. He was no Leaguer, and since his open defiance of the ultra-Catholic party he had been a marked man—doomed secretly by the Confederates who ruled the capital. He had fondly imagined that he could govern the Parisian populace as easily as he had been in the habit of influencing the Parliament or directing his clients. He expected to restore the city to its obedience to the constituted authorities. He hoped to be himself the means of bringing Henry IV. in triumph to the throne of his ancestors. He found, however, that a revolution was more difficult to manage than a law case, and that the Confederates of the Holy League were less tractable than his clients had usually been found.

On the night of the 14th November, 1591, he was seized on the Bridge St.-Michel, while on his way to Parliament, and was told that he was expected at the Hôtel de Ville. He was then brought to the prison of the Little Châtelet.

Hardly had he been made secure in the dimly lighted dungeon when Cromé, a leader among the Parisian populace, made his appearance, accompanied by some of his confederates, and dressed in a complete suit of mail. He ordered the magistrate to take off his hat and to kneel. He then read a sentence condemning him to death. Profoundly astonished, Brisson demanded to know of what crime he was accused, and under what authority. The answer was a laugh, and an assurance that he had no time to lose. He then begged that at least he might be imprisoned long enough to enable him to complete a legal work on which he was engaged, and

which, by his premature death, would be lost to the commonwealth. This request produced, no doubt, more merriment than his previous demands. His judges were inflexible, and allowed him hardly time to confess himself. He was then hanged in his dungeon.[1]

Two other magistrates, Larcher and Tardif, were executed in the same way, in the same place, and on the same night. The crime charged against them was having spoken in a public assembly somewhat freely against the Sixteen, and having aided in the circulation in Paris of a paper drawn up by the Duke of Nevers, filled with bitterness against the Lorraine princes and the League, and addressed to the late Pope Sixtus.[2]

The three bodies were afterward gibbeted on the Grève in front of the Hôtel de Ville, and exposed for two days to the insults and fury of the populace.

This was the culminating point of the reign of terror in Paris. Never had the sixteen tyrants, lords of the market-halls, who governed the capital by favor of and in the name of the populace, seemed more omnipotent. As representatives or plenipotentiaries of Madam League they had laid the crown at the feet of the King of Spain, hoping by still further drafts on his exchequer and his credulity to prolong indefinitely their own ignoble reign. The extreme democratic party, which had hitherto supported the house of Lorraine and had seemed to idolize that family in the person of the great Balafré, now believed themselves possessed of sufficient power to control the Duke of Mayenne and all his adherents. They sent the Jesuit Claude Mathieu with a special memorial to Philip II. That monarch was implored to take the scepter of France and to reign over them, inasmuch as

[1] De Thou, 442, 443. [2] Ibid.

they most willingly threw themselves into his arms.[1] They assured him that all reasonable people, and especially the Holy League, wished him to take the reins of government, on condition of exterminating heresy throughout the kingdom by force of arms, of publishing the Council of Trent, and of establishing everywhere the Holy Inquisition—an institution formidable only to the wicked and desirable for the good. It was suggested that Philip should not call himself any longer King of Spain nor adopt the title of King of France, but that he should proclaim himself the Great King, or make use of some similar designation, not indicating any specialty, but importing universal dominion.[2]

Should Philip, however, be disinclined himself to accept the monarchy, it was suggested that the young Duke of Guise, son of the first martyr of France, would be the most appropriate personage to be honored with the hand of the legitimate Queen of France, the Infanta Clara Isabella.

But the Sixteen were reckoning without the Duke of Mayenne. That great personage, although an indifferent warrior and an utterly unprincipled and venal statesman, was by no means despicable as a fisherman in the troubled waters of revolution. He knew how to manage intrigues with both sides for his own benefit. Had he been a bachelor he might have obtained the Infanta and shared her prospective throne. Being encumbered with a wife, he had no hope of becoming the son-in-law of Philip, and was determined that his nephew Guise should not enjoy a piece of good fortune denied to himself.

[1] Arch. de Sim. (Paris), B. 71, 124, cited by Capefigue, Hist. de la Ligue, etc., vi. 64 seq.

[2] Arch. de Sim. (Paris), B. 72, 13–16, ibid., vi. 123.

The escape of the young duke from prison had been the signal for the outbreak of jealousies between uncle and nephew, which Parma and other agents had been instructed by their master to foster to the utmost. "They must be maintained in such disposition in regard to me," he said, "that, the one being ignorant of my relations to the other, both may without knowing it do my will."[1]

But Mayenne, in this groveling career of self-seeking, in this perpetual loading of dice and marking of cards, which formed the main occupation of so many kings and princes of the period, and which passed for Machiavellian politics, was a fair match for the Spanish king and his Italian viceroy. He sent President Jeannin on special mission to Philip, asking for two armies, one to be under his command, the other under that of Farnese, and assured him that he should be king himself, or appoint any man he liked to the vacant throne. Thus he had secured one hundred thousand crowns a month to carry on his own game withal. "The maintenance of these two armies costs me two hundred and sixty-one thousand crowns a month," said Philip to his envoy Ybarra.[2]

And what was the result of all this expenditure of money, of all this lying and counter-lying, of all this frantic effort on the part of the most powerful monarch of the age to obtain property which did not belong to him,—the sovereignty of a great kingdom, stocked with a dozen millions of human beings,—of all this endless bloodshed of the people in the interests of a high-born family or two, of all this infamous brokerage charged by great nobles for their attempts to transfer kingdoms

[1] Arch. de Sim. (Paris), B. 57, 503, cited by Capefigue, vi. 193.
[2] Ibid., 57, 366, ibid.

DUKE OF MAYENNE

like private farms from one owner to another? Time was to show. Meanwhile men trembled at the name of Philip II., and groveled before him as the incarnation of sagacity, high policy, and kingcraft.

But Mayenne, while taking the brokerage, was less anxious about the transfer. He had fine instinct enough to suspect that the Béarnese, outcast though he seemed, might, after all, not be playing so desperate a game against the League as it was the fashion to suppose. He knew whether or not Henry was likely to prove a more fanatical Huguenot in 1592 than he had shown himself twenty years before at the Bartholomew festival. And he had wit enough to foresee that the "instruction" which the gay free-thinker held so cautiously in his fingers might perhaps turn out the trump card. A bold, valorous Frenchman with a flawless title, and washed whiter than snow by the freshet of holy water, might prove a more formidable claimant to the allegiance of Frenchmen than a foreign potentate, even though backed by all the doctors of the Sorbonne.

The murder of President Brisson and his colleagues by the confederates of the sixteen quarters was in truth the beginning of the end. What seemed a proof of supreme power was the precursor of a counter-revolution, destined ere long to lead further than men dreamed. The Sixteen believed themselves omnipotent. Mayenne being in their power, it was for them to bestow the crown at their will, or to hold it suspended in air as long as seemed best to them. They felt no doubt that all the other great cities in the kingdom would follow the example of Paris.

But the lieutenant-general of the realm felt it time for him to show that his authority was not a shadow—that

he was not a pasteboard functionary like the deceased cardinal king, Charles X. The letters intrusted by the Sixteen to Claude Mathieu were intercepted by Henry, and very probably an intimation of their contents was furnished to Mayenne. At any rate, the duke, who lacked not courage nor promptness when his own interests were concerned, who felt his authority slipping away from him, now that it seemed the object of the Spaniards to bind the democratic party to themselves by a complicity in crime, hastened at once to Paris, determined to crush these intrigues and to punish the murderers of the judges.[1] The Spanish envoy Ybarra, proud, excitable, violent, who had been privy to the assassinations, and was astonished that the deeds had excited indignation and fury instead of the terror counted upon, remonstrated with Mayenne, intimating that in times of civil commotion it was often necessary to be blind and deaf.

In vain. The duke carried it with a high and firm hand. He arrested the ringleaders, and hanged four of them in the basement of the Louvre within twenty days after the commission of their crime. The energy was well-timed and perfectly successful. The power of the Sixteen was struck to the earth at a blow. The ignoble tyrants became in a moment as despicable as they had been formidable and insolent. Cromé, more fortunate than many of his fellows, contrived to make his escape out of the kingdom.[2]

Thus Mayenne had formally broken with the democratic party, so called—with the market-halls oligarchy. In thus doing, his ultimate rupture with the Spaniards was foreshadowed. The next combination for him to

[1] De Thou, xi. 446.

[2] Ibid., xi. 447, 448.

strive for would be one to unite the moderate Catholics and the Béarnese. Ah, if Henry would but "instruct" himself out of hand, what a game the duke might play!

The burgess party, the mild Royalists, the disgusted portion of the Leaguers, coalescing with those of the Huguenots whose fidelity might prove stanch even against the religious apostasy contemplated by their chief—this combination might prove an overmatch for the ultra-Leaguers, the democrats, and the Spaniards. The king's name would be a tower of strength for that "third party" which began to rear its head very boldly and to call itself "Politica." Madam League might succumb to this new rival in the fickle hearts of the French.

At the beginning of the year 1591 Buzanval had presented his credentials to the States-General at The Hague as envoy of Henry IV. In the speech which he made on this occasion he expressed the hope that the mission of the Viscount Turenne, his Majesty's envoy to England and to the Netherlands, had made known the royal sentiments toward the states and the great satisfaction of the king with their energetic sympathy and assistance. It was notorious, said Buzanval, that the King of Spain for many years had been governed by no other motive than to bring all the rest of Christendom under his dominion, while at the same time he forced upon those already placed under his scepter a violent tyranny, passing beyond all the bounds that God, nature, and reason had set to lawful forms of government. In regard to nations born under other laws than his, he had used the pretext of religion for reducing them to servitude. The wars stirred up by his family in Germany, and his recent invasion of England, were proofs of this intention, still fresh in the memory of all men.

Still more flagrant were his machinations in the present troubles of France. Of his dealings with his hereditary realms, the condition of the noble provinces of the Netherlands, once so blooming under reasonable laws, furnished a sufficient illustration. "You see, my masters," continued the envoy, "the subtle plans of the Spanish king and his councilors to reach with certainty the object of their ambition. They have reflected that Spain, which is the outermost corner of Europe, cannot conveniently make war upon other Christian realms. They have seen that a central position is necessary to enable them to stretch their arms to every side. They have remembered that princes who in earlier days were able to spread their wings over all Christendom had their throne in France, like Charles the Great and his descendants. Therefore the king is now earnestly bent on seizing this occasion to make himself master of France. The death of the late king [Henry III.] had no sooner occurred than, as the blood through great terror rushes from the extremities and overflows the heart, they here also, fearing to lose their opportunity and astonished at the valor of our present king, abandoned all their other enterprises in order to pour themselves upon France."[1]

Buzanval further reminded the states that Henry had received the most encouraging promises from the Protestant princes of Germany, and that so great a personage as the Viscount Turenne, who had now gone thither to reap the fruit of those promises, would not have been sent on such a mission except that its result was certain. The Queen of England, too, had promised his Majesty most liberal assistance.

[1] Bor, iii. xxviii. 551, 552.

It was not necessary to argue as to the close connection between the cause of the Netherlands and that of France. The king had beaten down the mutiny of his own subjects and repulsed the invasion of the Dukes of Savoy and of Lorraine. In consideration of the assistance promised by Germany and England—for a powerful army would be at the command of Henry in the spring—it might be said that the Netherlands might repose for a time and recruit their exhausted energies under the shadow of these mighty preparations.[1]

"I do not believe, however," said the minister, "that you will all answer me thus. The faint-hearted and the inexperienced might flatter themselves with such thoughts and seek thus to cover their cowardice, but the zealous and the courageous will see that it is time to set sail on the ship, now that the wind is rising so freshly and favorably.

"For there are many occasions when an army might be ruined for want of twenty thousand crowns. What a pity if a noble edifice, furnished to the roof-tree, should fall to decay for want of a few tiles! No doubt your own interests are deeply connected with our own. Men may say that our proposals should be rejected on the principle that the shirt is nearer to the skin than the coat, but it can be easily proved that our cause is one. The mere rumor of this army will prevent the Duke of Parma from attacking you. His forces will be drawn to France. He will be obliged to intercept the crash of this thunderbolt. The assistance of this army is worth millions to you, and has cost you nothing. To bring France into hostility with Spain is the very policy that you have always pursued and always should pursue in

[1] Bor, iii. xxviii. 551, 552.

order to protect your freedom. You have always desired a war between France and Spain, and here is a fierce and cruel one in which you have hazarded nothing. It cannot come to an end without bringing signal advantages to yourselves.

"You have always desired an alliance with a French sovereign, and here is a firm friendship offered you by our king, a natural alliance.

"You know how unstable are most treaties that are founded on shifting interests and do not concern the freedom of bodies and souls. The first are written with pen upon paper, and are generally as light as paper. They have no roots in the heart. Those founded on mutual assistance on trying occasions have the perpetual strength of nature. They bring always good and enduring fruit in a rich soil like the heart of our king —that heart which is as beautiful and as pure from all untruth as the lily upon his shield.

"You will derive the first profits from the army thus raised. From the moment of its mustering under a chief of such experience as Turenne, it will absorb the whole attention of Spain, and will draw her thoughts from the Netherlands to France."

All this and more in the same earnest manner did the envoy urge upon the consideration of the States-General, concluding with a demand of one hundred thousand florins as their contribution toward the French campaign.[1]

His eloquence did not fall upon unwilling ears; for the States-General, after taking time to deliberate, replied to the propositions by an expression of the strongest sympathy with, and admiration for, the heroic efforts of the King of France. Accordingly, notwithstanding

[1] Bor, iii. xxviii. 551, 552.

their own enormous expenses, past and present, and their strenuous exertions at that very moment to form an army of foot and horse for the campaign, the brilliant results of which have already been narrated, they agreed to furnish the required loan of one hundred thousand florins, to be repaid in a year, besides six or seven good ships of war to coöperate with the fleets of England and France upon the coasts of Normandy.[1] And the states were even better than their word.

Before the end of autumn of the year 1591 Henry had laid siege to Rouen, then the second city of the kingdom. To leave much longer so important a place —dominating, as it did, not only Normandy, but a principal portion of the maritime borders of France—under the control of the League and of Spain was likely to be fatal to Henry's success. It was perfectly sound in Queen Elizabeth to insist as she did, with more than her usual imperiousness toward her excellent brother, that he should lose no more time before reducing that city. It was obvious that Rouen in the hands of her arch-enemy was a perpetual menace to the safety of her own kingdom. It was therefore with correct judgment, as well as with that high-flown gallantry so dear to the heart of Elizabeth, that her royal champion and devoted slave assured her of his determination no longer to defer obeying her commands in this respect.

The queen had repeatedly warned him of the necessity of defending the maritime frontier of his kingdom, and she was not sparing of her reproaches that the large sums which she expended in his cause had been often ill bestowed. Her criticisms on what she considered his military mistakes were not few, her threats to withdraw

[1] Bor, iii. xxviii. 552, 553.

her subsidies frequent. "Owning neither the East nor the West Indies," she said, "we are unable to supply the constant demands upon us; and although we have the reputation of being a good housewife, it does not follow that we can be a housewife for all the world."[1] She was persistently warning the king of an attack upon Dieppe, and rebuking him for occupying himself with petty enterprises to the neglect of vital points. She expressed her surprise that after the departure of Parma he had not driven the Spaniards out of Brittany, without allowing them to fortify themselves in that country. "I am astonished," she said to him, "that your eyes are so blinded as not to see this danger. Remember, my dear brother," she frankly added, "that it is not only France that I am aiding, nor are my own natural realms of little consequence to me. Believe me, if I see that you have no more regard to the ports and maritime places nearest to us, it will be necessary that my prayers should serve you in place of any other assistance, because it does not please me to send my people to the shambles, where they may perish before having rendered you any assistance. I am sure the Spaniards will soon besiege Dieppe. Beware of it, and excuse my bluntness, for if in the beginning you had taken the maritime forts, which are the very gates of your kingdom, Paris would not have been so well furnished, and other places nearer the heart of the kingdom would not have received so much foreign assistance, without which the others would have soon been vanquished. Pardon my simplicity, as belonging to my own sex, wishing to give a lesson to one who knows better, but my experience in government

[1] Queen to the Duke d'Espernon, February 19, 1592, S. P. Office MS.

makes me a little obstinate in believing that I am not ignorant of that which belongs to a king, and I persuade myself that in following my advice you will not fail to conquer your assailants."[1]

Before the end of the year Henry had obtained control of the Seine, both above and below the city, holding Pont de l'Arche on the north—where was the last bridge across the river, that of Rouen, built by the English when they governed Normandy, being now in ruins—and Caudebec on the south in an iron grasp. Several war-vessels sent by the Hollanders, according to the agreement with Buzanval, cruised in the north of the river below Caudebec, and rendered much service to

[1] Queen to the King of France, March 7, 1592, S. P. Office MS., in French, in her own hand. "The poor king," said Umton, "must be miraculously defended by God, or else he cannot long subsist. He wanteth means and has need of miracles, and without her Majesty's upholding would quickly perish. She only giveth life to his actions and terror to his enemies."—To Burghley, from Dieppe, March 15, 1592, S. P. Office MS.

"Knowing," said Sir Robert Cecil, "that no place in all France, no, not Paris itself, was of more importance to be recovered than Rouen and Newhaven, the queen levied and sent over troops with such speed as the like has seldom been seen, being performed, within twenty days, sending also a nobleman of her own realm to conduct them; but how contrarily the king took another course to seek other towns and places, and to permit her M.'s forces to remain about Dieppe almost two months without any use but to spend her M.'s money and to waste her people, and instead of besieging of Rouen, suffered it to be victualed, manned, and fortified in such sort as experience hath taught the king how difficult, or rather how desperate, it hath been as yet to recover it. . . . And of this error hath followed the opportunity of the Duke of Parma's entering with so mighty an army, and the king's professed disability to fight with him."—Mr. Wilkes's Instructions to the French King, the whole in Sir R. Cecil's handwriting, March 19, 1592, S. P. Office MS.

the king in cutting off supplies from the beleaguered place, while the investing army of Henry, numbering twenty-five thousand foot—inclusive of the English contingent and three thousand Netherlanders—and ten thousand cavalry, nearly all French, was fast reducing the place to extremities.

Parma, as usual, in obedience to his master's orders, but entirely against his own judgment, had again left the rising young general of the Netherlands to proceed from one triumph to another, while he transferred beyond the borders of that land, which it was his first business to protect, the whole weight of his military genius and the better portion of his well-disciplined forces.

Most bitterly and indignantly did he express himself, both at the outset and during the whole progress of the expedition, concerning the utter disproportions between the king's means and aims. The want of money was the cause of wholesale disease, desertion, mutiny, and death in his slender army. Such great schemes as his master's required, as he perpetually urged, liberality of expenditure and measures of breadth. He protested that he was not to blame for the ruin likely to come upon the whole enterprise. He had besought, remonstrated, reasoned with the king in vain. He had seen his beard first grow, he said, in the king's service, and he had grown gray in that service, but rather than be kept longer in such a position, without money, men, or means to accomplish the great purposes on which he was sent, he protested that he would abandon his office and retire into the woods to feed on roots.[1] Repeatedly did he

[1] Parma to Philip, March 11, 1592: "Que antes me determinaria a reco germe en un bosque á comer raices."—Arch. de Sim. MS.

implore his master for a large and powerful army, for money and again money. The royal plans should be enforced adequately or abandoned entirely. To spend money in small sums, as heretofore, was only throwing it into the sea.[1]

It was deep in the winter, however, before he could fairly come to the rescue of the besieged city. Toward the end of January, 1592, he moved out of Hainault, and once more made his junction at Guise with the Duke of Mayenne. At a review of his forces on 16th January, 1592, Alexander found himself at the head of thirteen thousand five hundred and sixteen infantry and four thousand and sixty-one cavalry. The Duke of Mayenne's army, for payment of which that personage received from Philip one hundred thousand dollars a month, besides ten thousand dollars a month for his own pocket, ought to have numbered ten thousand foot and three thousand horse, according to contract, but was in reality much less.[2]

[1] Parma to Philip, MS. last cited.

[2] From a statement in the Archives of Simancas, dated November 25, 1591, it appears that the force called the "greater army of France" ("el ejercito mayor de Francia"), provided by Philip, and under command of Farnese, was composed of—

Infantry	23,512	men, costing per month	$115,981
Cavalry	4,969	" " "	44,505
Other expenses of the army, including $12,629 per month for artillery; salaries, of which the Duke of Parma's was $3600 per month, and other contingencies		" " "	42,321
Besides a large monthly sum for secret military service.			
Thus the whole force was...	28,481	men, costing per month	$202,807
But there were 7681 wanting to the number determined upon, which added would give total of	7,681		
	36,162	men, costing per month	$250,871

The Duke of Montemarciano, nephew of Gregory XIV., had brought two thousand Swiss, furnished by the pontiff to the cause of the League, and the Duke of Lorraine had sent his kinsmen, the Counts Chaligny and Vaudemont, with a force of seven hundred lancers and cuirassiers.[1]

The town of Fère was assigned in pledge to Farnese to hold as a convenient mustering-place and station in proximity to his own borders, and, as usual, the chief command over the united armies was placed in his hands. These arrangements concluded, the allies moved slowly forward, much in the same order as in the previous year. The young Duke of Guise, who had just made his escape from the prison of Tours, where he had been held in durance since the famous assassination of his father and uncle, and had now come to join his uncle Mayenne, led the vanguard. Ranuccio, son of the duke,

The force included—of Spanish infantry		6,078 men
	German "	11,518 "

The rest being Walloons and Italians.

The "lesser army of France" ("ejercito menor de Francia") was stated at—

10,000 foot	costing per month	$49,912
3,000 horse	" "	49,750
Total		$99,662

and was commanded by the Duke of Mayenne, but paid by the King of Spain.

"To the Duke of Mayenne, *in person*, according to order, $10,000 per month." ("A la persona del Duque de Umena conforme la orden.")

The total of the king's army in the Netherlands was stated at 29,233 men, at a monthly cost of $149,187; but there was a large number wanting. The total force of the three armies paid for by Philip was intended to be 86,561 men, at a monthly cost of $542,428.

[1] De Thou, t. xi. 452 seq. Bentivoglio, p. ii. lib. vi. 356–369.

rode also in the advance, while two experienced commanders, Vitry and De la Châtre, as well as the famous Marquis del Vasto, formerly general of cavalry in the Netherlands, who had been transferred to Italy, but was now serving in the League's army as a volunteer, were associated with the young princes. Parma, Mayenne, and Montemarciano rode in the battalia, the rear being under command of the Duke of Aumale and the Count Chaligny. Wings of cavalry protected the long trains of wagons which were arranged on each flank of the invading army. The march was very slow, it being Farnese's uniform practice to guard himself scrupulously against any possibility of surprise and to intrench himself thoroughly at nightfall.[1]

By the middle of February they reached the vicinity of Aumale, in Picardy. Meantime Henry, on the news of the advance of the relieving army, had again the same problem to solve that had been presented to him before Paris in the summer of 1590. Should he continue in the trenches, pressing more and more closely the city, already reduced to great straits? Should he take the open field against the invaders and once more attempt to crush the League and its most redoubtable commander in a general engagement? Biron strenuously advised the continuance of the siege. Turenne, now, through his recent marriage with the heiress, called Duc de Bouillon, great head of the Huguenot party in France, counseled as warmly the open attack. Henry, hesitating more than was customary with him, at last decided on a middle course. The resolution did not seem a very wise one, but the king, who had been so signally out-

[1] Bentivoglio, ubi sup. De Thou, ubi sup. Dondini, iii. 474 seq.

generaled in the preceding campaign by the great Italian, was anxious to avoid his former errors, and might perhaps fall into as great ones by attempting two inconsistent lines of action. Leaving Biron, in command of the infantry and a portion of the horse, to continue the siege, he took the field himself with the greater part of the cavalry, intending to intercept and harass the enemy and to prevent his manifest purpose of throwing reinforcements and supplies into the invested city.

Proceeding to Neufchâtel and Aumale, he soon found himself in the neighborhood of the Leaguers, and it was not long before skirmishing began. At this time, on a memorable occasion, Henry, forgetting, as usual, in his eagerness for the joys of the combat, that he was not a young captain of cavalry with his spurs to win by dashing into every mad adventure that might present itself, but a king fighting for his crown, with the welfare of a whole people depending on his fortunes, thought proper to place himself at the head of a handful of troopers to reconnoiter in person the camp of the Leaguers. Starting with five hundred horse, and ordering Lavardin and Givry to follow with a larger body, while the Dukes of Nevers and Longueville were to move out, should it prove necessary, in force, the king rode forth as merrily as to a hunting-party, drove in the scouts and pickets of the confederated armies, and, advancing still farther in his investigations, soon found himself attacked by a cavalry force of the enemy much superior to his own. A skirmish began, and it was necessary for the little troop to beat a hasty retreat, fighting as it ran. It was not long before Henry was recognized by the enemy, and the chase became all the more lively, George Basti, the famous Albanian trooper, commanding the force which

pressed most closely upon the king. The news spread to the camp of the League that the Béarnese was the leader of the skirmishers. Mayenne believed it, and urged the instant advance of the flying squadron and of the whole vanguard. Farnese refused. It was impossible that the king should be there, he said, doing picket duty at the head of a company. It was a clumsy ambush to bring on a general engagement in the open field, and he was not to be drawn out of his trenches into a trap by such a shallow device. A French captain, who by command of Henry had purposely allowed himself to be taken, informed his captors that the skirmishers were in reality supported by a heavy force of infantry. This suggestion of the ready Béarnese confirmed the doubts of Alexander. Meantime the skirmishing steeplechase went on before his eyes. The king, dashing down a hill, received a harquebus-shot in his side, but still rode for his life. Lavardin and Givry came to the rescue, but a panic seized their followers as the rumor flew that the king was mortally wounded,—was already dead,—so that they hardly brought a sufficient force to beat back the Leaguers. Givry's horse was soon killed under him, and his own thigh crushed; Lavardin was himself dangerously wounded. The king was more hard pressed than ever, men were falling on every side of him, when four hundred French dragoons—as a kind of musketeers who rode on hacks to the scene of action, but did their work on foot, were called at that day—now dismounted and threw themselves between Henry and his pursuers. Nearly every man of them laid down his life, but they saved the king's. Their vigorous hand-to-hand fighting kept off the assailants until Nevers and Longueville received the king at the gates of Aumale with a

force before which the Leaguers were fain to retreat as rapidly as they had come.[1]

In this remarkable skirmish of Aumale the opposite qualities of Alexander and of Henry were signally illustrated. The king, by his constitutional temerity, by his almost puerile love of confronting danger for the danger's sake, was on the verge of sacrificing himself, with all the hopes of his house and of the nobler portion of his people, for an absolute nothing; while the duke, out of his superabundant caution, peremptorily refused to stretch out his hand and seize the person of his great enemy when directly within his grasp. Dead or alive, the Béarnese was unquestionably on that day in the power of Farnese, and with him the whole issue of the campaign and of the war. Never were the narrow limits that separate valor on the one side and discretion on the other from unpardonable lunacy more nearly effaced than on that occasion.

When would such an opportunity occur again?

The king's wound proved not very dangerous, although

[1] Bentivoglio, ubi sup. Dondini, iii. 480–494. Coloma, v. 81 seq., who gives the date of this remarkable skirmish as February 16, while Umton furnishes a description of the affair in his letter of January 27 (February 6). Both were present on the ground.

"The king was most unhappily shot into the lowest part of his reins, which did nothing amaze him, and he notwithstanding, with great resolution, comforted the rest, and made his retreat. . . . The shot entered with obliquity downward into the flesh, and not directly into the body, so that great hope is received of his short recovery, and the surgeon is of opinion that no vital part is offended."—Umton (who made the whole campaign with the king) to Burghley, January 27 (February 6), 1592, S. P. Office MS.

Sir E. Stafford, who died toward the end of 1590, was succeeded as ambassador to Henry IV. by Sir Henry Umton, or Umpton, son

for many days troublesome, and it required, on account of his general state of health, a thorough cure. Meantime the Royalists fell back from Aumale and Neufchâtel, both of which places were at once occupied by the Leaguers.

In pursuance of his original plan, the Duke of Parma advanced with his customary steadiness and deliberation toward Rouen. It was his intention to assault the king's army in its intrenchments in combination with a determined sortie to be made by the besieged garrison. His preparations for the attack were ready on the 26th February, when he suddenly received a communication from De Villars, who had thus far most ably and gallantly conducted the defense of the place, informing him that it was no longer necessary to make a general attack. On the day before he had made a sally from the four gates of the city, had fallen upon the besiegers in great force, had wounded Biron and killed six hundred of his soldiers, had spiked several pieces of artillery and captured others which he had successfully brought into the

of Sir Edward Umpton, by Anne, relict of John Dudley, Earl of Warwick, and eldest daughter of Edward Seymour, Duke of Somerset. In the spring of this year he challenged the Duke of Guise for speaking of Queen Elizabeth "impudently, lightly, and overboldly, whose sacred person he represented." He proposed to meet the duke with whatever arms he should choose, and on horseback or foot. "Nor would I have you to think," said the envoy, "any inequality of person between us, I being issued of as great a race and noble house every way as yourself. . . . If you consent not to meet me, I will hold you, and cause you to be generally held, for the errantest coward and most slanderous slave that lives in all France." Nothing came of the challenge. Umton died four years afterward in the French king's camp at La Fère, July 8, 1596. Vide Fuller's Worthies, vol. i. pp. 91, 92 (ed. 1811).

town, and had, in short, so damaged the enemy's works and disconcerted him in all his plans that he was confident of holding the place longer than the king could afford to stay in front of him.[1] All he wished was a moderate reinforcement of men and munitions. Farnese by no means sympathized with the confident tone of Villars nor approved of his proposition. He had come to relieve Rouen and to raise the siege, and he preferred to do his work thoroughly. Mayenne was, however, most heartily in favor of taking the advice of Villars. He urged that it was difficult for the Béarnese to keep an army long in the field, still more so in the trenches. Let them provide for the immediate wants of the city; then the usual process of decomposition would soon be witnessed in the ill-paid, ill-fed, desultory forces of the heretic pretender.

Alexander deferred to the wishes of Mayenne, although against his better judgment. Eight hundred infantry were successfully sent into Rouen. The army of the League then countermarched into Picardy, near the confines of Artois.[2]

They were closely followed by Henry at the head of his cavalry, and lively skirmishes were of frequent occurrence. In a military point of view none of these affairs were of consequence, but there was one which partook at once of the comic and the pathetic. For it chanced that in a cavalry action of more than common vivacity the Count Chaligny found himself engaged in a hand-to-hand conflict with a very dashing swordsman,

[1] Parma to Philip, March 11, 1592, Arch. de Sim. MS. Compare Bentivoglio, ubi sup; De Thou, xi. 470 seq.

[2] Bentivoglio, ubi sup. Dondini, iii. 497–630. Coloma, v. 85–95. Meteren, xvi. 302, 303. Bor, iii. xxviii. 616–620.

who, after dealing and receiving many severe blows, at last succeeded in disarming the count and taking him prisoner. It was the fortune of war, and, but a few days before, might have been the fate of the great Henry himself. But Chaligny's mortification at his captivity became intense when he discovered that the knight to whom he had surrendered was no other than the king's jester.[1] That he, a chieftain of the Holy League, the long-descended scion of the illustrious house of Lorraine, brother of the great Duke of Mercœur, should become the captive of a Huguenot buffoon, seemed the most stinging jest yet perpetrated since fools had come in fashion. The famous Chicot, who was as fond of a battle as of a gibe, and who was almost as reckless a rider as his master, proved on this occasion that the cap and bells could cover as much magnanimity as did the most chivalrous crest. Although desperately wounded in the struggle which had resulted in his triumph, he generously granted to the count his freedom without ransom. The proud Lorrainer returned to his Leaguers, and the poor fool died afterward of his wounds.[2]

The army of the allies moved through Picardy toward the confines of Artois, and sat down leisurely to beleaguer Rue, a low-lying place on the banks and near the mouth of the Somme, the only town in the province which still held for the king. It was sufficiently fortified to withstand a good deal of battering, and it certainly seemed mere trifling for the great Duke of Parma to leave the Netherlands in such confusion, with young

[1] De Thou, ubi sup. 468. Umton to Burghley, February 8, 1592, S. P. Office MS.

[2] De Thou, loc. cit.

Maurice of Nassau carrying everything before him, and to come all the way into Normandy in order, with the united armies of Spain and the League, to besiege the insignificant town of Rue.

And this was the opinion of Farnese, but he had chosen throughout the campaign to show great deference to the judgment of Mayenne. Meantime the month of March wore away, and what had been predicted came to pass. Henry's forces dwindled away as usual. His cavaliers rode off to forage for themselves when their battles were denied them, and the king was now at the head of not more than sixteen thousand foot and five thousand horse. On the other hand, the Leaguers' army had been melting quite as rapidly. With the death of Pope Sfondrato, his nephew Montemarciano had disappeared with his two thousand Swiss, while the French cavalry and infantry, ill fed and uncomfortable, were diminishing daily. Especially the Walloons, Flemings, and other Netherlanders of Parma's army took advantage of their proximity to the borders and escaped in large numbers to their own homes. It was but meager and profitless campaigning on both sides during those wretched months of winter and early spring, although there was again an opportunity for Sir Roger Williams, at the head of two hundred musketeers and one hundred and fifty pikemen, to make one of his brilliant skirmishes under the eye of the Béarnese. Surprised and without armor, he jumped, in doublet and hose, on horseback, and led his men merrily against five squadrons of Spanish and Italian horse and six companies of Spanish infantry, singled out and unhorsed the leader of the Spanish troopers, and nearly cut off the head of the famous Albanian chief George Basti with one swing-

ing blow of his sword. Then, being reinforced by some other English companies, he succeeded in driving the whole body of Italians and Spaniards, with great loss, quite into their intrenchments. "The king doth commend him very highly," said Umton, "and doth more than wonder at the valor of our nation. I never heard him give more honor to any service nor to any man than he doth to Sir Roger Williams and the rest, whom he held as lost men, and for which he has caused public thanks to be given to God."[1]

At last Villars, who had so peremptorily rejected assistance at the end of February, sent to say that if he were not relieved by the middle of April he should be obliged to surrender the city. If the siege were not raised by the 20th of the month he informed Parma, to his profound astonishment, that Rouen would be in Henry's hands.[2]

In effecting this result the strict blockade maintained by the Dutch squadron at the mouth of the river, and the resolute manner in which those cruisers dashed at every vessel attempting to bring relief to Rouen, were mainly instrumental. As usual with the stern Hollanders and Zealanders when engaged at sea with the Spaniards, it was war to the knife. Early in April twelve large vessels, well armed and manned, attempted to break the blockade. A combat ensued, at the end of which eight of the Spanish ships were captured, two were sunk, and two were set on fire in token of victory, every man on board of all being killed and thrown into the sea. Queen Elizabeth herself gave the first news of this achievement to the Dutch envoy in London. "And

[1] Umton to Burghley, April 21, 1592, S. P. Office MS.

[2] Bentivoglio, Dondini, Coloma, Meteren, Bor, ubi sup.

in truth," said he, "her Majesty expressed herself, in communicating these tidings, with such affection and extravagant joy, to the glory and honor of our nation and men-of-war's-men, that it wonderfully delighted me, and did me good into my very heart to hear it from her."[1]

Instantly Farnese set himself to the work which, had he followed his own judgment, would already have been accomplished. Henry with his cavalry had established himself at Dieppe and Arques, within a distance of five or six leagues from the infantry engaged in the siege of Rouen. Alexander saw the profit to be derived from the separation between the different portions of the enemy's forces, and marched straight upon the enemy's intrenchments. He knew the disadvantage of assailing a strongly fortified camp, but believed that, by a well-concerted, simultaneous assault by Villars from within and the Leaguers from without, the king's forces would be compelled to raise the siege or be cut up in their trenches.

But Henry did not wait for the attack. He had changed his plan, and, for once in his life, substituted extreme caution for his constitutional temerity. Neither awaiting the assault upon his intrenchments nor seeking his enemy in the open field, he ordered the whole camp to be broken up, and on the 20th of April raised the siege.[2]

Farnese marched into Rouen, where the Leaguers were received with tumultuous joy, and this city, most important for the purposes of the League and for Philip's ulterior designs, was thus wrested from the grasp just

[1] Noël de Caron to the States-General, April 22, 1592, Hague Archives MS.

[2] Ibid. Parma to Philip, April 25, 1592, Arch. de Sim. MS. Same to same, June 2, 1592, ibid.

closing upon it. Henry's main army now concentrated itself in the neighborhood of Dieppe, but the cavalry, under his immediate superintendence, continued to harass the Leaguers. It was now determined to lay siege to Caudebec, on the right bank of the Seine, three leagues below Rouen, the possession of this place by the enemy being a constant danger and difficulty to Rouen, whose supplies by the Seine were thus cut off.

Alexander, as usual, superintended the planting of the batteries against the place. He had been suffering during the whole campaign with those dropsical ailments which were making life a torture to him; yet his indomitable spirit rose superior to his physical disorders, and he wrought all day long on foot or on horseback, when he seemed only fit to be placed on his bed as a rapid passage to his grave. On this occasion, in company with the Italian engineer Properzio, he had been for some time examining with critical nicety the preliminaries for the siege, when it was suddenly observed by those around him that he was growing pale. It then appeared that he had received a musket-ball between the wrist and the elbow, and had been bleeding profusely, but had not indicated by a word or the movement of a muscle that he had been wounded, so intent was he upon carrying out the immediate task to which he had set himself. It was indispensable, however, that he should now take to his couch. The wound was not trifling, and to one in his damaged and dropsical condition it was dangerous. Fever set in, with symptoms of gangrene, and it became necessary to intrust the command of the League to Mayenne.[1] But it was hardly concealed

[1] Bentivoglio, Dondini, Coloma, De Thou, Meteren, Bor, ubi sup. Letter of Parma last cited.

from Parma that the duke was playing a double game. Prince Ranuccio, according to his father's express wish, was placed provisionally at the head of the Flemish forces. This was conceded, however, with much heart-burning, and with consequences easily to be imagined.

Meantime Caudebec fell at once. Henry did nothing to relieve it, and the place could offer but slight resistance to the force arrayed against it. The bulk of the king's army was in the neighborhood of Dieppe, where they had been recently strengthened by twenty companies of Netherlanders and Scotchmen brought by Count Philip Nassau.[1] The League's headquarters were in the village of Yvetot, capital of the realm of the whimsical little potentate so long renowned under that name.[2]

The king, in pursuance of the plan he had marked out for himself, restrained his skirmishing more than was his wont. Nevertheless, he lay close to Yvetot. His cavalry, swelling and falling as usual like an Alpine torrent, had now filled up its old channels again, for once more the mountain chivalry had poured themselves around their king. With ten thousand horsemen he was now pressing the Leaguers, from time to time, very hard, and on one occasion the skirmishing became so close and so lively that a general engagement seemed imminent. Young Ranuccio had a horse shot under him, and his father, suffering as he was, had himself dragged out of bed and brought on a litter into the field, where he was set on horseback, trampling on wounds and disease, and, as it were, on death itself, that he might by his own unsurpassed keenness of eye and quickness of resource protect the army which had been intrusted

[1] Bor, iii. xxviii. 604. [2] De Thou, xi. 481 seq.

to his care. The action continued all day, young Bentivoglio, nephew of the famous cardinal, historian, and diplomatist, receiving a bad wound in the leg, as he fought gallantly at the side of Ranuccio. Carlo Coloma also distinguished himself in the engagement. Night separated the combatants before either side had gained a manifest advantage, and on the morrow it seemed for the interest of neither to resume the struggle.[1]

The field where this campaign was to be fought was a narrow peninsula inclosed between the sea and the rivers Seine and Dieppe.[2] In this peninsula, called the Land of Caux, it was Henry's intention to shut up his enemy. Farnese had finished the work that he had been sent to do, and was anxious, as Henry was aware, to return to the Netherlands. Rouen was relieved, Caudebec had fallen. There was not food or forage enough in the little peninsula to feed both the city and the whole army of the League. Shut up in this narrow area, Alexander must starve or surrender. His only egress was into Picardy and so home to Artois, through the base of the isosceles triangle between the two rivers and on the borders of Picardy. On this base Henry had posted his whole army. Should Farnese assail him, thus provided with a strong position and superiority of force, defeat was certain. Should he remain where he was, he must inevitably starve. He had no communications with the outside. The Hollanders lay with their ships below Caudebec, blockading the river's mouth and the coast. His only chance of extrication lay across the

[1] Bentivoglio, Dondini, Coloma, Meteren, Bor, De Thou, ubi sup.

[2] The stream, the mouth of which is at Dieppe, was then called by the same name as the town.

Seine. But Alexander was neither a bird nor a fish, and it was necessary, so Henry thought, to be either the one or the other to cross that broad, deep, and rapid river, where there were no bridges, and where the constant ebb and flow of the tide made transportation almost impossible in face of a powerful army in rear and flank. Farnese's situation seemed desperate, while the shrewd Béarnese sat smiling serenely, carefully watching at the mouth of the trap into which he had at last inveigled his mighty adversary. Secure of his triumph, he seemed to have changed his nature, and to have become as sedate and wary as, by habit, he was impetuous and hot.

And in truth Farnese found himself in very narrow quarters. There was no hay for his horses, no bread for his men. A penny loaf was sold for two shillings. A jug of water was worth a crown. As for meat or wine, they were hardly to be dreamed of.[1] His men were becoming furious at their position. They had enlisted to fight, not to starve, and they murmured that it was better for an army to fall with weapons in its hands than to drop to pieces hourly with the enemy looking on and enjoying their agony.

It was obvious to Farnese that there were but two ways out of his dilemma. He might throw himself upon Henry,—strongly intrenched as he was, and with much superior forces to his own, upon ground deliberately chosen for himself,—defeat him utterly, and march over him back to the Netherlands. This would be an agreeable result, but the undertaking seemed difficult, to say the least. Or he might throw his army across the Seine and make his escape through the Isle of France and southern Picardy back to the so-called obedient prov-

[1] Bor, iii. xxviii. 619.

inces. But it seemed hopeless without bridges or pontoons to attempt the passage of the Seine.

There was, however, no time left for hesitation. Secretly he took his resolution and communicated it in strict confidence to Mayenne, to Ranuccio, and to one or two other chiefs. He came to Caudebec, and there, close to the margin of the river, he threw up a redout. On the opposite bank he constructed another. On both he planted artillery, placing a force of eight hundred Netherlanders, under Count Bossu, in the one, and an equal number of the same nation, Walloons chiefly, under Barlotte, in the other. He collected all the vessels, flatboats, wherries, and rafts that could be found or put together at Rouen, and then under cover of his forts he transported all the Flemish infantry, and the Spanish, French, and Italian cavalry, during the night of 22d May, to the opposite bank of the Seine. Next morning he sent up all the artillery together with the Flemish cavalry to Rouen, where, making what use he could by temporary contrivances of the broken arches of the broken bridge, in order to shorten the distance from shore to shore, he managed to convey his whole army with all its trains across the river.[1]

A force was left behind, up to the last moment, to engage in the customary skirmishes, and to display themselves as largely as possible for the purpose of imposing upon the enemy. The young Prince of Parma had command of this rear-guard. The device was perfectly successful. The news of the movement was not brought to the ears of Henry until after it had been accomplished. When the king reached the shore of the

[1] Bentivoglio, Dondini, Coloma, De Thou, Bor, Meteren, ubi sup. Letter of Parma last cited.

Seine, he saw to his infinite chagrin and indignation that the last stragglers of the army, including the garrison of the fort on the right bank, were just ferrying themselves across under command of Ranuccio.[1]

Furious with disappointment, he brought some pieces of artillery to bear upon the triumphant fugitives. Not a shot told, and the Leaguers had the satisfaction of making a bonfire in the king's face of the boats which had brought them over. Then, taking up their line of march rapidly inland, they placed themselves completely out of the reach of the Huguenot guns.

Henry had a bridge at Pont de l'Arche, and his first impulse was to pursue with his cavalry; but it was obvious that his infantry could never march by so circuitous a route fast enough to come up with the enemy, who had already so prodigious a stride in advance.[2]

There was no need to disguise it to himself. Henry saw himself for the second time outgeneraled by the consummate Farnese. The trap was broken, the game had given him the slip. The manner in which the duke had thus extricated himself from a profound dilemma, in which his fortunes seemed hopelessly sunk, has usually been considered one of the most extraordinary exploits of his life.[3]

Precisely at this time, too, ill news reached Henry from Brittany and the neighboring country. The Princes Condé and Dombes had been obliged, on the 13th May, 1592, to raise the siege of Craon, in consequence of the advance of the Duke of Mercœur with a force of seven thousand men.[4] They numbered, including lans-

[1] Bentivoglio, Dondini, Coloma, De Thou, Bor, Meteren, ubi sup. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.

[4] Umton to Burghley, May 24 (O. S.), 1592, S. P. Office MS.

quenets and the English contingent, about half as many, and, before they could effect their retreat, were attacked by Mercœur and utterly routed. The English, who alone stood to their colors, were nearly all cut to pieces. The rest made a disorderly retreat,[1] but were ultimately, with few exceptions, captured or slain. The duke, following up his victory, seized Château Gontier and La Val, important crossing-places on the river Mayenne, and laid siege to Mayenne, capital city of that region. The panic, spreading through Brittany and Maine, threatened the king's cause there with complete overthrow, hampered his operations in Normandy, and vastly encouraged the Leaguers. It became necessary for Henry to renounce his designs upon Rouen and the pursuit of Parma, and to retire to Vernon, there to occupy himself with plans for the relief of Brittany. In vain had the Earl of Essex, whose brother had already been killed in the campaign, manifested such headlong gallantry in that country as to call forth the sharpest rebukes from the admiring but anxious Elizabeth. The handful of brave Englishmen who had been withdrawn from the Netherlands, much to the dissatisfaction of the States-General, in order to defend the coasts of Brittany, would have been better employed under Maurice of Nassau. So soon as the heavy news reached the king, the faithful Umton was sent for. "He imparted the same unto me," said the envoy, "with extraordinary passion and discontent. He discoursed at large of his miserable estate, of the factions of his servants, and of their ill dispositions, and then required my opinion touching his course for Brittany, as also what further aid he might expect from her Majesty; alleging that

[1] Umton to Burghley, May 24 (O. S.), 1592, S. P. Office MS.

unless he were presently strengthened by England it was impossible for him longer to resist the greatness of the King of Spain, who assailed his country by Brittany, Languedoc, the Low Countries, by the Duke of Saxony and the Duke of Lorraine, and so ended his speech passionately."[1] Thus adjured, Sir Henry spoke to the king firmly but courteously, reminding him how, contrary to English advice, he had followed other councilors to the neglect of Brittany, and had broken his promises to the queen. He concluded by urging him to advance into that country in person, but did not pledge himself on behalf of her Majesty to any further assistance. "To this," said Umton, "the king gave a willing ear, and replied, with many thanks, and without disallowing of anything that I alleged, yielding many excuses of his want of means, not of disposition, to provide a remedy, not forgetting to acknowledge her Majesty's care of him and his country, and especially of Brittany, excusing much the bad disposition of his councilors, and inclining much to my motion to go in person thither, especially because he might thereby give her Majesty better satisfaction, . . . and protesting that he would either immediately himself make war there in those parts or send an army thither. I do not doubt," added the ambassador, "but with good handling her Majesty may now obtain any reasonable matter for the conservation of Brittany, as also for a place of retreat for the English, and I urge continually the yielding of Brest into her Majesty's hands, whereunto I find the king well inclined, if he might bring it to pass."[2]

Alexander passed a few days in Paris, where he was

[1] Umton to Burghley, May 24 (O. S.), 1592, S. P. Office MS.
[2] Ibid.

welcomed with much cordiality, recruiting his army for a brief period in the land of Brie, and then, broken in health but entirely successful, he dragged himself once more to Spa to drink the waters. He left an auxiliary force with Mayenne, and promised, infinitely against his own wishes, to obey his master's commands and return again before the winter to do the League's work.[1]

And thus Alexander had again solved a difficult problem. He had saved for his master and for the League the second city of France and the whole coast of Normandy. Rouen had been relieved in masterly manner, even as Paris had been succored the year before. He had done this, although opposed by the sleepless energy and the exuberant valor of the quick-witted Navarre, and although encumbered by the assistance of the ponderous Duke of Mayenne. His military reputation, through these two famous reliefs and retreats, grew greater than ever.

No commander of the age was thought capable of doing what he had thus done. Yet, after all, what had he accomplished? Did he not feel in his heart of hearts that he was but a strong and most skilful swimmer struggling for a little while against an ocean tide which was steadily sweeping him and his master and all their fortunes far out into the infinite depths?

Something of this breathed ever in his most secret utterances. But, so long as life was in him, his sword and his genius were at the disposal of his sovereign, to carry out a series of schemes as futile as they were nefarious.

For us, looking back upon the Past, which was then the Future, it is easy to see how remorselessly the great

[1] Umton to Burghley, MS. before cited.

current of events was washing away the system and the personages seeking to resist its power and to oppose the great moral principles by which human affairs in the long run are invariably governed. Spain and Rome were endeavoring to obliterate the landmarks of race, nationality, historical institutions, and the tendencies of awakened popular conscience throughout Christendom, and to substitute for them a dead level of conformity to one regal and sacerdotal despotism.

England, Holland, the Navarre party in France, and a considerable part of Germany were contending for national unity and independence, for vested and recorded rights. Much further than they themselves or their chieftains dreamed those millions of men were fighting for a system of temperate human freedom; for that emancipation under just laws from arbitrary human control, which is the right, however frequently trampled upon, of all classes, conditions, and races of men, and for which it is the instinct of the human race to continue to struggle under every disadvantage, and often against all hope, throughout the ages, so long as the very principle of humanity shall not be extinguished in those who have been created after their Maker's image.

It may safely be doubted whether the great queen, the Béarnese, Alexander Farnese, or his master, with many of their respective adherents, differed very essentially from each other in their notions of the right divine and the right of the people. But history has shown us which of them best understood the spirit of the age and had the keenest instinct to keep themselves in the advance by moving fastest in the direction whither it was marshaling all men. There were many earnest, hard-toiling men in those days, men who believed in the work

to which they devoted their lives. Perhaps, too, the devil-worshipers did their master's work as strenuously and heartily as any, and got fame and pelf for their pains. Fortunately, a good portion of what they so laboriously wrought for has vanished into air, while humanity has at least gained something from those who deliberately or instinctively conformed themselves to her eternal laws.

CHAPTER XXVI

Return of Prince Maurice to the siege of Steenwyk—Capitulation of the besieged—Effects of the introduction of mining operations—Maurice besieges Coevorden—Verdugo attempts to relieve the city, but fails—The city capitulates, and Prince Maurice retreats into winter quarters.

While Farnese had thus been strengthening the bulwarks of Philip's universal monarchy in that portion of his proposed French dominions which looked toward England, there had been opportunity for Prince Maurice to make an assault upon the Frisian defenses of this vast realm. It was difficult to make half Europe into one great Spanish fortification, guarding its every bastion and every point of the curtain, without far more extensive armaments than the "Great King," as the Leaguers proposed that Philip should entitle himself, had ever had at his disposal. It might be a colossal scheme to stretch the rod of empire over so large a portion of the earth, but the dwarfish attempts to carry the design into execution hardly reveal the hand of genius. It is astonishing to contemplate the meager numbers and the slender funds with which this world-empire was to be asserted and maintained. The armies arrayed at any important point hardly exceeded a modern division or two, while the resources furnished for a year would hardly pay in later days for a few weeks' campaign.

When Alexander, the first commander of his time, moved out of Flanders into France with less than twenty thousand men, he left most vital portions of his master's hereditary dominions so utterly unprotected that it was possible to attack them with a handful of troops. The young disciple of Simon Stevinus now resumed that practical demonstration of his principles which had been in the previous year so well begun.

On the 28th May, 1592, Maurice, taking the field with six thousand foot and two thousand horse, came once more before Steenwyk. It will be remembered that he had been obliged to relinquish the siege of this place in order to confront the Duke of Parma in July, 1591, at Nimwegen.

The city—very important from its position, being the key to the province of Drenthe as well as one of the safeguards of Friesland—had been besieged in vain by Count Renneberg after his treasonable surrender of Groningen, of which he was governor, to the Spaniards, but had been subsequently surprised by Tassis. Since that time it had held for the king. Its fortifications were strong, and of the best description known at that day. Its regular garrison was sixteen companies of foot and some cavalry under Antoine de Quocqueville, military governor. Besides these troops were twelve hundred Walloon infantry, commanded by Louis, youngest Count van den Berg, a brave lad of eighteen years, with whom were the Lord of Waterdyck and other Netherland nobles.[1]

To the military student the siege may possess importance as marking a transitional epoch in the history of

[1] Bor, iii. xxviii. 628–633. Meteren, xvi. 304, 305. Reyd, ix. 177–180. Coloma, v. 99, 100.

the beleaguering science. To the general reader, as in most of the exploits of the young Poliorcetes, its details have but slender interest. Perhaps it was here that the spade first vindicated its dignity, and entitled itself to be classed as a military weapon of value along with pike and harquebus. It was here that the soldiers of Maurice, burrowing in the ground at ten stivers a day, were jeered at by the enemy from the battlements as boors and ditchers, who had forfeited their right to be considered soldiers—but jeered at for the last time.

From 30th May to 9th June the prince was occupied in throwing up earthworks on the low grounds in order to bring his guns into position. On the 13th June he began to batter with forty-five pieces, but effected little more than to demolish some of the breastworks. He threw hot shot into the town very diligently, too, but did small damage. The cannonading went on for nearly a week, but the practice was so very indifferent, notwithstanding the protection of the blessed Barbara and the tuition of the busmasters, that the besieged began to amuse themselves with these empty and monotonous salvos of the honorable Artillery Gild. When all this blazing and thundering had led to no better result than to convert a hundred thousand good Flemish florins into noise and smoke, the thrifty Netherlanders on both sides of the walls began to disparage the young general's reputation. After all, they said, the Spaniards were right when they called artillery mere *espanta-vellacos*, or scare-cowards.[1] This burrowing and bellowing must at last give place to the old-fashioned push of pike, and then it would be seen who the soldiers were. Observations like these were freely made under a flag of truce;

[1] Reyd, ubi sup.

for on the 19th June, notwithstanding their contempt for the espanta-vellacos, the besieged had sent out a deputation to treat for an honorable surrender. Maurice entertained the negotiators hospitably in his own tent, but the terms suggested to him were inadmissible. Nothing came of the conference, therefore, but mutual criticisms, friendly enough, although sufficiently caustic.

Maurice now ceased cannonading, and burrowed again for ten days without interruption. Four mines, leading to different points of the defenses, were patiently constructed, and two large chambers at the terminations, neatly finished off and filled respectively with five thousand and twenty-five hundred pounds of powder, were at last established under two of the principal bastions.[1]

During all this digging there had been a couple of sorties, in which the besieged had inflicted great damage on their enemy, and got back into the town with a few prisoners, having lost but six of their own men.[2] Sir Francis Vere had been severely wounded in the leg, so that he was obliged to keep his bed during the rest of the siege. Verdugo, too, had made a feeble attempt to reinforce the place with three hundred men, sixty or seventy of whom had entered, while the rest had been killed or captured.[3] On such a small scale was Philip's world-empire contended for by his stadholder in Friesland; yet it was certainly not the fault of the stout old Portuguese. Verdugo would rather have sent thirty thousand men to save the front door of his great province

[1] Bor, Meteren, Reyd, Coloma, ubi sup.

[2] Ibid. Coloma says that three hundred of the besiegers were killed in this sally.

[3] Ibid.

than three hundred. But every available man—and few enough of them they were—had been sent out of the Netherlands, to defend the world-empire in its outposts of Normandy and Brittany.

This was Philip the Prudent's system for conquering the world, and men looked upon him as the consummation of kingcraft.

On the 3d July Maurice ordered his whole force to be in readiness for the assault. The mines were then sprung. The bastion of the east gate was blown to ruins. The mine under the Gast-Huys bulwark burst outwardly, and buried alive many Hollanders standing ready for the assault.[1] At this untoward accident Maurice hesitated to give the signal for storming the breach, but the panic within the town was so evident that Louis William lost no time in seizing the overthrown eastern bulwark, from the ruins of which he looked over the whole city.[2] The other broken bastion was likewise easily mastered, and the besieged, seeing the storm about to burst upon them with irresistible fury, sent a trumpet. Meantime Maurice, inspecting the effects of the explosion and preparing for the assault, had been shot through the left cheek. The wound was not dangerous, and the prince extracted the bullet with his own hand,[3] but the change of half an inch would have made it fatal. He was not incapacitated—after his wound had been dressed, amid the remonstrances of his friends for his temerity—from listening to the propositions of the city. They were refused, for the prince was sure of having his town on his own terms.

[1] Bor, Meteren, Reyd, Coloma, ubi sup. [2] Ibid.

[3] Ibid. Letter of John the Younger to his father, in Groen v. Prinsterer, Archives, II. S. i. 198.

Next day he permitted the garrison to depart, the officers and soldiers promising not to serve the King of Spain on the Netherland side of the Rhine for six months. They were to take their baggage, but to leave arms, flags, munitions, and provisions. Both Maurice and Louis William were for insisting on sterner conditions, but the states' deputies and members of the council who were present, as usual, in camp urged the building of the golden bridge. After all, a fortified city, the second in importance after Groningen of all those regions, was the real prize contended for. The garrison was meager and much reduced during the siege. The fortifications, of masonry and earthwork combined, were nearly as strong as ever. St. Barbara had done them but little damage, but the town itself was in a sorry plight. Churches and houses were nearly all shot to pieces, and the inhabitants had long been dwelling in the cellars. Two hundred of the garrison remained, severely wounded, in the town; three hundred and fifty had been killed, among others the young cousin of the Nassaus, Count Louis van den Berg. The remainder of the royalists marched out, and were treated with courtesy by Maurice, who gave them an escort, permitting the soldiers to retain their side-arms, and furnishing horses to the governor.

In the besieging army five or six hundred had been killed and many wounded, but not in numbers bearing the same proportion to the slain as in modern battles.[1]

[1] At least this is the testimony of all the Dutch historians, but, as has been the case in all sieges and battles since men began to besiege and to fight battles, the evidence given by the two sides is in almost direct conflict.

According to Coloma, thirteen hundred of the besiegers had

The siege had lasted forty-four days. When it was over, and men came out from the town to examine at leisure the prince's camp and his field of operations, they were astounded at the amount of labor performed in so short a time. The oldest campaigners confessed that they never before had understood what a siege really was, and they began to conceive a higher respect for the art of the engineer than they had ever done before. "Even those who were wont to rail at science and labor," said one who was present in the camp of Maurice, "declared that the siege would have been a far more arduous undertaking had it not been for those two engineers, Joost Matthes of Alost and Jacob Kemp of Gorcum. It is high time to take from soldiers the false notion that it is shameful to work with the spade—an error which was long prevalent among the Netherlanders, and still prevails among the French, to the great detriment of the king's affairs, as may be seen in his sieges." [1]

Certainly the result of Henry's recent campaign before Rouen had proved sufficiently how much better it would have been for him had there been some Dutch Joosts and Jacobs with their picks and shovels in his army at that critical period. They might perhaps have baffled Parma as they had done Verdugo.

Without letting the grass grow under his feet, Mau-

been killed outright during the assaults, and there were so many wounded that not five thousand were left unhurt in their camp, out of ten thousand with which the siege began. On the other hand, according to the same authority, the besieged had lost but one hundred and fifty killed and a few more than that number wounded (f. 99vo). But we have seen that the whole of the besieging army amounted only to eight thousand.

[1] Reyd, ubi sup.

rice now led his army from Steenwyk to Zwolle, and arrived on the 26th July before Coevorden.

This place, very strong by art and still stronger by nature, was the other key to all North Netherland—Friesland, Groningen, and Drenthe. Should it fall into the hands of the Republic it would be impossible for the Spaniards to retain much longer the rich and important capital of all that country, the city of Groningen. Coevorden lay between two vast morasses, one of which, the Bourtange swamp, extended some thirty miles to the bay of the Dollart, while the other spread nearly as far in a westerly direction to the Zuyder Zee. Thus these two great marshes were a frame—an almost impassable barrier—by which the northern third of the whole territory of the Republic was encircled and defended. Throughout this great morass there was not a handbreadth of solid ground, not a resting-place for a human foot, save the road which led through Coevorden. This passage lay upon a natural deposit of hard, dry sand, interposed as if by a caprice of nature between the two swamps, and was about half a mile in width.[1]

The town itself was well fortified, and Verdugo had been recently strengthening the position with additional earthworks.[2] A thousand veterans formed the garrison, under command of another Van den Berg, the Count Frederick.[3] It was the fate of these sister's-children of the great founder of the Republic to serve the cause of foreign despotism with remarkable tenacity against their own countrymen and against their nearest blood-relations. On many conspicuous occasions they were almost

[1] Guicciardini, in voce. Reyd, ix. 186 seq.

[2] Ibid.

[3] Reyd, ubi sup. Meteren, xvi. 306. Bor, iii. xxviii. 639 seq.

as useful to Spain and the Inquisition as the son and nearly all the other kinsmen of William the Silent had rendered themselves to the cause of Holland and of freedom.

Having thoroughly intrenched his camp before Coevorden and begun the regular approaches, Maurice left his cousin Louis William to superintend the siege operations for the moment, and advanced toward Ootmarsum, a frontier town which might give him trouble if in the hands of a relieving force. The place fell at once, with the loss of but one life to the states' army, but that a very valuable one; General de Famars, one of the original signers of the famous Compromise and a most distinguished soldier of the Republic, having been killed before the gates.

On the 31st July Maurice returned to his intrenchments. The enemy professed unbounded confidence, Van den Berg not doubting that he should be relieved by Verdugo, and Verdugo being sure that Van den Berg would need no relief. The Portuguese veteran, indeed, was inclined to wonder at Maurice's presumption in attacking so impregnable a fortress. "If Coevorden does not hold," said he, "there is no place in the world that can hold."[1]

Count Peter Ernest was still acting as governor-general; for Alexander Farnese, on returning from his second French campaign, had again betaken himself, shattered and melancholy, to the waters of Spa, leaving the responsibility for Netherland affairs upon the German octogenarian.[2] To him, and to the nonagenarian

[1] Reyd, ubi sup.

[2] Parma to P. E. Mansfeld, August 16, 1592. Same to Philip, August 24, 1592. Arch. de Sim. MSS.

Mondragon at Antwerp, the veteran Verdugo now called loudly for aid against the youthful pedant, whom all men had been laughing at a twelvemonth or so before. The Macedonian phalanx, Simon Stevinus and delving Dutch boors, unworthy of the name of soldiers, seemed to be steadily digging the ground from under Philip's feet in his hereditary domains.

What would become of the world-empire, where was the Great King—not of Spain alone, nor of France alone, but the great monarch of all Christendom—to plant his throne securely, if his Frisian strongholds, his most important Northern outposts, were to fall before an almost beardless youth at the head of a handful of republican militia?

Verdugo did his best, but the best was little. The Spanish and Italian legions had been sent out of the Netherlands into France. Many had died there, many were in hospital after their return, nearly all the rest were mutinous for want of pay.

On the 16th August Maurice formally summoned Coevorden to surrender. After the trumpeter had blown thrice, Count Van den Berg, forbidding all others, came alone upon the walls and demanded his message. "To claim this city in the name of Prince Maurice of Nassau and of the States-General," was the reply.

"Tell him first to beat down my walls as flat as the ditch," said Van den Berg, "and then to bring five or six storms. Six months after that I will think whether I will send a trumpet."[1]

The prince proceeded steadily with his approaches, but he was infinitely chagrined by the departure out of his camp of Sir Francis Vere with his English contingent

[1] Bor, Reyd, Meteren, ubi sup.

of three regiments, whom Queen Elizabeth had peremptorily ordered to the relief of King Henry in Brittany.

Nothing amazes the modern mind so much as the exquisite paucity of forces and of funds by which the world-empire was fought for and resisted in France, Holland, Spain, and England. The scenes of war were rapidly shifted—almost like the slides of a magic lantern—from one country to another; the same conspicuous personages, almost the same individual armies, perpetually reappearing in different places, as if a wild phantasmagoria were capriciously repeating itself to bewilder the imagination. Essex and Vere and Roger Williams and Black Norris, Van der Does and Admiral Nassau, the Meetkerkens and Count Philip, Farnese and Mansfeld, George Basti, Aremberg, Berlaymont, La Noue and Teligny, Aquila and Coloma, were seen alternately fighting, retreating, triumphant, beleaguering, campaigning, all along the great territory which extends from the Bay of Biscay to the crags of Brittany, and across the narrow seas to the bogs of Ireland, and thence through the plains of Picardy and Flanders to the swamps of Groningen and the frontiers of the Rhine.

This was the arena in which the great struggle was ever going on, but the champions were so few in number that their individual shapes become familiar to us like the figures of an oft-repeated pageant. And now the withdrawal of certain companies of infantry and squadrons of cavalry from the Spanish armies into France had left obedient Netherland too weak to resist rebellious Netherland, while, on the other hand, the withdrawal of some twenty or thirty companies of English auxiliaries—most hard-fighting veterans, it is true,

but very few in number — was likely to imperil the enterprise of Maurice in Friesland.

The removal of these companies from the Low Countries to strengthen the Béarnese in the north of France formed the subject of much bitter diplomatic conference between the states and England, the order having been communicated by the great queen herself in many a vehement epistle and caustic speech, enforced by big, manly oaths.[1]

[1] The cautionary towns required to be held at this season with a firm hand. The days were gone when the states looked up to the representative of the queen as a "Messiah," and felt that she alone sustained them from sinking into ruin. A series of victories over the Spaniards, and the amazing fatuity of the Spanish policy, had given them vast confidence in themselves, and a growing contempt for their great enemy. They did not feel themselves entirely dependent on England, but considered the services rendered by each country to the other as fairly equal, and they therefore the more keenly resented the withdrawal of troops to which they believed themselves thoroughly entitled by their contract. It was an infraction of the treaty, in their opinion, to hold their cities, yet to send the English auxiliaries into France. There were rising commotions in Flushing and Ostend, while at the same time it was felt that the foreign enemy at any moment was capable of making a sudden assault on those most vital places. "It is advertised me out of England," said Sir Robert Sydney, governor of Flushing, "that there be some men of war that say that Flushing may be kept with a white rod. I know not whether they have the caduceus which the poets write that Mercury had, which was of force to bring sleep upon all men. If they have not, truly they little know this town, or perhaps will not say what indeed they think, being not in their own particular interested in the good or ill of it. . . . The burghers, I confess, carry themselves very honestly, and I persuade myself that the queen hath many true servants among them, notwithstanding the chief way to keep them still honest is to have such a garrison as may pay them at any time the price of doing ill." The governor pro-

Verdugo, although confident in the strength of the place, had represented to Parma and to Mansfeld the immense importance of relieving Coevorden. The city, he said, was more valuable than all the towns taken the year before. All Friesland hung upon it, and it would be impossible to save Groningen should Coevorden fall.

tested that twenty-two companies of one hundred and thirty-five men each were not a stronger garrison for his town than five companies had been a few years before. The republican sentiment had so much displaced the feeling of dependence on a foreign sovereign that the protectors were grown to appear almost like enemies. Formerly matters were very different. "*Then* was the name of the queen reverenced in all these countries," he said, "as of another savior; and there was love unto her, and unto her subjects, such as if they had been all of one nation. The Earl of Leicester, in name and effect, was governor-general of the whole country. My brother [Sir Philip Sydney] had, joined to the government which now I have, the regiment of Zealand, which are the troops from which this garrison has to fear most any sudden harm. The provinces then were poor, and ill order among them, and the states generally hated of the people. Every day a town lost, the King of Spain's army mighty, himself entangled with no other wars, and to all these harms there was no show of hope but from the queen, all other princes directly shunning their alliance. The people saw that the queen's taking the cause in hand, and the succor she sent, had been the only pillar which, after the loss of Antwerp, had held up their state from utter ruin, which bred a love for the queen, and a fear of displeasing her. . . . All this has since been changed: there is a new face on the state and people; the governor-general has lost all authority; all the commandment of the armies is in their hands." The governor then assigned many pregnant reasons for the withdrawing of love from the English and their queen on the part of the Netherlanders, prominent among which were the malpractices of the English in Campveer, Medemblik, and Gertruydenberg, but especially the interference by the English cruisers with their sea-going ships, and the frequent piracies committed on their merchantmen by her Majesty's navy. "The hindrance of their free traffic," he said, "and the despoiling

Meantime Count Philip Nassau arrived from the campaign in France with his three regiments, which he threw into garrison, and thus set free an equal number of fresh troops, which were forthwith sent to the camp of Mau-

of many of their ships by such as have commission by the queen to go to sea, are what they exclaim against extremely." He paid an honest tribute to the national unity which had grown up in the Republic, and to the good administration of their affairs. "Now are the states and the people firmly united," he said, "the soldiers thoroughly contented by the good government of the count and the good payment made to them. . . . The fear of the King of Spain is almost worn out, their army having now, the third year, almost without opposition kept the field." It was Sydney's opinion that Coevorden would soon fall, after which Groningen would become untenable. Then, without additional expense, the states would be able to take the field with twenty-five thousand men, with which they thought themselves quite capable of holding the King of Spain in play, especially embarked as he was with England and France. "Yet do I not think," he added, "that the states will be willing to have the English companies drawn away, they being, although but few, a great part of the reputation of the army; neither do I think that they would yet be willing to have the contract with her Majesty broken off, because it is one of the principal chains that hold these provinces in union together, and one of the best graces they have with the princes abroad; and because, by the amity with England, they have the free use of the sea, by which they live. Though these men be her Majesty's subjects, yet in respect that by the contract they were lent unto them, and that to have them they put their towns into her Majesty's hands, they think they may challenge a great right unto them; and truly I was in a manner asked whether the queen, withdrawing her forces, would still retain the cautionary towns." Truly the question seemed a pertinent one, and it would have been difficult for an honest man to explain why the mortgage should remain when the loan was withdrawn. It needed no Solomon or Daniel to decide so plain a matter, and the states had an uncomfortable habit of insisting on their rights, even in the very face of the English queen. "These men, how simple show soever they bear outwardly, have hearts

rice.[1] The prince at the same time was made aware that Verdugo was about to receive important succor, and he was advised by the deputies of the States-General present at his headquarters to send out his German reiters to intercept them. Maurice refused. Should his cavalry be defeated, he said, his whole army would be endangered. He determined to await within his fortified camp the attack of the relieving force.

During the whole month of August he proceeded steadily with his sapping and mining. By the middle of the month his lines had come through the ditch, which he drained of water into the counterscarp. By the beginning of September he had got beneath the principal fort, which, in the course of three or four days, he expected to blow into the air. The rainy weather had impeded his operations and the march of the relieving army. Nevertheless, that army was at last approaching. The regiments of Moudragon, Charles Mansfeld, Gonzaga, Berlaymont, and Aremberg had been despatched to reinforce Verdugo. On the 23d August, having crossed the Rhine at Rheinberg, they reached Olfen, in the country of Bentheim, ten miles from Coevorden. Here they threw up rockets and made other

high enough," said Sydney, "and look to be respected as they which hold themselves chief rulers of the provinces, which have so long maintained war against the King of Spain, and truly I do not think that secretly anything is so much indigested by them as the little respect as they imagine is had of them in England, and herein they did look that her Majesty should have proceeded by way of intreating with them, as was done two years ago, when Sir John Norris led the first troops into Brittany."—Sydney to Burghley, July 14, 1592, S. P. Office MS. Same to same, August 4, 1592, ibid.

[1] Bor, Reyd, Meteren, ubi sup.

signals that relief was approaching the town. On the 3d of September Verdugo, with the whole force at his disposal, amounting to four thousand foot and eighteen hundred horse, was at the village of Emblichen, within a league of the besieged city. That night a peasant was captured with letters from Verdugo to the governor of Coevorden, giving information that he intended to make an assault on the besiegers on the night of 6th–7th September.

Thus forewarned, Maurice took the best precautions and calmly within his intrenchments awaited the onslaught. Punctual to his appointment, Verdugo, with his whole force, yelling "Victoria! Victoria!" made a shirt-attack, or *camiciata*,—the men wearing their shirts outside their armor to distinguish each other in the darkness,—upon that portion of the camp which was under command of Hohenlo. They were met with determination and repulsed, after fighting all night, with a loss of three hundred killed and a proportionate number of wounded. The Netherlanders had but three killed and six wounded. Among the latter, however, was Louis William, who received a musket-ball in the belly, but remained on the ground until the enemy had retreated. It was then discovered that his wound was not mortal, the intestines not having been injured, and he was soon about his work again.[1] Prince Mau-

[1] Bor, Reyd, Meteren, ubi sup. "My brother William," wrote Count John to his father, "was shot in the right side, so that the ball came out again near the navel; but, thank God, there is no danger of his life, as all the barbers agree. . . . After he had received the shot he remained more than an hour fighting on horseback and afoot before his wound was bound up, and he could not be induced by any persuasion to leave the ground."—Groen v. Prinsterer, Archives, II. S. i. 207, 208.

rice, too, as usual, incurred the remonstrances of the deputies and others for the reckless manner in which he exposed himself wherever the fire was hottest.[1] He resolutely refused, however, to permit his cavalry to follow the retreating enemy. His object was Coevorden,—a prize more important than a new victory over the already defeated Spaniards would prove,—and this object he kept ever before his eyes.

This was Verdugo's first and last attempt to relieve the city. He had seen enough of the young prince's tactics and had no further wish to break his teeth against those scientific intrenchments. The Spaniards at last, whether they wore their shirts inside or outside their doublets, could no longer handle the Dutchmen at pleasure. That people of butter, as the iron Duke of Alva was fond of calling the Netherlanders, were grown harder with the pressure of a twenty-five years' war.

Five days after the sanguinary camiciata the besieged offered to capitulate. The trumpet at which the proud Van den Berg had hinted for six months later arrived on the 12th September. Maurice was glad to get his town. His "little soldiers" did not insist, as the Spaniards and Italians were used to do in the good old days, on unlimited murder, rape, and fire, as the natural solace and reward of their labors in the trenches. Civilization had made some progress, at least in the Netherlands. Maurice granted good terms, such as he had been in the habit of conceding to all captured towns. Van den Berg was courteously received by his cousins, as he rode forth from the place at the head of what remained of his garrison, five hundred in number, with colors flying, matches burning, bullet in mouth, and with all their

[1] Bor, Reyd, Meteren, ubi sup.

arms and baggage except artillery and ammunition, and the heroic little Louis, notwithstanding the wound in his belly, got on horseback and greeted him with a cousinly welcome in the camp.[1]

The city was a most important acquisition, as already sufficiently set forth, but Queen Elizabeth, much misinformed on this occasion, was inclined to undervalue it. She wrote accordingly to the states, reproaching them for using all that artillery and that royal force against a mere castle and earth-heap, instead of attempting some considerable capital, or going in force to the relief of Brittany.[2] The day was to come when she would acknowledge the advantage of not leaving this earth-heap in the hands of the Spaniard. Meantime Prince Maurice, the season being so far advanced, gave the world no further practical lessons in the engineering science, and sent his troops into winter quarters.

These were the chief military phenomena in France and Flanders during three years of the great struggle to establish Philip's universal dominion.

[1] Bor, Reyd, Meteren.

[2] "Hasardants vos gens es entreprinses incertaines et de peu de consequence eu esgard que le poids des affaires qui conscernent le bien de notre estat et du votre consiste plus tost a empecher la perte de Bretagne, le recouvrement vous devroit estre beaucoup plus recommandé que de vous attaquer a ung petit chateau tel qu'est Coevorden ou aultre semblable."—Queen to the States-General, July 23, 1592, Hague Archives MS.

CHAPTER XXVII

Negotiations between Queen Elizabeth and the states—Aspect of affairs between England and the Netherlands—Complaints of the Hollanders on the piratical acts of the English—The Dutch envoy and the English government—Caron's interview with Elizabeth—The queen promises redress of grievances.

It is now necessary to cast a glance at certain negotiations on delicate topics which had meantime been occurring between Queen Elizabeth and the states.

England and the Republic were bound together by ties so close that it was impossible for either to injure the other without inflicting a corresponding damage on itself. Nevertheless, this very community of interest, combined with a close national relationship,—for in the European family the Netherlanders and English were but cousins twice removed,—with similarity of pursuits, with commercial jealousy, with an intense and ever-growing rivalry for that supremacy on the ocean toward which the Monarchy and the Republic were so earnestly struggling, with a common passion for civil and religious freedom, and with that inveterate habit of self-assertion—the healthful but not engaging attribute of all vigorous nations—which strongly marked them both, was rapidly producing an antipathy between the two countries which time was likely rather to deepen than

efface. And the national divergences were as potent as the traits of resemblance in creating this antagonism.

The democratic element was expanding itself in the Republic so rapidly as to stifle for a time the oligarchical principle which might one day be developed out of the same matrix; while, despite the hardy and adventurous spirit which characterized the English nation throughout all its grades, there was never a more intensely aristocratic influence in the world than the governing and directing spirit of the England of that age.

It was impossible that the courtiers of Elizabeth and the burgher statesmen of Holland and Friesland should sympathize with each other in sentiment or in manner. The republicans, in their exuberant consciousness of having at last got rid of kings and kingly paraphernalia in their own land,—for since the rejection of the sovereignty offered to France and England in 1585 this feeling had become so predominant as to make it difficult to believe that those offers had been in reality so recent,—were insensibly adopting a frankness, perhaps a roughness, of political and social demeanor which was far from palatable to the euphuistic formalists of other countries.

Especially the English statesmen, trained to approach their sovereign with almost Oriental humility, and accustomed to exact for themselves a large amount of deference,[1] could ill brook the free-and-easy tone occasionally adopted in diplomatic and official intercourse by these upstart republicans. A queen who, to loose morals, imperious disposition, and violent temper, united as inor-

[1] The Venetian ambassador Contarini relates that in the reign of James I. the great nobles of England were served at table by lackeys *on their knees*.

dinate a personal vanity as was ever vouchsafed to woman, and who up to the verge of decrepitude was addressed by her courtiers in the language of love-lorn swain to blooming shepherdess,[1] could naturally find but little to her taste in the hierarchy of Hans Brewer and Hans Baker. Thus her Majesty and her courtiers, accustomed to the faded gallantries with which the serious affairs of state were so grotesquely intermingled, took it ill when they were bluntly informed, for instance, that the state council of the Netherlands, negotiating on

[1] Take, for example, among a thousand similar effusions, the language used by Sir Walter Raleigh at exactly the period with which we are now occupied:

"I that was wont to behold her riding like Alexander, walking like Venus, the gentle wind blowing her fair hair about her pure cheeks, like a nymph; sometimes sitting in the shade like a goddess, sometimes singing like an angel, sometimes playing like Orpheus. All wounds have scars but those of fantasy, all affections their relenting but those of womankind. All those times past, the loves, the sighs, the sorrows, the desires, can they not weigh down one frail misfortune? Cannot one drop of gall be hidden in so great heaps of sweetness?" etc. "Do with me now, therefore, what you list—I am weary of life," etc.—Sir W. Raleigh to Sir R. Cecil, July, 1592, Murdin State Papers, ii. 657. Let it be remembered that the Venus, nymph, goddess, angel, thus adjured for pity, had just turned her sixtieth year.

The Chevalier du Maurier relates in his Memoirs a little incident which he witnessed when residing as a boy near The Hague, his father being then French envoy to the states, and which indicates that the rustic and uncourtly independence of the republicans had not diminished with the lapse of a few more years, and with the corresponding increase of popular wealth and strength throughout the commonwealth. The unlucky Elector Palatine, ex-King of Bohemia, a refugee in Holland since the battle of Prague, was hunting hares in the neighborhood of Du Maurier's house. In the ardor of the chase, Frederick, having intruded with dogs and horses upon the turnip-field of a wealthy

Netherland affairs, could not permit a veto to the representatives of the queen, and that this same body of Dutchmen, discussing their own business, insisted upon talking Dutch and not Latin.

It was impossible to deny that the young stadholder was a gentleman of a good house, but how could the insolence of a common citizen like John of Olden-Barneveldt be digested? It was certain that behind those shaggy, overhanging brows there was a powerful brain stored with legal and historic lore, which supplied eloquence to an ever-ready tongue and pen. Yet these facts, difficult to gainsay, did not make the demands so

peasant, saw himself pursued with loud cries by the incensed proprietor, accompanied by a very big farm-servant. Both were armed with pitchforks, and the farmer himself presented a truly respectable as well as formidable appearance, dressed as he happened to be in his holiday suit of black Spanish broadcloth, with an underjacket of Florence ratinet, adorned with massive silver buttons. Flourishing his pitchfork, and making no other salutation, he bawled out: "King of Bohemia, King of Bohemia, what do you mean by trampling on my turnips? Don't you know how much pains it costs to plant and to weed them?" The luckless son-in-law of the British sovereign had nothing for it but to apologize for the trespass, and to beat as rapid a retreat before the Dutch farmer as he had recently done before the Duke of Lorraine and the Emperor Ferdinand. (Mémoires de Messire Aubrey du Maurier, 252, 253.)

Perhaps it was as well for the progress of mankind—even at the occasional sacrifice of courtesy to royalty in difficulties—that there should have been a corner of the earth where the theory of natural masters and guardians for the people had already received so rude a shock as in Holland, and where not only the boor but the boor's turnips were safe from being trampled upon. What more poignant satire on human nature than is contained in this very English word "boor"! The builder, the planter, the creator, —the Bauer, in short,—is made to be identical with the vulgar clown.

frequently urged by the States-General upon the English government for the enforcement of Dutch rights and the redress of English wrongs the more acceptable.

Bodley, Gilpin, and the rest were in a chronic state of exasperation with the Hollanders, not only because of their perpetual complaints, but because their complaints were perpetually just.

The States-General were dissatisfied, all the Netherlanders were dissatisfied,—and not entirely without reason,—that the English, with whom the Republic was on terms not only of friendship but of alliance, should burn their ships on the high seas, plunder their merchants, and torture their sea-captains in order to extort information as to the most precious portions of their cargoes.[1]

[1] "Nommement que pardessus ung nombre infini de pilleries, forces et outrages, certain navire de Pierre Piateoz, au commencement de ce mois venant d'Espaigne vers ces Provinces Unies chargé d'une grande somme d'argent et marchandises prácieuses a été forcé, prins et mené a Plymouth par le subject de V. M. le Capitaine Martin Frobisher avec ung aultre navire chargé de sel. Lesquels navires sout tenus comme pour bonne prinse soubs pretexte premièrement, comme nous entendons, que le dict Pierre se seroit mis en defence contre le navire de V. M. lequel il na cognu ny peu cognoistre pour le grand nombre de la diversité des navires mesmes des pirates qui journellement s'aydant en mer du nom des navires et gens de V. M. forcent et pillent les navires et marchandises des inhabitants de ce pays soubs toute couleur et pretexte traictans les mariniers de toutes sortes de tourments. Et secondement qu'ils disent qu'en iceux deux navires auroient este quelques biens et marchandises appartenans aux Espagnols ou autres subjects et tenants le parti des ennemis : le tout contre la verité et dont il n'apparoistra jamais ainsi que le les propriétaires et mariniers disent. Ces practiques et traverses dont ils usent journellement même par menaces, concussions et violences pour fair confesser aux bons gens ce qu'on veuille ou de les constraindre a abandonner leurs biens et marchandises ainsi prinses, sont si notoires et en si

Sharp language against such malpractices was considered but proof of democratic vulgarity. Yet it would be hard to maintain that Martin Frobisher, Mansfield, Grenfell, and the rest of the sea-kings, with all their dash and daring and patriotism, were not as unscrupulous pirates as ever sailed blue water, or that they were not apt to commit their depredations upon friend and foe alike.

On the other hand, by a liberality of commerce in ex-

grand nombre que nous tenons tout certain qu'elles sont assez cognues et découvertes et indubitablement apparoistront encores avec le temps plus clairement a V. M.," etc.—States-General to the queen, November 1, 1590, Hague Archives MS.

"Il n'y a chose que nous faisons avecq plus de regret que de molester si souventes fois V. M. par nos plainctes a l'endroict des doleances des marchants de ces pays, des pilleries, dommages et exces que leur font continuellement en mer les subjects d'Icelle par pure force et violence sans cause ny aulcune raison, au lieu de l'ordre et remede qui leur avoit este promis et asseuré. D'aultant que sçavons combien cela doibt desplaire a une Princesse Chrétienne et droicturiere dont V. M. est si renommée par tout le monde. Mais comme voyons les dicts exces s'accroistre journellement en telles exorbitances et plus ni moings si les Anglais s'estoient declarés ennomis de ces pays et faisoient leur equippaige tout expres pour quant nos marchands ruiner, aussi du tout nostre estat, ou du moins par ce moyen le mettre en rage et desespoir du peuple; si comme nous est apparu par verifications légitimes et auctentiques que le 24e du mois de Mai dernier une pinasse nommé le Jeune Lion où estoit capitaine ung appellé Manser et deux aultres navires Anglois dont l'ung avoit nom Susan et estoit commandé par le capitaine Henry, ont sans mot sonner furieusement attaqué par coups d'artillerie et investie ung navire de la Veere appellé le Griphon, qui avoit pour marinier Gole Adrianszoen, parti auparavant de St. Lucas et estoit chargé de grande quantité d'argent, perles et conchenille le quel ils ont entierement spolié et pillé apres qu'ils avoient faict prisonniers et gehenné inhumainement plusieurs de ceulx qui y estoient dedans,

traordinary contrast with the practice of modern times, the Netherlanders were in the habit of trading directly with the arch-enemy of both Holland and England, even in the midst of their conflict with him, and it was complained of that even the munitions of war and the implements of navigation by which Spain had been enabled to effect its foothold in Brittany, and thus to

les contraignants de signer qu'ils n'avoient prins que dix-sept sacqs d'argent et huict tonneaux de la dicte conchenille en lieu de cent et quinze sacqs, toutes les perles et conchenille; non obstant que le dit maistre marinier leur fait voir qu'ils estoient de la Vere et que le tout appartenoit a des marchands de Zelande," etc.—States-General to the queen, June 26, 1592. Hague Archives MS.

"Outre le mescontement que les peuples out par les continuelles larcins et pilleries de la mer par où ils sont entierement aliénez de l'affection quils souloient porter à la nation Anglaise," etc.—Noël de Caron to the lord treasurer, July, 1592, Hague Archives MS.

"The merchants of Middelburg have of late received such losses, as they say, by our countrymen that her M.'s letter whereby she signifies the release of four ships is not medicine strong enough any way to appease their griefs. They complain of two ships taken on the coast of Portugal worth £30,000 sterling, and the same day I did deliver the queen's letter they had already had news of the taking of four ships more going out of this river, worth, as they say, as much as the other two. These actions make them almost desperate, as I will write more at large unto y^{r} Lo.: upon the return of the deputies, which they of Zealand did send unto Holl^{d} to let them know of these prisals, and to take some course for it. . . . I am assured that before this happened all the country except Amsterdam were resolved to give contentment unto the queen touching the articles of the traffic. What they will now do I know not, for these things have greatly stirred the humors here, and if it be continued, not unlikely that some inconvenience may happen, which in my opinion were good for her M. to foresee, since the profit comes little, as far as I can see, to herself, and the merchants and committee of these towns, who are the men that most affect her M. and her service, will have

threaten the English coast, were derived from this very traffic.[1]

The Hollanders replied that, according to their contract with England, they were at liberty to send as many as forty or fifty vessels at a time to Spain and Portugal, that they had never exceeded the stipulated number, that England freely engaged in the same traffic herself with the common enemy, that it was not reasonable to

their hearts alienated from her if they see their goods, which is their life, taken from them by her M.'s subjects, where they look to be protected by her."—Sir R. Sydney to Burghley, October 29, 1590, S. P. Office MS.

[1] "Touchant ce que vous debvriez prohiber le commerce et transportement de vivres et munitions d'icy en Espagne. Qui est une chose practiqué aus si ouvertement et hardiment par certains marchands de Hollande et Zelande que s'il ny avoit point d'inimitie entre les Espaignols et eux. Tellement que si les navires du Roy en Biscaye et Gallice Cales et aultres parties méridionales d'Espagne n'eussent point este fournis l'an passé et ce printems de poudre et de cordage par les marchands de ces pays cy, n'auroit peu envoyer aulcunes forces en Bretagne. Or sur ces vostres procedures et aultres semblables le roy de France et ses conseillers, le Prince Dombes son lieutenant en Bretagne et son ambassadeur en Angleterre, et de faict tous hommes en general tant princes qu'aultres qui ont la commune cause en recommendation, se plaignent grandement tous les jours et addressent leurs plaintes a S. M. presumans qu'elle ayant pris la protection de ces pays cy pourroit et debvroit par ses moyens et authorité redresser ung si notoire desordre pour la preservation d'elle mesme et de tous ceux qui sont touchez en mesme cas. Mesmes dans ce peu de jours ledict Ambassadeur a informé S. M. d'une grande quantité de munitions porté à S. Malo et Nantes en Bretagne et de plus de 20 navires chargés de blé et de quelque provision de poudre. . . . Ces actions illicites rendent S. M. tellement offensée qu'elle pense avoir cause de se repentir d'avoir oncques pris la defence de ces pays contre le Roy d'Espagne, considerant que les armes et les forces d'Icelluy par beaucoup

consider cordage or dried fish or shooks and staves, butter, eggs, and corn, as contraband of war, that if they were illegitimate the English trade was vitiated to the same degree, and that it would be utterly hopeless for the provinces to attempt to carry on the war except by enabling themselves, through the widest and most unrestricted foreign commerce, even including the enemy's realms, to provide their nation with the necessary wealth to sustain so gigantic a conflict.[1]

d'années ont été entretenues et maintenues en ces Pays Bas par le commun transportement de vivres et fourniture de guerre à icelles qui s'est faict par permission et licence d'icy," etc.—Bodley to the States-General, June 2, 1591, Hague Archives MS.

"Quand vous aultres pour vos advantages particuliers laissez fournir de toutes sortes de commodites le dict ennemi commun et puissant, et a ceste heure mesme que pour l'amour de vous nous sommes forcelose de tout commerce à la ruine totale de plusieurs de nos subjects, lesquels comme ils nous ont este plus chers que la vie ainsi ne pouvons que nous ressentir de leurs plaintes touchant les traffiques qui se font journellement soubz des noms empruntés et simuléz, ce qui s'est directement découvert," etc.—Queen to the States-General, February 13, 1593, Hague Archives MS.

[1] "Nous n'avons encore peu persuader à V. M. combien le transport de quelques vivres ensemble la navigation et traffieq avecq et vers le pays de West importent au bien et conservation de nostre estat. Car ny ayant mine d'or ni d'autre metal es dicts pays dont l'on pourroit tirer les frais d'icelle guerre, d'aultre part l'affluence annuelle que Dieu y donne de beurre, fromage et quelques autres vivres, y estant par Sa divine grace si abondante que la dixieme part ny peult estre consumée, et la multitude du peuple addonné au traffieque et manufacture y estant grande et si independante que faisant tant seulement le moindre semblant de les y vouloir empescher, la plus grande partie d'iceux s'en departiroit vers les pays voisins tirant quand a eulx une infinité de navires et mariniers comme l'expérience à assez montré mesme du tems du dit feu Monsr le Comte de Leycester que nous peult on

Here were ever-flowing fountains of bitterest discussion and recrimination. It must be admitted, however, that there was occasionally an advantage in the despotic and summary manner in which the queen took matters into her own hands. It was refreshing to see this great sovereign—who was so well able to grapple with questions of state, and whose very imperiousness of temper impelled her to trample on shallow sophistries and specious technicalities—dealing directly with cases of piracy and turning a deaf ear to the councilors, who, in that as in every age, were too prone to shove by international justice in order to fulfil municipal forms.

It was, however, with much difficulty that the envoy of the Republic was able to obtain a direct hearing from her Majesty in order to press the long list of complaints on account of the English piratical proceedings upon her attention. He intimated that there seemed to be

imputer que les beneficions et en tirons les moyens de nostre conservation? L'on nous objecte que les notres vont querir les grains en Oostlande et les meinent vers les pays de West subjects a l'ennemy, qu'icelluy s'en nourrit et fortifie. Nous le croions, mais l'on ne nous sauroit persuader (encores que la trafficq des nostres cessat) que ceulx d'Oostlande vouldroient ou pourraient laisser perir l'abondance des grains y croissant annuellemente (qui sont presque l'unicque moyen de leur trafficq et soutien de leur vie) et que sachant qu'ailleurs y en auroit disette et traitte, eux et autres marchants et mariniers de divers royaumes et pays ne les y transportent et ny a apparence de la leur pouvoir empescher (quant ce ne servit que pour le gaing exorbitant et commoditez qu'ils en tirent) non plus que d'empescher le Roy d'Espagne de s'en faire pouvoir à quelque prix que ce fust d'illecq ou d'ailleurs. Et dependant le transport de grains estrangers d'icy, que deviendra si grande quantité qui y est? puisque par le grace de Dieu ces pays en produisent aultant et plus qu'il en fault pour la nourriture des manans d'iceulx. Et qui croira qu'on y amenera d'aultres pour y demourer estabiiz comme en ung sacq en peril de sy gaster.

special reasons why the great ones about her throne were disposed to deny him access to the queen, knowing as they did in what intent he asked for interviews. They described in strong language the royal wrath at the opposition recently made by the states to detaching the English auxiliaries in the Netherlands for the service of the French king in Normandy, hoping thereby to deter him from venturing into her presence with a list of grievances on the part of his government. "I did my best to indicate the danger incurred by such transferring of troops at so critical a moment," said Noël de Caron, "showing that it was directly in opposition to the contract made with her Majesty. But I got no answer save very high words from the lord treasurer, to the effect that the States-General were never willing

. . . Cependant cesseroient les convois et licentes d'entrée et issue (principal revenu de ces pays) et les marchants et mariniers qui n'ont aultre moyen de vivre et nourrir leurs femmes et enfans se transporteroient avec leur navires en Danemark, Norweghen, Hambourg, Dansig, voire memes en Pologne et ailleurs. . . . Dont ensuivroit non seulement tres grande diminution des imports et autres moyens destines pour l'entretien de la guerre, mais aussi transport et alienation des navires et mariniers (principale force de ces pays). . . . Il faut que ce n'est pas par gaieté de cœur que toutes nos terres, maisons rentes et aultres bien immeubles, mesmes aussi du bestail, nous paions liberalement une grande partie du fruit et revenu d'iceulx et que de nostre manger, boire, vestemens, chauffage et autres consumptions pardessus le *prix nous payons pour impots presque la valeur d'icelles.* Et toutes fois tout cela n'est bastant pour en fournir la moitié des frais de notre guerre sans y comprendre une infinité de dettes es quelles le pays demeure obligé pardessus toutes autres charges, que les provinces supportent a l'entretien de leurs dicques escluses et dependances contre les *inondations des rivieres et de la mer contre lesquels ils soutiennent aussi comme une continuelle guerre.* . . . Il est evident qu'il importe singulierement pour la conservation de ces dits pays

to agree to any of her Majesty's propositions, and that this matter was as necessary to the states' service as to that of the French king. In effect, he said peremptorily that her Majesty willed it and would not recede from her resolution." [1]

The envoy then requested an interview with the queen before her departure into the country.

Next day, at noon, Lord Burghley sent word that she was to leave between five and six o'clock that evening, and that the minister would be welcome meantime at any hour.

"But notwithstanding that I presented myself," said Caron, "at two o'clock in the afternoon, I was unable to speak to her Majesty until a moment before she was

et service de la cause commune que la navigation et trafficque des dits vivres demeurent libres. Et supplions tres humblement qu'il plaise a V. M. donner l'ordre que convient à ce que au dehors et contre icelluy placcart ladite navigation traffiq et transport ne soient par ses subjects aucunement empeschez ou soubs quelque pretexte que ce soit retardés, mesmes aussy de vouloir relaxer et indemner ceux qui sont encore empesches et endommagés," etc. —States-General to the queen, May 4, 1592, Hague Archives MS.

"Dat de staten eens met haer geaccordeert waren dat zy maer veertig ofte vyftig schepen teffens en zouden zenden. . . . Nochtaens dat ick haere Mat. mochte verzekeren datter geen vyftig schepen in alle de vlote naer Spagnien en wilden, etc. . . . Want ick haer verzekerde dat ons Land (Got lof) treffelycke Coepluyden hadde die t' in allen eecken van der werelt besochten. Dat selfs haere natie met donse in Spaignien trafficqueerde ende dat donse onder de namen van de Oosterlinghen Deynen ende andersints moesten trafficqueren, anders dat zy in groot peryckel waren als zy ontdekt wierden," etc.—Caron to the States-General, November 18, 1592, Hague Archives MS.

[1] "In effecte zeyde absolutelycken dat Haer Mat. die begeerde, ende van der resolutie niet soude afstaen."—Same to same, July 30, 1592, Hague Archives MS.

about to mount her horse. Her language was then very curt. She persisted in demanding her troops, and strongly expressed her dissatisfaction that we should have refused them on what she called so good an occasion for using them. I was obliged to cut my replies very short, as it was already between six and seven o'clock, and she was to ride nine English miles to the place where she was to pass the night. I was quite sensible, however, that the audience was arranged to be thus brief in order that I should not be able to stop long enough to give trouble, and perhaps to find occasion to renew our complaints touching the plunderings and robberies committed upon us at sea. This is what some of the great personages here, without doubt, are afraid of, for they were wonderfully well overhauled in my last audience. I shall attempt to speak to her again before she goes very deep into the country."[1]

It was not, however, before the end of the year, after Caron had made a voyage to Holland and had returned, that he was able to bring the subject thoroughly before her Majesty. On the 14th November he had preliminary interviews with the lord high admiral and the lord treasurer at Hampton Court, where the queen was then residing. The plundering business was warmly discussed between himself and the admiral, and there was much quibbling and special pleading in defense of the practices which had created so much irritation and

[1] Caron to the States-General, July 30, 1592: "Emmers ick hebbe wel gevoelt dat deze audientie voor my zoo cort geapposteert was omme dat ick haer niet te lange zoude blyven troubleren ende mischien occasie crygen om onse clagten nopende de plonderingen ende roverien ter zee te vernyeuwen twelck sommige groote allhier zonder twyffel vreesen. Want zy wonderlycken zeer overhaelt wierden in myne leste audientie," etc.

pecuniary loss in Holland. There was a good deal of talk about want of evidence and conflict of evidence, which, to a man who felt as sure of the facts and of the law as the Dutch envoy did,—unless it were according to public law for one friend and ally to plunder and burn the vessels of another friend and ally,—was not encouraging as to the probable issue of his interview with her Majesty. It would be tedious to report the conversation as fully as it was laid by Noël de Caron before the States-General; but at last the admiral expressed a hope that the injured parties would be able to make good their case. At any rate, he assured the envoy that he would take care of Captain Mansfield for the present, who was in prison with two other captains, so that proceedings might be had against them if it was thought worth while.[1]

Caron answered with Dutch bluntness. "I recommended him very earnestly to do this," he said, "and told him roundly that this was by all means necessary for the sake of his own honor. Otherwise no man could ever be made to believe that his Excellency was not seeking to get his own profit out of the affair. But he vehemently swore and protested that this was not the case."[2]

He then went to the lord treasurer's apartment, where a long and stormy interview followed on the subject of

[1] Caron to the States-General, November 18, 1592, Hague Archives MS.

[2] "Ick hebbe hem tzelve zeer ernstelycken gerecommandeert ende dem rondelyck uitgeseyt dat zulex om zyn eerewille allesints betaemde anders dat men nyemant en soude connen doen gelooven oft zyne E. en zoude willen in dese zaecke zyne prouffit gedoen. Zoo hy hoochelyken swoer ende protesteerde dat hy niet en hadde nochte oock en zoude willen doen."—Ibid.

the withdrawal of the English troops. Caron warmly insisted that the measure had been full of danger for the states; that they had been ordered out of Prince Maurice's camp at a most critical moment; that, had it not been for the stadholder's promptness and military skill, very great disasters to the common cause must have ensued; and that, after all, nothing had been done by the contingent in any other field, for they had been for six months idle and sick, without ever reaching Brittany at all.

"The lord treasurer, who, contrary to his custom," said the envoy, "had been listening thus long to what I had to say, now observed that the states had treated her Majesty very ill, that they had kept her running after her own troops nearly half a year, and had offered no excuse for their proceedings."[1]

It would be superfluous to repeat the arguments by which Caron endeavored to set forth that the English troops, sent to the Netherlands according to a special compact, for a special service, and for a special consideration and equivalent, could not honestly be employed, contrary to the wishes of the States-General, upon a totally different service and in another country. The queen willed it, he was informed, and it was ill-treatment of her Majesty on the part of the Hollanders to oppose her will. This argument was unanswerable.

Soon afterward Caron was admitted to the presence of Elizabeth. He delivered, at first, a letter from the States-General, touching the withdrawal of the troops. The queen instantly broke the seal and read the letter to the end. Coming to the concluding passage, in which

[1] Caron to the States-General, November 18, 1592, Hague Archives MS

the states observed that they had great and just cause highly to complain on that subject, she paused, reading the sentences over twice or thrice, and then remarked:

"Truly these are comical people.[1] I have so often been complaining that they refused to send my troops, and now the states complain that they are obliged to let them go. Yet my intention is only to borrow them for a little while, because I can give my brother of France no better succor than by sending him these soldiers, and this I consider better than if I should send him four thousand men. I say again, I am only borrowing them, and surely the states ought never to make such complaints, when the occasion was such a favorable one, and they had received already sufficient aid from these troops, and had liberated their whole country. I don't comprehend these grievances. They complain that I withdraw my people, and meantime they are still holding them and have brought them ashore again. They send me frivolous excuses that the skippers don't know the road to my islands, which is, after all, as easy to find as the way to Caen, for it is all one. I have also sent my own pilots, and I complain bitterly that by making this difficulty they will cause the loss of all Brittany. They run with their people far away from me, and meantime they allow the enemy to become master of all the coasts lying opposite me. But if it goes badly with me they will rue it deeply themselves."[2]

[1] "Voor waer zy zyn schacke luyden."—Caron to the States-General, MS. last cited. The conversation was of course in French, but as the envoy made his report to the States-General in Dutch, it is not possible to give the exact word which the queen used. It may be rendered crafty, queer, droll, cunning, or funny.

[2] Caron to the States-General, MS. last cited.

There was considerable reason, even if there were but little justice, in this strain of remarks. Her Majesty continued it for some little time longer, and it is interesting to see the direct and personal manner in which this great princess handled the weightiest affairs of state. The transfer of a dozen companies of English infantry from Friesland to Brittany was supposed to be big with the fate of France, England, and the Dutch Republic, and was the subject of long and angry controversy, not as a contested point of principle, in regard to which numbers, of course, are nothing, but as a matter of practical and pressing importance.

"Her Majesty made many more observations of this nature," said Caron, "but without getting at all into a passion, and, in my opinion, her discourse was sensible, and she spoke with more moderation than she is wont at other times."[1]

The envoy then presented the second letter from the States-General in regard to the outrages inflicted on the Dutch merchantmen. The queen read it at once, and expressed herself as very much displeased with her people. She said that she had received similar information from Councilor Bodley, who had openly given her to understand that the enormous outrages which her people were committing at sea upon the Netherlanders were a public scandal. It had made her so angry, she said, that she knew not which way to turn. She would take it in hand at once, for she would rather make oath nevermore to permit a single ship of war to

[1] "Doch sonder haer eenighsints te moveren, dan naer myns bedunkens discours gewys ende veel meerder moderatie dan zy op ander tyden wel was gewoon."—Caron to the States-General, MS. last cited.

leave her ports than consent to such thieveries and villainies. She told Caron that he would do well to have his case in regard to these matters verified, and then to give it into her own hands, since otherwise it would all be denied her, and she would find herself unable to get at the truth.[1]

"I have all the proofs and documents of the merchants by me," replied the envoy, "and, moreover, several of the sea-captains who have been robbed and outraged have come over with me, as likewise some merchants who were tortured by burning of the thumbs and other kinds of torments."[2]

This disturbed the queen very much, and she expressed her wish that Caron should not allow himself to be put off with delays by the council, but should insist upon all due criminal punishment, the infliction of which she

[1] "Ende haer zeer tonvreden gehouden jegens haer volck, seyde oock diergelyck verstaen te hebben van den Raetsheer Bodley die haer opentlycken adverteerde dat het een open schandael was te verstaen d'enorme stukken die haer volck ter zee op de onsen waren doende, twelck (soo sy seyde) haer zoo tornich gemaeckt hadde datse niet wiste waer haer keeren, datse oock eens voor haer zoude nemen ende liever versweren nimmermeer meer te consenteren eenich schip van oorlogen te laten uitgaen dan occasie van zulkce dievereyen ende schelmeryen te consenteren, dat ick daeromme wel zoude doen myn zaecke in dit regard te doen verifieren, ende t'zelve haer in handen te geven, want anders men tzelve haer al ontkende ende daer geensints tuschen en conste geraeken."—Caron to the States-General, November 18, 1592, Hague Archives MS.

[2] "Ick zedye aen haere Mat dat ick alle de bewysen ende documenten van de coopluyden by my hadde, oyck mede datter eenige schippers die men berooft ende geoultrageert hadde met my waren gecommen, oock coopluyden die men de duymen hadde gebrant ende andere tormenten van pynigen aen hadde gedaen, twelck haer oock zeer ontstelde," etc.—Ibid.

promised in the strongest terms to order; for she could never enjoy peace of mind, she said, so long as such scoundrels were tolerated in her kingdom.[1]

The envoy had brought with him a summary of the cases, with the names of all the merchants interested, and a list of all the marks on the sacks of money which had been stolen. The queen looked over it very carefully, declaring it to be her intention that there should be no delays interposed in the conduct of this affair by forms of special pleading, but that speedy cognizance should be taken of the whole, and that the property should forthwith be restored.[2]

She then sent for Sir Robert Cecil, whom she directed to go at once and tell his father, the lord treasurer, that he was to assist Caron in this affair exactly as if it were her own. It was her intention, she said, that her people were in no wise to trouble the Hollanders in legitimate mercantile pursuits. She added that it was not enough for her people to say that they had only been seizing Spaniards' goods and money, but she meant that they should prove it, too, or else they should swing for it.[3]

[1] "Seggende dat zy ingerustiche yt niet conde geleven als men zulcke schelmen in haer Rycke langer zoude verdragen."—Caron to the States-General, November 18, 1592, Hague Archives MS.

[2] Ibid.

[3] "Dede dien volgende roupen Sir Robert Cecil die zy belaste aen den Trcsorier zynen vader te gaen zeggen dat hy my hierinne zoude assisteren al oft haer eygen zaecke waere, want haere intentie (zoo zy zeyde) niet en was dat men ons eenigsins in onse coophandelinge soude troubleren als wy daerinne op recht handelden. Seyde oock dat haer niet genoeck en was dat haer volck zeyde dat se Spaignaerts gelt ende goet geattrapeert hadden, maer verstont dat zy tzelve zouden doen blycken ofte met haren hals betaelen."—Ibid.

Caron assured her Majesty that he had no other commission from his masters than to ask for justice, and that he had no instructions to claim Spanish property or enemy's goods. He had brought sufficient evidence with him, he said, to give her Majesty entire satisfaction.

It is not necessary to pursue the subject any further. The great nobles still endeavored to interpose delays, and urged the propriety of taking the case before the common courts of law. Caron, strong in the support of the queen, insisted that it should be settled, as her Majesty had commanded, by the council, and it was finally arranged that the judge of admiralty should examine the evidence on both sides, and then communicate the documents at once to the lord treasurer. Meantime the money was to be deposited with certain aldermen of London, and the accused parties kept in prison. The ultimate decision was then to be made by the council, "not by form of process, but by commission thereto ordained."[1] In the course of the many interviews which followed between the Dutch envoy and the privy councilors, the lord admiral stated that an English merchant residing in the Netherlands had sent to offer him a present of two thousand pounds sterling in case the affair should be decided against the Hollanders. He communicated the name of the individual to Caron, under seal of secrecy, and reminded the lord treasurer that he, too, had seen the letter of the Englishman. Lord Burghley observed that he remembered the fact that certain letters had been communicated to him by the lord admiral, but that he did not know from whence

[1] Caron to the States-General, November 18, 1592, Hague Archives MS. Also same to same, December 12, 1592.

they came, nor anything about the person of the writer.[1]

The case of the plundered merchants was destined to drag almost as slowly before the council as it might have done in the ordinary tribunals, and Caron was "kept running," as he expressed it, "from the court to London, and from London to the court," and it was long before justice was done to the sufferers.[2] Yet the energetic manner in which the queen took the case into her own hands, and the intense indignation with which she denounced the robberies and outrages which had been committed by her subjects upon her friends and allies, were effective in restraining such wholesale piracy in the future.

On the whole, however, if the internal machinery is

[1] "Den grooten Admirael began wederomme te seggen van zyne advertentien die hy op dit stuck selfs hadde geecrygen uit Zeelant, dat eenige Coopluyden hem hadden doen presenteren twee duysent pond sterlincx, seggende totten grooten Tresorier dat hy hem selfs de brieven hadde gecommuniceert die darop antwoorde wel brieven gesien te hebben, maer wiste niet van wiens die quamen doerdien hy den persoon die dezelve gescreven hadde niet en kende, vraegde daeromme van wat natie hy was, den Admirael zeyde dat het een Engelsch Coopman was die hy oock noemde. Doch dede my erst belooven dat ick hem niet en zoude willen ontdecken, zal daeromme synen naem hier naergelaten worden, ter wylen ick oock tzelve alsoo beloofde, maer hocht ans adviseren zulcke ordre daerinno te stellen als den dienst van den lande wel is verheyschende. Den Admirael zeyde oock dat hy wel wiste dat den zelven Coopman alreede derwaerts over in dangiere hadde geweest, twelck my dede antwoorden dat hy dan voer dees tyt voor sulex most wesen bekant."—Report of Caron to the States-General, December 10, 1592, Hague Archives MS.

[2] Letters and reports of Caron, passim, ibid.

examined by which the masses of mankind were moved at this epoch in various parts of Christendom, we shall not find much reason to applaud the conformity of governments to the principles of justice, reason, or wisdom.

CHAPTER XXVIII

Influence of the rule and character of Philip II.—Heroism of the sixteenth century—Contest for the French throne—Character and policy of the Duke of Mayenne—Escape of the Duke of Guise from Castle Tours—Propositions for the marriage of the Infanta—Plotting of the Catholic party—Grounds of Philip's pretensions to the crown of France—Motives of the Duke of Parma maligned by Commander Moreo—He justifies himself to the king—View of the private relations between Philip and the Duke of Mayenne and their sentiments toward each other—Disposition of the French politicians and soldiers toward Philip—Peculiar commercial pursuits of Philip—Confused state of affairs in France—Treachery of Philip toward the Duke of Parma—Recall of the duke to Spain—His sufferings and death.

The People—which has been generally regarded as something naturally below its rulers, and as born to be protected and governed, paternally or otherwise, by an accidental selection from its own species, which by some mysterious process has shot up much nearer to heaven than itself—is often described as brutal, depraved, self-seeking, ignorant, passionate, licentious, and greedy.

It is fitting, therefore, that its protectors should be distinguished, at great epochs of the world's history, by an absence of such objectionable qualities.

It must be confessed, however, that if the world had waited for heroes, during the dreary period which followed the expulsion of something that was called Henry

III. of France from the gates of his capital, and especially during the time that followed hard upon the decease of that embodiment of royalty, its axis must have ceased to turn for a long succession of years. The Béarnese was at least alive and a man; he played his part with consummate audacity and skill; but alas for an epoch or a country in which such a shape, notwithstanding all its engaging and even commanding qualities, is looked upon as an incarnation of human greatness!

But the chief mover of all things, so far as one man can be prime mover, was still the diligent scribe who lived in the Escorial. It was he whose high mission it was to blow the bellows of civil war, and to scatter curses over what had once been the smiling abodes of human creatures, throughout the leading countries of Christendom. The throne of France was vacant, nominally as well as actually, since the year 1589. During two-and-twenty years preceding that epoch he had scourged the provinces, once constituting the richest and most enlightened portions of his hereditary domains, upon the theory that without the Spanish Inquisition no material prosperity was possible on earth, nor any entrance permitted to the realms of bliss beyond the grave. Had every Netherlander consented to burn his Bible, and to be burned himself should he be found listening to its holy precepts if read to him in shop, cottage, farm-house, or castle, and had he, furthermore, consented to renounce all the liberal institutions which his ancestors had earned, in the struggle of centuries, by the sweat of their brows and the blood of their hearts, his benignant proprietor and master, who lived at the ends of the earth, would have consented at almost any

moment to peace. His arms were ever open. Let it not be supposed that this is the language of sarcasm or epigram. Stripped of the decorous sophistications by which human beings are so fond of concealing their naked thoughts from each other, this was the one simple dogma always propounded by Philip. Grimace had done its worst, however, and it was long since it had exercised any power in the Netherlands. The king and the Dutchmen understood each other, and the plain truths with which those republicans answered the imperial proffers of mediation, so frequently renewed, were something new and perhaps not entirely unwholesome in diplomacy.

It is not an inviting task to abandon the comparatively healthy atmosphere of the battle-field, the blood-stained swamp, the murderous trench,—where human beings, even if communing only by bullets and push of pike, were at least dealing truthfully with each other,—and to descend into those subterranean regions where the effluvia of falsehood become almost too foul for ordinary human organization.

Heroes in those days, in any country, there were few. William the Silent was dead. De la Noue was dead. Duplessis-Mornay was living, but his influence over his royal master was rapidly diminishing. Cecil, Hatton, Essex, Howard, Raleigh, James Croft, Valentine Dale, John Norris, Roger Williams, the "Virgin Queen" herself—does one of these chief agents in public affairs, or do all of them together, furnish a thousandth part of that heroic whole which the England of the sixteenth century presents to every imagination? Maurice of Nassau, excellent soldier and engineer as he had already proved himself, had certainly not developed much of the heroic element, although thus far he was walking

straight forward, like a man, in the path of duty, with the pithy and substantial Louis William ever at his side. Olden-Barneveldt, tough burgher statesman, hard-headed, indomitable man of granite, was doing more work, and doing it more thoroughly, than any living politician, but he was certainly not of the mythological brotherhood who inhabit the serene regions of space beyond the moon. He was not the son of god or goddess, destined, after removal from this sphere, to shine with planetary luster, among other constellations, upon the scenes of mortal action. Those of us who are willing to rise—or to descend, if the phrase seems wiser—to the idea of a self-governing people must content ourselves, for this epoch, with the fancy of a hero-people and a people-king.

A plain little republic, thrusting itself uninvited into the great political family party of heaven-anointed sovereigns and long-descended nobles, seemed a somewhat repulsive phenomenon. It became odious and dangerous when by the blows it could deal in battle, the logic it could chop in council, it indicated a remote future for the world in which right divine and regal paraphernalia might cease to be as effective stage-properties as they had always been considered.

Yet it will be difficult for us to find the heroic individualized very perceptibly at this period, look where we may. Already there seemed ground for questioning the comfortable fiction that the accidentally dominant families and castes were by nature wiser, better, braver than that much-contemned entity, the People. What if the fearful heresy should gain ground that the People was at least as wise, honest, and brave as its masters? What if it should become a recognized fact that the great

individuals and castes, whose wealth and station furnished them with ample time and means for perfecting themselves in the science of government, were rather devoting their leisure to the systematic filling of their own pockets than to the hiving up of knowledge for the good of their fellow-creatures? What if the whole theory of hereditary superiority should suddenly exhale? What if it were found out that we were all fellow-worms together, and that those which had crawled highest were not necessarily the least slimy?

Meantime it will be well for us, in order to understand what is called the Past, to scrutinize somewhat closely that which was never meant to be revealed. To know the springs which once controlled the world's movements, one must ponder the secret thoughts, purposes, aspirations, and baffled attempts of the few dozen individuals who once claimed that world in fee simple. Such researches are not in a cheerful field; for the sources of history are rarely fountains of crystal, bubbling through meadows of asphodel. Vast and noisome are the many sewers which have ever run beneath decorous Christendom.

Some of the leading military events in France and Flanders, patent to all the world, which grouped themselves about the contest for the French throne, as the central point in the history of Philip's proposed world-empire, have already been indicated.

It was a species of triangular contest, so far as the chief actors were concerned, for that vacant throne. Philip, Mayenne, Henry of Navarre, with all the adroitness which each possessed, were playing for the splendid prize.

Of Philip it is not necessary to speak. The preceding

volumes of this work have been written in vain if the reader has not obtained from irrefragable testimony—the monarch's own especially—a sufficient knowledge of that human fetish before which so much of contemporary humanity groveled.

The figure of Navarre is also one of the most familiar shapes in history.

As for the Duke of Mayenne, he had been, since the death of his brother the Balafré, ostensible leader of the League, and was playing, not without skill, a triple game.

Firstly, he hoped for the throne for himself.

Secondly, he was assisting the King of Spain to obtain that dignity.

Thirdly, he was manœuvering in dull, dumb, but not ineffective manner in favor of Navarre.

So comprehensive and self-contradictory a scheme would seem to indicate an elasticity of principle and a fertility of resource not often vouchsafed to man.

Certainly one of the most pregnant lessons of history is furnished in the development of these cabals, nor is it, in this regard, of great importance whether the issue was to prove them futile or judicious. It is sufficient for us now that when those vanished days constituted the Present—the vital atmosphere of Christendom—the world's affairs were controlled by those plotters and their subordinates, and it is therefore desirable for us to know what manner of men they were, and how they played their parts.

Nor should it ever be forgotten that the leading motive with all was supposed to be religion. It was to maintain the supremacy of the Roman Church, or to vindicate, to a certain extent, liberty of conscience

through the establishment of a heterodox organization, that all these human beings of various lineage and language throughout Christendom had been cutting each other's throats for a quarter of a century.

Mayenne was not without courage in the field when he found himself there, but it was observed of him that he spent more time at table than the Béarnese in sleep, and that he was so fat as to require the assistance of twelve men to put him in the saddle again whenever he fell from his horse. Yet, slow fighter as he was, he was a most nimble intriguer. As for his private character, it was notoriously stained with every vice, nor was there enough of natural intelligence or of superior acquirement to atone for his crapulous, licentious, shameless life. His military efficiency at important emergencies was impaired and his life endangered by vile diseases. He was covetous and greedy beyond what was considered decent even in that cynical age. He received subsidies and alms with both hands from those who distrusted and despised him, but who could not eject him from his advantageous position.

He wished to arrive at the throne of France. As son of Francis of Guise, as brother of the great Balafré, he considered himself entitled to the homage of the fish-women and the butchers' halls. The constitution of the country in that age making a People impossible, the subtle connection between a high-born intriguer and the dregs of a populace, which can only exist in societies of deep chasms and precipitous contrasts, was easily established.

The duke's summary dealing with the sixteen tyrants of Paris in the matter of the president's murder had, however, loosened his hold on what was considered the democracy; but this was at the time when his schemes

were silently swinging toward the Protestant aristocracy, at the moment when Politica was taking the place of Madam League in his secret affections. Nevertheless, so long as there seemed a chance, he was disposed to work the mines for his own benefit. His position as lieutenant-general gave him an immense advantage for intriguing with both sides, and, in case his aspirations for royalty were baffled, for obtaining the highest possible price for himself in that auction in which Philip and the Béarnese were likely to strain all their resources in outbidding each other.

On one thing his heart was fixed. His brother's son should at least not secure the golden prize if he could prevent it. The young Duke of Guise, who had been immured in Castle Tours since the famous murder of his father and uncle, had made his escape by a rather neat stratagem. Having been allowed some liberty for amusing himself in the corridors in the neighborhood of his apartment, he had invented a game of hop, skip, and jump up stairs and down, which he was wont to play with the soldiers of the guard, as a solace to the tediousness of confinement. One day he hopped and skipped up the staircase with a rapidity which excited the admiration of the companions of his sport, slipped into his room, slammed and bolted the doors, and when the guard, after in vain waiting a considerable time for him to return and resume the game, at last forced an entrance, they found the bird flown out of window. Rope-ladders, confederates, fast-galloping post-horses did the rest, and at last the young duke joined his affectionate uncle in camp, much to that eminent relative's discomfiture.[1] Philip gave alternately conflicting instructions

[1] De Thou, xi.

to Farnese: sometimes that he should encourage the natural jealousy between the pair; sometimes that he should cause them to work harmoniously together for the common good, that common good being the attainment by the King of Spain of the sovereignty of France.

But it was impossible, as already intimated, for Mayenne to work harmoniously with his nephew. The Duke of Guise might marry with the Infanta and thus become King of France by the grace of God and Philip. To such a consummation in the case of his uncle there stood, as we know, an insuperable obstacle in the shape of the Duchess of Mayenne. Should it come to this at last, it was certain that the duke would make any and every combination to frustrate such a scheme. Meantime he kept his own counsel, worked amicably with Philip, Parma, and the young duke, and received money in overflowing measure, and poured into his bosom, from that Spanish monarch whose veterans in the Netherlands were maddened by starvation into mutiny.

Philip's plans were a series of alternatives. France he regarded as the property of his family. Of that there could be no doubt at all. He meant to put the crown upon his own head, unless the difficulties in the way should prove absolutely insuperable. In that case he claimed France and all its inhabitants as the property of his daughter. The Salic law was simply a pleasantry, a bit of foolish pedantry, an absurdity. If Clara Isabella, as daughter of Isabella of France, as grandchild of Henry II., were not manifestly the owner of France,—queen proprietary, as the Spanish doctors called it,—then there was no such thing, so he thought, as inheritance of castle, farm-house, or hovel—no such thing as property anywhere in the world. If the heiress of the Valois

could not take that kingdom as her private estate, what security could there ever be for any possessions, public or private?

This was logical reasoning enough for kings and their councilors. There was much that might be said, however, in regard to special laws. There was no doubt that great countries, with all their live stock, human or otherwise, belonged to an individual, but it was not always so clear who that individual was. This doubt gave much work and comfortable fees to the lawyers. There was much learned lore concerning statutes of descent, cutting off of entails, actions for ejectment, difficulties of enforcing processes, and the like, to occupy the attention of diplomatists, politicians, and other sages. It would have caused general hilarity, however, could it have been suggested that the live stock had art or part in the matter; that sheep, swine, or men could claim a choice of their shepherds and butchers.

Philip, humbly satisfied, as he always expressed himself, so long as the purity of the Roman dogmas and the supremacy of the Romish Church over the whole earth were maintained, affected a comparative indifference as to whether he should put the crown of St. Louis and of Hugh Capet upon his own gray head, or whether he should govern France through his daughter and her husband. Happy the man who might exchange the symbols of mutual affection with Philip's daughter.

The king had various plans in regard to the bestowal of the hand thus richly endowed. First and foremost it was suggested—and the idea was not held too monstrous to be even believed in by some conspicuous individuals—that he proposed espousing his daughter himself. The pope was to be relied on, in this case, to give a special

dispensation. Such a marriage, between parties too closely related to be usually united in wedlock, might otherwise shock the prejudices of the orthodox. His late niece and wife was dead, so that there was no inconvenience on that score, should the interests of his dynasty, his family, and, above all, of the Church, impel him, on mature reflection, to take for his fourth marriage one step farther within the forbidden degrees than he had done in his third. Here is the statement which, if it have no other value, serves to show the hideous designs of which the enemies of Philip sincerely believed that monarch capable.

"But God is a just God," wrote Sir Edward Stafford, "and if, with all things past, that be true that *the king* (*videlicet*, Henry IV.) *yesterday assured me to be true*, and that both his ambassador from Venice writ to him and M. de Luxembourg from Rome, that the Count Olivarez had made a great instance to the pope (Sixtus V.), a little afore his death, to permit his master to marry his daughter, no doubt God will not leave it long unpunished." [1]

Such was the horrible tale which was circulated and believed in by Henry the Great of France and by eminent nobles and ambassadors, and at least thought possible by the English envoy. By such a family arrangement it was obvious that the conflicting claims of father and daughter to the proprietorship of France would be ingeniously adjusted, and the children of so well-assorted a marriage might reign in undisputed legitimacy over France and Spain and the rest of the world-monarchy. Should the king decide on the whole against this matrimonial project, should Innocent or Clement prove as

[1] Stafford to Burghley, October 14, 1590, S. P. Office MS.

intractable as Sixtus, then it would be necessary to decide among various candidates for the Infanta's hand.

In Mayenne's opinion the Duke of Guise was likely to be the man; but there is little doubt that Philip, in case these more cherished schemes should fail, had made up his mind—so far as he ever did make up his mind upon anything—to select his nephew the Archduke Ernest, brother of the Emperor Rudolph, for his son-in-law. But it was not necessary to make an immediate choice. His quiver was full of archdukes, any one of whom would be an eligible candidate, while not one of them would be likely to reject the Infanta with France on her wedding-finger. Meantime there was a lion in the path in the shape of Henry of Navarre.

Those who disbelieve in the influence of the individual on the fate of mankind may ponder the possible results to history and humanity had the dagger of Jacques Clément entered the stomach of Henry IV. rather than of Henry III. in the summer of 1589, or the perturbations in the world's movements that might have puzzled philosophers had there been an unsuspected mass of religious conviction revolving unseen in the mental depths of the Béarnese. Conscience, as it has from time to time exhibited itself on this planet of ours, is a powerful agent in controlling political combinations; but the instances are unfortunately not rare, so far as sublunary progress is concerned, in which the absence of this dominant influence permits a prosperous rapidity to individual careers. Eternal honor to the noble beings, true chieftains among men, who have forfeited worldly power or sacrificed life itself at the dictate of religious or moral conviction, even should the basis of such conviction appear to some of us unsafe or unreal. Shame on the tongue which would

malign or ridicule the martyr or the honest convert to any form of Christian faith! But who can discover aught that is inspiring to the sons of men in conversions—whether of princes or of peasants—wrought, not at risk of life and pelf, but for the sake of securing and increasing the one and the other?

Certainly the Béarnese was the most candid of men. It was this very candor, this freedom from bigotry, this want of conviction, and this openness to conviction, that made him so dangerous and caused so much anxiety to Philip. The Roman Church might or might not be strengthened by the reconversion of the legitimate heir of France, but it was certain that the claims of Philip and the Infanta to the proprietorship of that kingdom would be weakened by the process. While the Spanish king knew himself to be inspired in all his actions by a single motive, the maintenance of the supremacy of the Roman Church, he was perfectly aware that the Prince of Béarn was not so single-hearted nor so conscientious as himself.

The Prince of Béarn, heretic, son of heretics, great chieftain of heretics, was supposed capable of becoming orthodox whenever the pope would accept his conversion. Against this possibility Philip struggled with all his strength.

Since Pope Sixtus V., who had a weakness for Henry, there had been several popes. Urban VII., his immediate successor, had reigned but thirteen days. Gregory XIV. (Sfondrato) had died 15th October, 1591, ten months after his election. Facchinetti, with the title of Innocent IX., had reigned two months, from 29th October to 29th December, 1591. He died of "Spanish poison," said Envoy Umton, as coolly as if speaking of

gout, or typhus, or any other recognized disorder. Clement VIII. (Aldobrandini) was elected 30th January, 1592. He was no lover of Henry, and lived in mortal fear of Philip, while it must be conceded that the Spanish ambassador at Rome was much given to browbeating his Holiness. Should he dare to grant that absolution which was the secret object of the Béarnese, there was no vengeance, hinted the envoy, that Philip would not wreak on the Holy Father. He would cut off his supplies from Naples and Sicily, and starve him and all his subjects; he would frustrate all his family schemes, he would renounce him, he would unpope him, he would do anything that man and despot could do, should the great shepherd dare to readmit this lost sheep, and this very black sheep, into the fold of the faithful.

As for Henry himself, his game—for in his eyes it was nothing but a game—lay every day plainer and plainer before him. He was indispensable to the heretics. Neither England, nor Holland, nor Protestant Germany could renounce him, even should he renounce "the religion." Nor could the French Huguenots exist without that protection which, even although Catholic, he could still extend to them when he should be accepted as king by the Catholics.

Hereditary monarch by French law and history, released from his heresy by the authority that could bind and loose, purged as with hyssop and washed whiter than snow, it should go hard with him if Philip and Farnese and Mayenne, and all the pikemen and reiters they might muster, could keep him very long from the throne of his ancestors.

Nothing could match the ingenuousness with which he demanded the instruction whenever the fitting time for

it should arrive; as if, instead of having been a professor both of the Calvinist and Catholic persuasion, and having relapsed from both, he had been some innocent Peruvian or Hindu, who was invited to listen to preachings and to examine dogmas for the very first time in his life.

Yet Philip had good grounds for hoping a favorable result from his political and military manœuver. He entertained little doubt that France belonged to him or to his daughter; that the most powerful party in the country was in favor of his claims, provided he would pay the voters liberally enough for their support; and that if the worst came to the worst it would always be in his power to dismember the kingdom, and to reserve the lion's share for himself, while distributing some of the provinces to the most prominent of his confederates.

The sixteen tyrants of Paris had already, as we have seen, urged the crown upon him, provided he would establish in France the Inquisition, the Council of Trent, and other acceptable institutions, besides distributing judiciously a good many lucrative offices among various classes of his adherents.

The Duke of Mayenne, in his own name and that of all the Catholics of France, formally demanded of him to maintain two armies, forty thousand men in all, to be respectively under command of the duke himself and of Alexander Farnese, and regularly to pay for them. These propositions, as has been seen, were carried into effect as nearly as possible, at enormous expense to Philip's exchequer, and he naturally expected as good faith on the part of Mayenne.

In the same paper in which the demand was made Philip was urged to declare himself King of France. He was assured that the measure could be accomplished

"by freely bestowing marquisates, baronies, and peerages, in order to content the avarice and ambition of many persons, without at the same time dissipating the greatness from which all these members depended. Pepin and Charlemagne," said the memorialists, "who were foreigners and Saxons by nation, did as much in order to get possession of a kingdom to which they had no other right except that which they acquired there by their prudence and force, and after them Hugh Capet, much inferior to them in force and authority, following their example, had the same good fortune for himself and his posterity, and one which still endures.

"If the authority of the holy see could support the scheme at the same time," continued Mayenne and his friends, "it would be a great help. But it being perilous to ask for that assistance before striking the blow, it would be better to obtain it after the execution."[1]

That these wholesome opinions were not entirely original on the part of Mayenne, nor produced spontaneously, was plain from the secret instructions given by Philip to his envoys, Don Bernardino de Mendoza, John Baptist de Tassis, and the Commander Moreo, whom he had sent soon after the death of Henry III. to confer with Cardinal Gaetano in Paris.

They were told, of course, to do everything in their power to prevent the election of the Prince of Béarn, "being as he was a heretic, obstinate and confirmed, who had sucked heresy with his mother's milk." The legate was warned that "if the Béarnese should make a show of converting himself, it would be frigid and fabricated."[2]

[1] Arch. de Sim. (Paris), A. 57, 133, MS.

[2] Instruccion que se dió á Don B. de Mendoza, J. B. de Tassis, y el Com. Moreo, anno 1589, Arch. de Sim. MS.

If they were asked whom Philip desired for king—a question which certainly seemed probable under the circumstances—they were to reply that his foremost wish was to establish the Catholic religion in the kingdom, and that whatever was most conducive to that end would be most agreeable to him. "As it is, however, desirable, in order to arrange matters, that you should be informed of everything," said his Majesty, "it is proper that you should know that I have two kinds of right to all that there is over there: firstly, because the crown of France has been usurped from me, my ancestors having been unjustly excluded by foreign occupation of it; and, secondly, because I claim the same crown as first male of the house of Valois."[1]

Here certainly were comprehensive pretensions, and it was obvious that the king's desire for the establishment of the Catholic religion must have been very lively to enable him to invent or accept such astonishing fictions.

But his own claims were but a portion of the case. His daughter and possible spouse had rights of her own, hard, in his opinion, to be gainsaid. "Over and above all this," said Philip, "my eldest daughter, the Infanta, has two other rights—one to all the states which as dower property are joined by matrimony and through females to this crown, which now come to her in direct line, and the other to the crown itself, which belongs

[1] "Es buen que sepays que yo tengo dos maneras de derecho a lo de ay; por una parte a lo que me tiene usurpado essa corona aviendo lo ocupado injustamente a mios pasados, y por otra a la misma corona como Varon mayor de dias de la casa Valesia—y que de mas desto tiene otros dos derechos la Infanta mi hija mayor," etc.—Instruccion, etc., MS. last cited.

directly to the said Infanta, the matter of the Salic law being a mere invention."[1]

Thus it would appear that Philip was the legitimate representative not only of the ancient races of French monarchs, whether Merovingians, Carlovingians, or otherwise was not stated, but also of the usurping houses themselves, by whose intrusion those earlier dynasties had been ejected, being the eldest male heir of the extinct line of Valois, while his daughter was, if possible, even more legitimately the sovereign and proprietor of France than he was himself.

Nevertheless, in his magnanimous desire for the peace of the world and the advancement of the interests of the Church, he was, if reduced to extremities, willing to forego his own individual rights—when it should appear that they could by no possibility be enforced—in favor of his daughter and of the husband whom he should select for her.

"Thus it may be seen," said the self-denying man, "that I know how, for the sake of the public repose, to strip myself of my private property."[2]

Afterward, when secretly instructing the Duke of Feria, about to proceed to Paris for the sake of settling the sovereignty of the kingdom, he reviewed the whole subject, setting forth substantially the same intentions.

[1] Instruccion, etc., MS. last cited.

[2] "Tras esto, como yo tiro el suave reparo desse reyno mas que a interesses proprios facilmente me absterria de las pretenciones que me tocan, con saber que son muy bien fundadas si viesse abrirse puerta a que consiguiendo las suyas la Infanta y por via de casamiento que estuviesse bien a todos—que menos sombras y çelos causaria los invidiosos de fuera—assi para que se vea que sabe por el sossiego publico desnudarme de mi particular."—MS. last cited.

That the Prince of Béarn could ever possibly succeed to the throne of his ancestors was an idea to be treated only with sublime scorn by all right-minded and sensible men. "The members of the house of Bourbon," said he, "pretend that by right of blood the crown belongs to them, and hence is derived the pretension made by the Prince of Béarn; but if there were wanting other very sufficient causes to prevent this claim—which, however, are not wanting—it is quite enough that he is a relapsed heretic, declared to be such by the apostolic see, and pronounced incompetent, as well as the other members of his house, all of them, to say the least, encouragers of heresy; so that not one of them can ever be King of France, where there have been such religious princes in time past, who have justly merited the name of Most Christian; and so there is no possibility of permitting him or any of his house to aspire to the throne, or to have the subject even treated of in the estates. It should, on the contrary, be entirely excluded as prejudicial to the realm and unworthy to be even mentioned among persons so Catholic as those about to meet in that assembly."[1]

The claims of the man whom his supporters already called Henry IV. of France being thus disposed of, Philip then again alluded with his usual minuteness to the various combinations which he had formed for the tranquillity and good government of that kingdom and of the other provinces of his world-empire.

It must, moreover, be never forgotten that what he said passed with his contemporaries almost for oracular dispensations. What he did or ordered to be done was like

[1] Instruccion general para el Duque de Feria, Madrid, 2 Enero, 1592, A. 57, 151, MS.

the achievements or behests of a superhuman being. Time, as it rolls by, leaves the wrecks of many a stranded reputation to bleach in the sunshine of after ages. It is sometimes as profitable to learn what was *not* done by the great ones of the earth, in spite of all their efforts, as to ponder those actual deeds which are patent to mankind. The Past was once the Present, and once the Future, bright with rainbows or black with impending storm; for history is a continuous whole of which we see only fragments.

He who at the epoch with which we are now occupied was deemed greatest and wisest among the sons of earth, at whose threats men quailed, at whose vast and intricate schemes men gasped in pale-faced awe, has left behind him the record of his interior being. Let us consider whether he was so potent as his fellow-mortals believed, or whether his greatness was merely their littleness—whether it was carved out of the inexhaustible but artificial quarry of human degradation. Let us see whether the execution was consonant with the inordinate plotting; whether the price in money and blood—and certainly few human beings have squandered so much of either as did Philip the Prudent in his long career—was high or low for the work achieved.

Were after generations to learn, only after curious research, of a pretender who once called himself, to the amusement of his contemporaries, Henry IV. of France, or was the world-empire for which so many armies were marshaled, so many ducats expended, so many falsehoods told, to prove a bubble after all? Time was to show. Meantime wise men of the day, who, like the sages of every generation, read the future like a printed scroll, were pitying the delusion and rebuking the

wickedness of Henry the Béarnese, persisting as he did in his cruel, sanguinary, hopeless attempt to establish a vanished and impossible authority over a land distracted by civil war.

Nothing could be calmer or more reasonable than the language of the great champion of the Inquisition.

"And as President Jeannin informs me," he said, "that the Catholics have the intention of electing me king, that appearing to them the gentlest and safest method to smooth all rivalries likely to arise among the princes aspiring to the crown, I reply, as you will see by the copy herewith sent. You will observe that after not refusing myself to that which may be the will of our Lord, should there be no other mode of serving him, above all I desire that which concerns my daughter, since to her belongs the kingdom. I desire nothing else, nor anything for myself, nor for anybody else, except as a means for her to arrive at her right." [1]

He had taken particular pains to secure his daughter's right in Brittany, while the Duchess of Mercœur, by the secret orders of her husband, had sent a certain ecclesiastic to Spain to make over the sovereignty of this province to the Infanta. Philip directed that the utmost

[1] "Y por que dixo que avia voluntad en los Catolicos de nombrarme a mi por su rey, pareciendoles esto mas suave y seguro para allañar las competencias que puede aver entre los mismos principes que aspiran a estos, se le respondio lo que vereys per la copia que con esta se embia por donde entendereys que tras no negarme a lo que fuessa voluntad de n^ro Señor quando no huviesse otro medio para su servicio, lo que sobre todo desseo es lo que toca a mi hija, pues a ella venga el reyno; yo no quiero otra cosa ni nada para mi ni para otro, sino es por torçedor y medio para que ella consiga su derecho."—Instruccion general para el Duque de Feria, etc., MS. before cited.

secrecy should be observed in regard to this transaction with the duke and duchess, and promised the duke, as his reward for these proposed services in dismembering his country, the government of the province for himself and his heirs.[1]

For the king was quite determined, in case his efforts to obtain the crown for himself or for his daughter were unsuccessful, to dismember France, with the assistance of those eminent Frenchmen who were now so industriously aiding him in his projects.

"And in the third place," said he, in his secret instructions to Feria, "if, for the sins of all, we don't manage to make any election, and if therefore the kingdom of [France] has to come to separation and to be divided into many hands, in this case we must propose to the Duke of Mayenne to assist him in getting possession of Normandy for himself, and as to the rest of the kingdom, I shall take for myself that which seems good to me, all of us assisting each other."[2]

But unfortunately it was difficult for any of these fellow-laborers to assist each other very thoroughly while they detested each other so cordially and suspected each other with such good reason.

[1] Instruccion secreta para Don Mendo de la Desma, 2 Marzo, 1591, Arch. de Sim., A. 57, 134, MS.

[2] "El tercero si por pecados de todos no se acertasse a hazer election ninguna, y assi huviesse de venir a quel reyno en disipacion, y dividirse en muchos manos, y en este caso se ofrecio al Duque de Umena de asistirle para que se apodere de Normandia para si, y que de lo demas tome yo para mi lo que me pareciere, ayudando nos bien uno a otro."—Instruccion secreta lo que vos Don Lorenzo Suarez de Figueroa, Duque de Feria, mi primo aveys de llevar entendido de mas que contiene la instruccion general que llevays, 2 Enero, 1592, Arch. de Sim. (Paris) MS., A. 57, 151.

Moreo, Ybarra, Feria, Parma, all assured their master that Mayenne was taking Spanish money as fast as he could get it, but with the sole purpose of making himself king. As to any of the house of Lorraine obtaining the hand of the Infanta and the throne with it, Feria assured Philip that Mayenne "would sooner give the crown to the Grand Turk."[1]

Nevertheless, Philip thought it necessary to continue making use of the duke. Both were indefatigable, therefore, in expressing feelings of boundless confidence each in the other.

It has been seen, too, how entirely the king relied on the genius and devotion of Alexander Farnese to carry out his great schemes; and certainly never had monarch a more faithful, unscrupulous, and dexterous servant. Remonstrating, advising, but still obeying,—entirely without conscience, unless it were conscience to carry out his master's commands, even when most puerile or most diabolical,—he was, nevertheless, the object of Philip's constant suspicion, and felt himself placed under perpetual though secret supervision.

Commander Moreo was unwearied in blackening the duke's character and in maligning his every motive and action, and greedily did the king incline his ear to the calumnies steadily instilled by the chivalrous spy.

"He has caused all the evil we are suffering," said Moreo. "When he sent Egmont to France 't was without infantry, although Egmont begged hard for it, as did likewise the legate, Don Bernardino, and Tassis. Had he done this there is no doubt at all that the Catho-

[1] Duke of Feria to Philip, Arch. de Sim. (Paris), B. 75, 26–30, cited by Capefigue, vi. 259.

lic cause in France would have been safe, and your Majesty would now have the control over that kingdom which you desire. This is the opinion of friends and foes. I went to the Duke of Parma and made free to tell him that the whole world would blame him for the damage done to Christianity, since your Majesty had exonerated yourself by ordering him to go to the assistance of the French Catholics with all the zeal possible. Upon this he was so disgusted that he has never shown me a civil face since. I doubt whether he will send or go to France at all, and although the Duke of Mayenne despatches couriers every day with protestations and words that would soften rocks, I see no indications of a movement." [1]

Thus, while the duke was making great military preparations for invading France without means, pawning his own property to get bread for his starving veterans, and hanging those veterans whom starving had made mutinous, he was depicted, to the most suspicious and unforgiving mortal that ever wore a crown, as a traitor and a rebel, and this while he was renouncing his own judicious and well-considered policy in obedience to the wild schemes of his master.

"I must make bold to remind your Majesty," again whispered the spy, "that there never was an Italian prince who failed to pursue his own ends, and that there are few in the world that are not wishing to become greater than they are. This man here could strike a greater blow than all the rest of them put together. Remember that there is not a villain anywhere that does not desire the death of your Majesty. Believe me, and send to cut off my head if it shall be found that I am

[1] Moreo to Philip, June 22, 1590, Arch. de Sim. MS.

speaking from passion, or from other motive than pure zeal for your royal service."[1]

The reader will remember into what a paroxysm of rage Alexander was thrown on a former occasion, when secretly invited to listen to propositions by which the sovereignty over the Netherlands was to be secured to himself, and how near he was to inflicting mortal punishment with his own hand on the man who had ventured to broach that treasonable matter.[2]

Such projects and propositions were ever floating, as it were, in the atmosphere, and it was impossible for the most just men to escape suspicion in the mind of a king who fed upon suspicion as his daily bread. Yet nothing could be fouler or falser than the calumny which described Alexander as unfaithful to Philip. Had he served his God as he served his master perhaps his record before the highest tribunal would have been a clearer one.

And in the same vein in which he wrote to the monarch in person did the crafty Moreo write to the principal secretary of state, Idiaquez, whose mind, as well as his master's, it was useful to poison, and who was in daily communication with Philip.

"Let us make sure of Flanders," said he, "otherwise we shall all of us be well cheated. I will tell you something of that which I have already told his Majesty, only

[1] Moreo to Philip, June 22, 1590: "Me atrevere a decir que se acuerde V. M. que no hay principe in Italia qui deje de tener sus fines, y que hay pocos en el mundo qui no tengan puesta la mira a ser mas—y el de aquí podria si quiere dar mayor golpe que todos los demas—y que no hay hombre malo qui no dessee la muerte de V. M^d. Crealo y mandame cortar la cabeza si hallare que digo por pasion ni otro que çelo limpio del servicio de V. M^d."

[2] See vol iii. of this work, p. 416.

not all, referring you to Tassis, who, as a personal witness to many things, will have it in his power to undeceive his Majesty. I have seen very clearly that the duke is disgusted with his Majesty, and one day he told me that he cared not if the whole world went to destruction, only not Flanders.[1]

"Another day he told me that there was a report abroad that his Majesty was sending to arrest him by means of the Duke of Pastrana, and looking at me, he said: 'See here, seignior commander, no threats, as if it were in the power of mortal man to arrest me, much less of such fellows as these.'[2]

"But this is but a small part of what I could say," continued the detective knight commander, "for I don't like to trust these ciphers. But be certain that nobody in Flanders wishes well to these estates or to the Catholic cause, and the associates of the Duke of Parma go about saying that it does not suit the Italian potentates to have his Majesty as great a monarch as he is trying to be."[3]

This is but a sample of the dangerous stuff with which the royal mind was steadily drugged, day after day, by those to whom Farnese was especially enjoined to give his confidence. Later on it will be seen how much effect was thus produced both upon the king and upon the duke. Moreo, Mendoza, and Tassis were placed about the governor-general, nominally as his councilors, in reality as police officers.

[1] Moreo to Don I. de Idiaquez, January 30, 1590, Arch. de Sim. MS.

[2] Ibid: "Y viendome dixo, mire Señor Com^{dor} que calle de amenazas, como si fuese en poder de hombre humano que me pudiese prender, quanto mas semejante gente," etc.

[3] Ibid.

"You are to confer regularly with Mendoza, Tassis, and Moreo," said Philip to Farnese.[1]

"You are to assist, correspond, and harmonize in every way with the Duke of Parma," wrote Philip to Mendoza, Tassis, and Moreo.[2] And thus cordially and harmoniously were the trio assisting and corresponding with the duke.

But Moreo was right in not wishing to trust the ciphers, and indeed he had trusted them too much, for Farnese was very well aware of his intrigues, and complained bitterly of them to the king and to Idiaquez.

Most eloquently and indignantly did he complain of the calumnies, ever renewing themselves, of which he was the subject. "'T is this good Moreo who is the author of the last falsehoods," said he to the secretary; "and this is but poor payment for my having neglected my family, my parents and children for so many years in the king's service, and put my life ever on the hazard, that these fellows should be allowed to revile me and make game of me now, instead of assisting me."[3]

He was at that time, after almost superhuman exertions, engaged in the famous relief of Paris. He had gone there, he said, against his judgment and remonstrating with his Majesty on the insufficiency of men and money for such an enterprise. His army was half mutinous, and unprovided with food, artillery, or munitions; and then he found himself slandered, ridiculed, his life's life lied away. 'T was poor payment for his services, he exclaimed, if his Majesty should give ear to

[1] Philip to Parma, January 30, 1590, Arch. de Sim. MS.

[2] Instruccion que S. M. dio a J. B. Tassis, para Don B. de Mendoza y Com^dador Moreo, May 3, 1590, Arch. de Sim. MS.

[3] Parma to Idiaquez, October 20, 1590, Arch. de Sim. MS.

these calumniators, and should give him no chance of confronting his accusers and clearing his reputation. Moreo detested him, as he knew, and Prince Doria said that the commander once spoke so ill of Farnese in Genoa that he was on the point of beating him, while Moreo afterward told the story as if he had been maltreated because of defending Farnese against Doria's slanders.[1]

And still more vehemently did he inveigh against Moreo in his direct appeals to Philip.[2] He had intended to pass over his calumnies, of which he was well aware, because he did not care to trouble the dead,—for Moreo meantime had suddenly died, and the gossips, of course, said it was of Farnese poison,[3]—but he had just discovered by documents that the commander had been steadily and constantly pouring these his calumnies into the monarch's ears. He denounced every charge as lies, and demanded proof. Moreo had further been endeavoring to prejudice the Duke of Mayenne against the King of Spain and himself, saying that he, Farnese, had been commissioned to take Mayenne into custody, with plenty of similar lies.

"But what I most feel," said Alexander, with honest wrath, "is to see that your Majesty gives ear to them without making the demonstration which my services

[1] Parma to Philip, October 20, 1590, Arch. de Sim. MS.

[2] Ibid.

[3] "Murio en Miaux a los treynta de Agosto (1590) el Comendador Juan Moreo," says Coloma (iii. 47, 48), "hombre de ingenio prompto y artificioso, que de moderados principios de un pobre Caballero de Malta, llego á ser primer Mobil de las furiosas guerras que abrasaron tantos años a Francia, excessivo gastador de la hazienda del rey, y *atrevidissimo comprador* de voluntades; este gano la del Duque de Guisa de manera que le hizo Español de corazon, y le confirmó en el aborrecimiento contra los herejes, y

merit, and has not sent to inform me of them, seeing that they may involve my reputation and honor. People have made more account of these calumnies than of my actions performed upon the theater of the world. I complain, after all my toils and dangers in your Majesty's service, just when I stood with my soul in my mouth and death in my teeth, forgetting children, house, and friends, to be treated thus, instead of receiving rewards and honor, and being enabled to leave to my children, what was better than all the riches the royal hand could bestow, an unsullied and honorable name."[1]

He protested that his reputation had so much suffered that he would prefer to retire to some remote corner as a humble servant of the king, and leave a post which had made him so odious to all. Above all, he entreated his Majesty to look upon this whole affair "not only like a king, but like a gentleman."[2]

Philip answered these complaints and reproaches benignantly, expressed unbounded confidence in the duke, assured him that the calumnies of his supposed enemies could produce no effect upon the royal mind, and coolly professed to have entirely forgotten having received any such letter as that of which his nephew complained. "At any rate, I have mislaid it," he said, "so that you see how much account it was with me."[3]

sus fautores sin excepcion de persona, tan a la descubierta que le costo la vida: á el se dixo que le costó la suya lo que escrivio al rey contra el Duque de Parma; murio casi al improviso despues de cierto banquete, que ocasionó esta fama, y en que le traço no menos infamia que acrecentamiento."

[1] Parma to Philip, October 20, 1590, Arch. de Sim. MS.

[2] Ibid.: "Sea servido V. Md considerar no tan solamente con ojos de rey mas de cavallero esto negocio."

[3] Philip to Parma, December 5, 1590, Arch. de Sim. MS.

As the king was in the habit of receiving such letters every week, not only from the commander, since deceased, but from Ybarra and others, his memory, to say the least, seemed to have grown remarkably feeble. But the sequel will very soon show that he had kept the letters by him and pondered them to much purpose. To expect frankness and sincerity from him, however, even in his most intimate communications to his most trusted servants, would have been to "swim with fins of lead."

Such being the private relations between the conspirators, it is instructive to observe how they dealt with each other in the great game they were playing for the first throne in Christendom. The military events have been sufficiently sketched in the preceding pages, but the meaning and motives of public affairs can be best understood by occasional glances behind the scenes. It is well for those who would maintain their faith in popular governments to study the workings of the secret, irresponsible, arbitrary system; for every government, as every individual, must be judged at last by those moral laws which no man born of woman can evade.

During the first French expedition—in the course of which Farnese had saved Paris from falling into the hands of Henry, and had been doing his best to convert it prospectively into the capital of his master's empire—it was his duty, of course, to represent as accurately as possible the true state of France. He submitted his actions to his master's will, but he never withheld from him the advantage that he might have derived, had he so chosen, from his nephew's luminous intelligence and patient observation.

With the chief personage he had to deal with he pro-

fessed himself, at first, well satisfied. "The Duke of Mayenne," said he to Philip, "persists in desiring your Majesty only as King of France, and will hear of no other candidate, which gives me satisfaction such as can't be exaggerated."[1] Although there were difficulties in the way, Farnese thought that the two together with God's help might conquer them. "Certainly it is not impossible that your Majesty may succeed," he said, "although very problematical; and in case your Majesty does succeed in that which we all desire and are struggling for, Mayenne not only demands the second place in the kingdom for himself, but the fief of some great province for his family."[2]

Should it not be possible for Philip to obtain the crown, Farnese was, on the whole, of opinion that Mayenne had better be elected. In that event he would make over Brittany and Burgundy to Philip, together with the cities opposite the English coast. If they were obliged to make the duke king, as was to be feared, they should at any rate exclude the Prince of Béarn, and secure, what was the chief point, the Catholic religion. "This," said Alexander, "is about what I can gather of Mayenne's views, and perhaps he will put them down in a despatch to your Majesty."[3]

After all, the duke was explicit enough. He was for taking all he could get,—the whole kingdom if possible,—but if foiled, then as large a slice of it as Philip would give him as the price of his services. And Philip's ideas

[1] Parma to Philip, October 21, 1590, Arch. de Sim. MS.: "Que es persistir el D. de Umena en no pretender otro rey que V. Md en este reyno lo cual nos viene tan a cuento que no hay para que encarescello."

[2] Ibid.

[3] Ibid.

were not materially different from those of the other conspirator.

Both were agreed on one thing: the true heir must be kept out of his rights, and the Catholic religion be maintained in its purity. As to the inclination of the majority of the inhabitants, they could hardly be in the dark. They knew that the Béarnese was instinctively demanded by the nation, for his accession to the throne would furnish the only possible solution to the entanglements which had so long existed.[1]

As to the true sentiments of the other politicians and soldiers of the League with whom Farnese came in contact in France, he did not disguise from his master that they were anything but favorable.

"That you may know the humor of this kingdom," said he, "and the difficulties in which I am placed, I must tell you that I am by large experience much confirmed in that which I have always suspected. Men don't love nor esteem the royal name of your Majesty; and whatever the benefits and assistance they get from you, they have no idea of anything redounding to your benefit and royal service, except so far as implied in maintaining the Catholic religion and keeping out the Béarn. These two things, however, they hold to be so entirely to your Majesty's profit that all you are doing appears the fulfilment of a simple obligation. They are filled with fear, jealousy, and suspicion of your Majesty. They dread your acquiring power here. Whatever negotiations they pretend in regard to putting the kingdom or any of their cities under your protection, they have never had any real intention of doing it, but their only object is to keep up our vain hopes while they are carry-

[1] Parma to Philip, October 3, 1590, Arch. de Sim. MS.

ing out their own ends. If to day they seem to have agreed upon any measure, to-morrow they are sure to get out of it again. This has always been the case, and all your Majesty's ministers that have had dealings here would say so, if they chose to tell the truth. Men are disgusted with the entrance of the army, and if they were not expecting a more advantageous peace in the kingdom with my assistance than without it, I don't know what they would do; for I have heard what I have heard and seen what I have seen. They are afraid of our army, but they want its assistance and our money."[1]

Certainly if Philip desired enlightenment as to the real condition of the country he had determined to appropriate, and the true sentiments of its most influential inhabitants, here was the man most competent of all the world to advise him, describing the situation for him, day by day, in the most faithful manner. And at every step the absolutely puerile inadequacy of the means employed by the king to accomplish his gigantic purposes became apparent. If the crime of subjugating, or at least dismembering, the great kingdom of France were to be attempted with any hope of success, at least it might have been expected that the man employed to consummate the deed would be furnished with more troops and money than would be required to appropriate a savage island in the Caribbean, or a German principality. But Philip expected miracles to be accomplished by the mere private assertion of his will. It was so easy to conquer realms at the writing-table.

"I don't say," continued Farnese, "if I could have entered France with a competent army, well paid and disciplined, with plenty of artillery and munitions, and

[1] Parma to Philip, October 3, 1590, Arch. de Sim. MS.

with funds enough to enable Mayenne to buy up the nobles of his party and to conciliate the leaders generally with presents and promises, that perhaps they might not have softened. Perhaps interest and fear would have made that name agreeable which pleases them so little, now that the very reverse of all this has occurred. My want of means is causing a thousand disgusts among the natives of the country, and it is this penury that will be the chief cause of the disasters which may occur." [1]

Here was sufficiently plain speaking. To conquer a warlike nation without an army, to purchase a rapacious nobility with an empty purse, were tasks which might break the stoutest heart. They were breaking Alexander's.

Yet Philip had funds enough, if he had possessed financial ability himself, or any talent for selecting good financiers. The richest countries of the Old World and the New were under his scepter; the mines of Peru and Mexico, the wealth of farthest Ind, were at his disposition; and, moreover, he drove a lucrative traffic in the sale of papal bulls and mass-books, which were furnished to him at a very low figure, and which he compelled the wild Indians of America and the savages of the Pacific to purchase of him at an enormous advance. That very year a Spanish carack had been captured by the English off the Barbary coast, with an assorted cargo, the miscellaneous nature of which gives an idea of royal commercial pursuits at that period. Besides wine in large quantities there were fourteen hundred chests of quicksilver, an article indispensable to the working of the silver-mines, and which no one but the king could,

[1] Parma to Philip, MS. last cited.

upon pain of death, send to America. He received, according to contract, for every pound of quicksilver thus delivered a pound of pure silver, weight for weight. The ship likewise contained ten cases of gilded mass-books and papal bulls. The bulls, two million and seventy thousand in number, for the dead and the living, were intended for the provinces of New Spain, Yucatan, Guatemala, Honduras, and the Philippines. The quicksilver and the bulls cost the king three hundred thousand florins, but he sold them for five million. The price at which the bulls were to be sold varied, according to the letters of advice found in the ships, from two to four reals apiece, and the inhabitants of those conquered regions were obliged to buy them.[1] "From all this," says a contemporary chronicler, "is to be seen what a thrifty trader was the king."[2]

The affairs of France were in such confusion that it was impossible for them, according to Farnese, to remain in such condition much longer without bringing about entire decomposition. Every man was doing as he chose, whether governor of a city, commander of a district, or gentleman in his castle. Many important nobles and prelates followed the Béarnese party, and Mayenne was entitled to credit for doing as well as he did. There was no pretense, however, that his creditable conduct was due to anything but the hope of being well paid. "If your Majesty should decide to keep Mayenne," said Alexander, "you can only do it with large sums of money. He is a good Catholic and very firm in his purpose, but is so much opposed by his own party that if I had not so stimulated him by hopes of his own grandeur he would have grown desperate,—such small means has

[1] Meteren, xvi. 300. [2] Ibid.

he of maintaining his party,—and, it is to be feared, he would have made arrangements with Béarn, who offers him carte blanche."[1]

The disinterested man had expressed his assent to the views of Philip in regard to the assembly of the estates and the election of king, but had claimed the sum of six hundred thousand dollars as absolutely necessary to the support of himself and followers until those events should occur.[2] Alexander, not having that sum at his disposal, was inclined to defer matters, but was more and more confirmed in his opinion that the duke was a "man of truth, faith, and his word."[3] He had distinctly agreed that no king should be elected not satisfactory to Philip, and had "stipulated in return that he should have in this case not only the second place in the kingdom, but some very great and special reward in full property."[4]

Thus the man of truth, faith, and his word had no idea of selling himself cheap, but manifested as much commercial genius as the Fuggers themselves could have displayed, had they been employed as brokers in these mercantile transactions.

Above all things, Alexander implored the king to be expeditious, resolute, and liberal, for, after all, the Béarnese might prove a more formidable competitor than he was deemed. "These matters must be arranged while the iron is hot," he said, "in order that the name and memory of the Béarn and of all his family may be excluded at once and forever; for your Majesty must

[1] Parma to Philip, October 3, 1590, Arch. de Sim. MS.

[2] Ibid.

[3] "Hombre de verdad, fé y palabra."—Ibid.

[4] Ibid.

not doubt that the whole kingdom inclines to him, both because he is natural successor to the crown, and because in this way the civil war would cease. The only thing that gives trouble is the religious defect, so that if this should be remedied in appearance, even if falsely, men would spare no pains nor expense in his cause." [1]

No human being at that moment, assuredly, could look into the immediate future accurately enough to see whether the name and memory of the man whom his adherents called Henry IV. of France, and whom Spaniards, legitimists, and enthusiastic papists called the Prince of Béarn, were to be forever excluded from the archives of France; whether Henry, after spending the whole of his life as a pretender, was destined to bequeath the same empty part to his descendants, should they think it worth their while to play it. Meantime the sages smiled superior at his delusion, while Alexander Farnese, on the contrary, better understanding the chances of the great game which they were all playing, made bold to tell his master that all hearts in France were inclining to their natural lord. "Differing from your Majesty," said he, "I am of opinion that there is no better means of excluding him than to make choice of the Duke of Mayenne, as a person agreeable to the people, and who could only reign by your permission and support." [2]

Thus, after much hesitation and circumlocution, the nephew made up his mind to chill his uncle's hopes of

[1] Parma to Philip, October 3, 1590, Arch. de Sim. MS.: "Que con esto quedara escluido totalmente el nombre y memoria de Béarne y de los de su casa a quien no dude V. M^{d} de que el reyno todo inclina, asi por ser naturalemente sucesores del," etc.

[2] Ibid.

the crown, and to speak a decided opinion in behalf of the man of his word, faith, and truth.

And thus through the whole of the two memorable campaigns made by Alexander in France he never failed to give his master the most accurate pictures of the country and an interior view of its politics, urging above all the absolute necessity of providing much more liberal supplies for the colossal adventure in which he was engaged. "Money and again money is what is required," he said. "The principal matter is to be accomplished with money, and the particular individuals must be bought with money. The good will of every French city must be bought with money. Mayenne must be humored. He is getting dissatisfied. Very probably he is intriguing with Béarn. Everybody is pursuing his private ends. Mayenne has never abandoned his own wish to be king, although he sees the difficulties in the way; and while he has not the power to do us as much good as is thought, it is certainly in his hands to do us a great deal of injury."[1]

When his army was rapidly diminishing by disease, desertion, mutiny, and death, he vehemently and perpetually denounced the utter inadequacy of the king's means to his vast projects. He protested that he was not to blame for the ruin likely to come upon the whole enterprise. He had besought, remonstrated, reasoned with Philip—in vain.[2] He assured his master that in the condition of weakness in which they found themselves not very triumphant negotiations could be expected, but that he would do his best. "The Frenchmen," he said, "are getting tired of our disorders, and

[1] Parma to Philip, March 11, 1592, Arch. de Sim. MS.

[2] Ibid.

scandalized by our weakness, misery, and poverty. They disbelieve the possibility of being liberated through us."[1]

He was also most diligent in setting before the king's eyes the dangerous condition of the obedient Netherlands, the poverty of the finances, the mutinous degeneration of the once magnificent Spanish army, the misery of the country, the ruin of the people, the discontent of the nobles, the rapid strides made by the Republic, the vast improvement in its military organization, the rising fame of its young stadholder, the thrift of its exchequer, the rapid development of its commerce, the menacing aspect which it assumed toward all that was left of Spanish power in those regions.

Moreover, in the midst of the toils and anxieties of war-making and negotiation, he had found time to discover and to send to his master the left leg of the glorious apostle St. Philip and the head of the glorious martyr St. Lawrence, to enrich his collection of relics; and it may be doubted whether these treasures were not as welcome to the king as would have been the news of a decisive victory.[2]

During the absence of Farnese in his expeditions against the Béarnese, the government of his provinces was temporarily in the hands of Peter Ernest Mansfeld.

This grizzled old fighter, testy, choleric, superannu-

[1] Parma to Philip, June 2, 1592, Arch. de Sim. MS.

[2] Parma to Philip, July 4, 1592, Arch. de Sim. MS. Philip to Parma, August 1, 1592, ibid. "Quanto a la cabeza del glorioso San Lorenzo agradezco os el cuydado que mostrais de haberla y os encargo que lo lleveis adelante hasta salir con ello que os tendré en mucho particular servicio que se haga por vuestro medio."—Parma to Philip, August 24, 1592, ibid. Philip to Parma, September 11, 1592. Letter to Parma, Arch. de Sim. (Paris) MS., A. 56, 33, MS.

ated, was utterly incompetent for his post. He was a mere tool in the hands of his son. Count Charles hated Parma very cordially, and old Count Peter was made to believe himself in danger of being poisoned or poniarded by the duke. He was perpetually wrangling with, importuning and insulting him in consequence, and writing malicious letters to the king in regard to him.[1] The great nobles, Aerschot, Chimay, Berlaymont, Champagny, Aremberg, and the rest, were all bickering among themselves, and agreeing in nothing save in hatred to Farnese.

A tight rein, a full exchequer, a well-ordered and well-paid army, and his own constant patience, were necessary, as Alexander too well knew, to make head against the Republic and to hold what was left of the Netherlands. But with a monthly allowance and a military force not equal to his own estimates for the Netherland work, he was ordered to go forth from the Netherlands to conquer France—and with it the dominion of the world—for the recluse of the Escorial.

Very soon it was his duty to lay bare to his master, still more unequivocally than ever, the real heart of Mayenne. No one could surpass Alexander in this skilful vivisection of political characters, and he soon

[1] Parma to Philip, July 31, 1592, Arch. de Sim. MS. Parma to Peter Ernest Mansfeld, August 6, 1592. Mansfeld to Philip, August 8, 1592. Parma to Mansfeld, August 16, 1592. Parma to Philip, August 24, 1592. "Porque con su larga vejez," said Fuentes of Peter Ernest, "se halla muy decrepito y desacordado que esto y ver quan sugeto está al hijo qui le govierna como a una criatura."—Fuentes to Philip, December 13, 1592, Arch. de Sim. MS. Esteven de Ybarra to ——, April 9, 1593, ibid. Fuentes to Philip, April 28, 1593, ibid. Ybarra to ——, May 2, 1593, ibid. Same to Philip, July 26, 1593, ibid. Fuentes to the secretaries of state, September 2, 1593, ibid.

sent the information that the duke was in reality very near closing his bargain with the Béarnese, while amusing Philip and drawing largely from his funds.

Thus, while faithfully doing his master's work with sword and pen, with an adroitness such as no other man could have matched, it was a necessary consequence that Philip should suspect, should detest, should resolve to sacrifice him. While assuring his nephew, as we have seen, that elaborate slanderous reports and protocols concerning him, sent with such regularity by the chivalrous Moreo and the other spies, had been totally disregarded, even if they had ever met his eye, he was quietly preparing—in the midst of all these most strenuous efforts of Alexander, in the field at peril of his life, in the cabinet at the risk of his soul—to deprive him of his office, and to bring him, by stratagem if possible, but otherwise by main force, from the Netherlands to Spain.

This project, once resolved upon, the king proceeded to execute with that elaborate attention to detail, with that feline stealth, which distinguished him above all kings or chiefs of police that have ever existed. Had there been a murder at the end of the plot, as perhaps there was to be, Philip could not have enjoyed himself more. Nothing surpassed the industry for mischief of this royal invalid.

The first thing to be done was of course the inditing of a most affectionate epistle to his nephew.

"Nephew," said he, "you know the confidence which I have always placed in you, and all that I have put in your hands; and I know how much you are to me, and how earnestly you work in my service, and so, if I could have you at the same time in several places, it would be a great relief to me. Since this cannot be, however, I

wish to make use of your assistance, according to the times and occasions, in order that I may have some certainty as to the manner in which all this business is to be managed, may see why the settlement of affairs in France is thus delayed, and what the state of things in Christendom generally is, and may consult with you about an army which I am getting levied here, and about certain schemes now on foot in regard to the remedy for all this; all which makes me desire your presence here for some time, even if a short time, in order to resolve upon and arrange, with the aid of your advice and opinion, many affairs concerning the public good, and facilitate their execution by means of your encouragement and presence, and to obtain the repose which I hope for in putting them into your hands. And so I charge and command you that, if you desire to content me, you use all possible diligence to let me see you here as soon as possible, and that you start at once for Genoa."[1]

He was further directed to leave Count Mansfeld at the head of affairs during this temporary absence,—as had been the case so often before,—instructing him to make use of the Marquis of Cerralbo, who was already there, to lighten labors that might prove too much for a man of Mansfeld's advanced age.

"I am writing to the marquis," continued the king, "telling him that he is to obey all your orders. As to the reasons of your going away, you will give out that it is a decision of your own, founded on good cause, or that it is a summons of mine, but full of confidence and good will toward you, as you see that it is."[2]

[1] Philip to Parma, February, 20, 1592, Arch. de Sim. MS.

[2] Ibid.

The date of this letter was 20th February, 1592.

The secret instructions to the man who was thus to obey all the duke's orders were explicit enough upon that point, although they were wrapped in the usual closely twisted phraseology which distinguished Philip's style when his purpose was most direct.

Cerralbo was intrusted with general directions as to the French matter, and as to peace negotiations with "the islands"; but the main purport of his mission was to remove Alexander Farnese. This was to be done by fair means, if possible; if not, he was to be deposed and sent home by force.

This was to be the reward of all the toil and danger through which he had grown gray and broken in the king's service.

"When you get to the Netherlands" (for the instructions were older than the letter to Alexander just cited), "you are," said the king, "to treat of the other two matters until the exact time arrives for the third, taking good care not to cut the thread of good progress in the affairs of France if by chance they are going on well there.

"When the time arrives to treat of commission number three," continued his Majesty, "you will take occasion of the arrival of the courier of 20th February, and will give with much secrecy the letter of that date to the duke, showing him at the same time the first of the two which you will have received."

If the duke showed the letter addressed to him by his uncle—which the reader has already seen—then the marquis was to discuss with him the details of the journey, and comment upon the benefits and increased reputation which would be the result of his return to Spain.

"But if the duke should not show you the letter," proceeded Philip, "and you suspect that he means to conceal and equivocate about the particulars of it, you can show him your letter number two, in which it is stated that you have received a copy of the letter to the duke. This will make the step easier."

Should the duke declare himself ready to proceed to Spain on the ground indicated—that the king had need of his services—the marquis was then to hasten his departure as earnestly as possible. Every pains was to be taken to overcome any objections that might be made by the duke on the score of ill health, while the great credit which attached to this summons to consult with the king in such arduous affairs was to be duly enlarged upon. Should Count Mansfeld meantime die of old age, and should Farnese insist the more vehemently, on that account, upon leaving his son the Prince Ranuccio in his post as governor, the marquis was authorized to accept the proposition for the moment,—although secretly instructed that such an appointment was really quite out of the question,—if by so doing the father could be torn from the place immediately.

But if all would not do, and if it should become certain that the duke would definitively refuse to take his departure, it would then become necessary to tell him clearly, but secretly, that no excuse would be accepted, but that go he must, and that if he did not depart voluntarily within a fixed time, he would be publicly deprived of office and conducted to Spain by force.[1]

But all these things were to be managed with the

[1] Sumario de lo que S. Md es servido que haga V. en su comision principal como mas particularmente se le ha dicho de palabra, December 31, 1591, Arch. de Sim. MS.

secrecy and mystery so dear to the heart of Philip. The marquis was instructed to go first to the castle of Antwerp, as if upon financial business, and there begin his operations. Should he find at last all his private negotiations and coaxings of no avail, he was then to make use of his secret letters from the king to the army commanders, the leading nobles of the country, and to the neighboring princes, all of whom were to be undeceived in regard to the duke, and to be informed of the will of his Majesty.[1]

The real successor of Farnese was to be the Archduke Albert, Cardinal of Austria, son of Archduke Ferdinand, and the letters on this subject were to be sent by a "decent and confidential person" so soon as it should become obvious that force would be necessary in order to compel the departure of Alexander. For if it came to open rupture, it would be necessary to have the cardinal ready to take the place. If the affair were arranged amicably, then the new governor might proceed more at leisure. The marquis was especially enjoined, in case the duke should be in France, and even if it should be necessary for him to follow him there on account of commissions number one and two, not to say a word to him then of his recall, for fear of damaging matters in that kingdom. He was to do his best to induce him to return to Flanders, and when they were both there, he was to begin his operations.[2]

Thus, with minute and artistic treachery, did Philip provide for the disgrace and ruin of the man who was

[1] Sumario, etc., MS. last cited.

[2] Ibid. Also Philip to the Duke of Sessa, ambassador at Rome, November 3, 1592, Arch. de Sim. MS. Philip to Parma, same date, ibid.

his near blood-relation, and who had served him most faithfully from earliest youth. It was not possible to carry out the project immediately, for, as it has already been narrated, Farnese, after achieving, in spite of great obstacles due to the dullness of the king alone, an extraordinary triumph, had been dangerously wounded, and was unable for a brief interval to attend to public affairs.

On the conclusion of his Rouen campaign he had returned to the Netherlands, almost immediately betaking himself to the waters of Spa. The Marquis de Cerralbo meanwhile had been superseded in his important secret mission by the Count of Fuentes, who received the same instructions as had been provided for the marquis.

But ere long it seemed to become unnecessary to push matters to extremities. Farnese, although nominally the governor, felt himself unequal to take the field against the vigorous young commander who was carrying everything before him in the north and east. Upon the Mansfelds was the responsibility for saving Steenwyk and Coevorden, and to the Mansfelds did Verdugo send piteously, but in vain, for efficient help. For the Mansfelds and other leading personages in the obedient Netherlands were mainly occupied at that time in annoying Farnese, calumniating his actions, laying obstacles in the way of his administration, military and civil, and bringing him into contempt with the populace. When the weary soldier—broken in health, wounded and harassed with obtaining triumphs for his master such as no other living man could have gained with the means placed at his disposal—returned to drink the waters previously to setting forth anew upon the task of achieving the impossible, he was made the mark of petty

insults on the part of both the Mansfelds. Neither of them paid their respects to him, ill as he was, until four days after his arrival. When the duke subsequently called a council, Count Peter refused to attend it on account of having slept ill the night before. Champagny, who was one of the chief mischief-makers, had been banished by Parma to his house in Burgundy. He became very much alarmed, and was afraid of losing his head. He tried to conciliate the duke, but finding it difficult, he resolved to turn monk, and so went to the convent of Capuchins, and begged hard to be admitted a member. They refused him on account of his age and infirmities. He tried a Franciscan monastery with not much better success, and then obeyed orders and went to his Burgundy mansion, having been assured by Farnese that he was not to lose his head. Alexander was satisfied with that arrangement, feeling sure, he said, that so soon as his back was turned Champagny would come out of his convent before the term of probation had expired, and begin to make mischief again. A once valiant soldier like Champagny, whose conduct in the famous Fury of Antwerp was so memorable, and whose services both in field and cabinet had been so distinguished, fallen so low as to be used as a tool by the Mansfelds against a man like Farnese, and to be rejected as unfit company by Flemish friars, is not a cheerful spectacle to contemplate.

The walls of the Mansfeld house and gardens, too, were decorated by Count Charles with caricatures, intending to illustrate the indignities put upon his father and himself. Among others, one picture represented Count Peter lying tied hand and foot, while people were throwing filth upon him; Count Charles being portrayed

ALEXANDER FARNESE, DUKE OF PARMA
Gallery of Versailles, France.

as meantime being kicked away from the command of a battery of cannon by De la Motte. It seemed strange that the Mansfelds should make themselves thus elaborately ridiculous in order to irritate Farnese; but thus it was. There was so much stir about these works of art that Alexander transmitted copies of them to the king, whereupon Charles Mansfeld, being somewhat alarmed, endeavored to prove that they had been entirely misunderstood. The venerable personage lying on the ground, he explained, was not his father, but Socrates. He found it difficult, however, to account for the appearance of La Motte, with his one arm wanting and with artillery by his side, because, as Farnese justly remarked, artillery had not been invented in the time of Socrates,[1] nor was it recorded that the sage had lost an arm.

Thus passed the autumn of 1592, and Alexander, having, as he supposed, somewhat recruited his failing strength, prepared, according to his master's orders, for a new campaign in France. For with almost preterhuman malice Philip was employing the man whom he had doomed to disgrace, perhaps to death, and whom he kept under constant secret supervision, in those laborious efforts to conquer without an army and to purchase a kingdom with an empty purse, in which, as it was destined, the very last sands of Parma's life were to run away.

Suffering from a badly healed wound, from water on the chest, degeneration of the heart, and gout in the limbs, dropsical, enfeebled, broken down into an old man before his time, Alexander still confronted disease and death with as heroic a front as he had ever manifested in the field to embattled Hollanders and Englishmen, or

[1] Parma to Philip, October 28, 1592, Arch. de Sim. MS.

to the still more formidable array of learned pedants and diplomatists in the hall of negotiation. This wreck of a man was still fitter to lead armies and guide councils than any soldier or statesman that Philip could call into his service, yet the king's cruel hand was ready to stab the dying man in the dark.

Nothing could surpass the spirit with which the soldier was ready to do battle with his best friend, coming in the guise of an enemy. To the last moment, lifted into the saddle, he attended personally, as usual, to the details of his new campaign, and was dead before he would confess himself mortal.[1] On the 3d of December, 1592, in the city of Arras, he fainted after retiring at his usual hour to bed, and thus breathed his last.

According to the instructions in his last will, he was laid out barefoot in the robe and cowl of a Capuchin monk. Subsequently his remains were taken to Parma, and buried under the pavement of the little Franciscan church.[2] A pompous funeral, in which the Italians and

[1] Bentivoglio, t. ii. lib. vi. 370: "E prima conosciuto si morto che volesse confesarsi mortale." Compare Coloma, v. 106; Meteren, xvi. 306; Bor, iii. xxix. 661; Reyd, ix. 195; Dondini, iii. 639 seq.

[2] Ibid. The inscription over his tomb was as follows:

Alexander Farnesius,
Belgis Devictis
Et Francis obsidione levatis
Ut humili hoc loco
Ejus cadaver reponeretur
Mandavit iiii. Non Decemb.
An. MDXCII.
(Dondini, iii. 642.)

It appears by a letter of Marquis d'Havré to Philip that the death of Farnese took place on the 3d December. (Arch. de Sim. MS.)

So soon as his decease was known at Madrid, the first thought

Spaniards quarreled and came to blows for precedence, was celebrated in Brussels, and a statue of the hero was erected in the Capitol at Rome.

The first soldier and most unscrupulous diplomatist of his age, he died when scarcely past his prime, a wearied, broken-hearted old man. His triumphs, military and civil, have been recorded in these pages, and his character has been elaborately portrayed. Were it possible to conceive of an Italian or Spaniard of illustrious birth in the sixteenth century, educated in the school of Machiavelli, at the feet of Philip, as anything but the supple slave of a master and the blind instrument of a church, one might for a moment regret that so many gifts of genius and valor had been thrown away, or at least lost to mankind. Could the light of truth ever pierce the atmosphere in which such men have their being, could the sad music of humanity ever penetrate to their ears, could visions of a world—on this earth or beyond it—not exclusively the property of kings and high priests be

of Philip was to conceal from the pope that it had been his intention forcibly to recall him from the Netherlands. The Spanish ambassador at Rome was accordingly instructed to burn the papers which had been sent to him, and to suppress all the communications which he had been on the point of making to the pope.

"Don Cristoval and Don Juan are of opinion," said their minute laid before the king, "that since the notification sent to Rome was to remedy the damage that the report of the recall might cause at that court, now that all this has ceased with the death of the recalled, . . . it is best to conceal that intention from the pope and from all others, and that it is sufficient for the Duke of Sessa to be informed of the truth," etc.

Philip noted on this memorandum with his own hand a decided approval of the suggestion, ordering it to be carried into effect, adding, "Let the Duke of Sessa be told to burn the letter and the copy that was sent with it," etc. (Arch. de Sim. MS.)

revealed to them, one might lament that one so eminent among the sons of women had not been a great man. But it is a weakness to hanker for any possible connection between truth and Italian or Spanish statecraft of that day. The truth was not in it nor in him, and high above his heroic achievements, his fortitude, his sagacity, his chivalrous self-sacrifice, shines forth the baleful light of his perpetual falsehood.[1]

[1] I pass over as beneath the level of history a great variety of censorious and probably calumnious reports as to the private character of Farnese, with which the secret archives of the times are filled. Especially Champagny, the man by whom the duke was most hated and feared, made himself busy in compiling the slanderous chronicle in which the enemies of Farnese, both in Spain and the Netherlands, took so much delight. According to the secret history thus prepared for the enlightenment of the king and his ministers, the whole administration of the Netherlands—especially the financial department, with the distribution of offices—was in the hands of two favorites, a beardless secretary named Cosmo de' Massi, and a lady of easy virtue called Franceline, who seems to have had a numerous host of relatives and friends to provide for at the public expense. Toward the latter end of the duke's life it was even said that the seal of the finance department was in the hands of his valet de chambre, who, in his master's frequent absences, was in the habit of issuing drafts upon the receiver-general. As the valet de chambre was described as an idiot who did not know how to read, it may be believed that the finances fell into confusion. Certainly, if such statements were to be accepted, it would be natural enough that for every million dollars expended by the king in the provinces not more than one hundred thousand were laid out for the public service; and this is the estimate made by Champagny, who, as a distinguished financier and once chief of the treasury in the provinces, might certainly be thought to know something of the subject. But Champagny was so beside himself with rage, hatred, and terror, where Alexander was concerned, that he is as unfit a guide for those who wish the truth as Commander Moreo or Ybarra.

"Juan Baptista ayuda de camera, Italiano—para mas vilipendicia de finanzas el sello dellas, que solia guardar uno de los chefs, a estado en manos de Juan Baptista—se sellan sin el [Farnese] mas al alvidrio de Baptista idiota que no scave leer o de Rinaldi. . . . En suma es todo confusion y desorden y reduzir solo aprovecho destos y tales quanto se haze. . . . Demas las mohatras de los usureros y mercaderes que con sus cambios y recambios pagas en paños y sedas y otras trampas, entendiendose con estos reforzando el dinero en diversos partes hay en que no viene a resultar al rey su milion quasi en cien mil escudos," etc.—Discours du Seigneur de Champagny sur les Affaires des Pays-Bas, December 21, 1589, Bibliothèque de Bourgogne MS. No. 12,962.

CHAPTER XXIX

Effect of the death of Farnese upon Philip's schemes—Priestly flattery and counsel—Assembly of the States-General of France—Meeting of the Leaguers at the Louvre—Conference at Suréne between the chiefs of the League and the "Political" leaders—Henry convokes an assembly of bishops, theologians, and others—Strong feeling on all sides on the subject of the succession—Philip commands that the Infanta and the Duke of Guise be elected King and Queen of France—Manifesto of the Duke of Mayenne—Formal readmission of Henry to the Roman faith—The pope refuses to consent to his reconciliation with the Church—His consecration with the sacred oil—Entry of the king into Paris—Departure of the Spanish garrison from the capital—Dissimulation of the Duke of Mayenne—He makes terms with Henry—Grief of Queen Elizabeth on receipt of the communications from France.

During the past quarter of a century there had been tragic scenes enough in France, but now the only man who could have conducted Philip's schemes to a tragic, if not a successful, issue was gone. Friendly death had been swifter than Philip, and had removed Alexander from the scene before his master had found fitting opportunity to inflict the disgrace on which he was resolved. Meantime Charles Mansfeld made a feeble attempt to lead an army from the Netherlands into France to support the sinking fortunes of the League; but it was not for that general of artillery to attempt the well-graced

part of the all-accomplished Farnese with much hope of success. A considerable force of Spanish infantry, too, had been sent to Paris, where they had been received with much enthusiasm; a very violent and determined churchman, Sega, Archbishop of Piacenza and cardinal legate, having arrived to check on the part of the Holy Father any attempt by the great wavering heretic to get himself readmitted into the fold of the faithful.[1]

The King of Spain considered it his duty, as well as his unquestionable right, to interfere in the affairs of France, and to save the cause of religion, civilization, and humanity, in the manner so dear to the civilization-savers, by reducing that distracted country, utterly unable to govern itself, under his scepter. To achieve this noble end no bribery was too wholesale, no violence too brutal, no intrigue too paltry. It was his sacred and special mission to save France from herself. If he should fail, he could at least carve her in pieces, and distribute her among himself and friends. Frenchmen might assist him in either of these arrangements, but it was absurd to doubt that on him devolved the work and the responsibility. Yet among his advisers were some who doubted whether the purchase of the grandees of France was really the most judicious course to pursue. There was a general and uneasy feeling that the grandees were making sport of the Spanish monarch, and that they would be inclined to remain his stipendiaries for an indefinite period, without doing their share of the work. A keen Jesuit, who had been much in France, often whispered to Philip that he was going astray. "Those who best understand the fit remedy for this unfortunate kingdom, and know the tastes and temper of the nation,"

[1] De Thou, xi. 675.

said he, "doubt giving these vast presents and rewards in order that the nobles of France may affect your cause and further your schemes. It is the greatest delusion, because they love nothing but their own interest, and for this reason wish for no king at all, but prefer that the kingdom should remain topsy-turvy in order that they may enjoy the Spanish doubloons, as they say themselves almost publicly, dancing and feasting; that they may take a castle to-day, and to-morrow a city, and the day after a province, and so on indefinitely. What matters it to them that blood flows, and that the miserable people are destroyed who alone are good for anything?"[1]

"The immediate cause of the ruin of France," continued the Jesuit, "comes from two roots which must be torn up; the one is the extreme ignorance and scandalous life of the ecclesiastics, the other is the tyranny and the abominable life of the nobility, who with sacrilege and insatiable avarice have entered upon the property of the Church. This nobility is divided into three factions. The first, and not the least, is heretic; the second and the most pernicious is Politic or atheist; the *third and last* is Catholic. All these, although they differ in opinion, are the same thing in corruption of life and manners, so that there is no choice among them." He then proceeded to set forth how entirely the salvation of France depended on the King of Spain. "Morally speaking," he said, "it is impossible for any Frenchman to apply the remedy. For this two things are wanting—intense zeal for the honor of God, and power. I ask

[1] Relacion del Padre Anto Crespo acerca de las cosas de Flandes y Francia (citing the conversations and statements of John de Zelander and Father Odo), 1593, Arch. de Sim. MS.

now what Frenchman has both these, or either of them. No one certainly that we know. It is the King of Spain who alone in the world has the zeal and the power. No man who knows the insolence and arrogance of the French nature will believe that even if a king should be elected out of France he would be obeyed by the others. The first to oppose him would be Mayenne, even if a king were chosen from his family, unless everything should be given him that he asked, which would be impossible."

Thus did the wily priest instil into the ready ears of Philip additional reasons for believing himself the incarnate providence of God. When were priestly flatterers ever wanting to pour this poison into the souls of tyrants? It is in vain for us to ask why it is permitted that so much power for evil should be within the grasp of one wretched human creature, but it is at least always instructive to ponder the career of these crowned conspirators, and sometimes consoling to find its conclusion different from the goal intended. So the Jesuit advised the king not to be throwing away his money upon particular individuals, but with the funds which they were so unprofitably consuming to form a jolly army (*gallardo egercito*) of fifteen thousand foot and five thousand horse, all Spaniards, under a Spanish general,—not a Frenchman being admitted into it,—and then to march forward, occupy all the chief towns, putting Spanish garrisons into them, but sparing the people, who now considered the war eternal, and who were eaten up by both armies. In a short time the king might accomplish all he wished, for it was not in the power of the Béarnese to make considerable resistance for any length of time.[1]

[1] MS. last cited.

This was the plan of Father Odo for putting Philip on the throne of France, and at the same time lifting up the downtrodden Church, whose priests, according to his statement, were so profligate, and whose tenets were rejected by all but a small minority of the governing classes of the country. Certainly it did not lack precision, but it remained to be seen whether the Béarnese was to prove so very insignificant an antagonist as the sanguine priest supposed.

For the third party—the moderate Catholics—had been making immense progress in France, while the diplomacy of Philip had thus far steadily counteracted their efforts at Rome. In vain had the Marquis Pisani, envoy of the Politicians' party, endeavored to soften the heart of Clement toward Henry. The pope lived in mortal fear of Spain, and the Duke of Sessa, Philip's ambassador to the holy see, denouncing all these attempts on the part of the heretic and his friends, and urging that it was much better for Rome that the pernicious kingdom of France should be dismembered and subdivided, assured his Holiness that Rome should be starved, occupied, annihilated, if such abominable schemes should be for an instant favored.

Clement took to his bed with sickness brought on by all this violence, but had nothing for it but to meet Pisani and other agents of the same cause with a peremptory denial, and send most stringent messages to his legate in Paris, who needed no prompting.[1]

There had already been much issuing of bulls by the pope, and much burning of bulls by the hangman, according to decrees of the Parliament of Châlons and other friendly tribunals, and burning of Châlons decrees

[1] De Thou, xii. 120.

by Paris hangmen, and edicts in favor of Protestants at Nantes and other places[1]—measures the enactment, repeal, and reënactment of which were to mark the ebb and flow of the great tide of human opinion on the most important of subjects, and the traces of which were to be for a long time visible on the shores of time.

Early in 1593 Mayenne, yielding to the pressure of the Spanish party, reluctantly consented to assemble the States-General of France, in order that a king might be chosen.[2] The duke, who came to be thoroughly known to Alexander Farnese before the death of that subtle Italian, relied on his capacity to outwit all the other champions of the League and agents of Philip now that the master spirit had been removed. As firmly opposed as ever to the election of any other candidate but himself, or possibly his son, according to a secret proposition which he had lately made to the pope,[3] he felt himself obliged to confront the army of Spanish diplomatists, Roman prelates, and learned doctors by whom it was proposed to exclude the Prince of Béarn from his pretended rights. But he did not, after all, deceive them as thoroughly as he imagined. The Spaniards shrewdly

[1] De Thou, xi. 369, 370 seq.

[2] Ibid., xi. 665–670.

[3] "Entrando en platicas con el comisario del papa qui vino de Francia ha venido declararme en gran secreto que el Duca de Umena le dixo con el mismo no vendria en la election sino fuese en su hijo como lo escrivia al papa y a el pidio lo hiziesse y dixesse convenia para el bien de aquel reyno."—Fuentes to Philip, June 9, 1593, Arch. de Sim. MS.

"Mostrome algo de lo que le escriven en esto y demas de lo que de Roma le avisa que el de Umena haze instancia para que la gente del papa se de a su hijo y que anda separada de la de V. M^{d}."—Same to same, June 20, 1593, ibid.

suspected the French tactics, and the whole business was but a round game of deception, in which no one was much deceived, whoever might be destined ultimately to pocket the stakes. "I know from a very good source," said Fuentes, "that Mayenne, Guise, and the rest of them are struggling hard in order not to submit to Béarn, and will suffer everything your Majesty may do to them, even if you kick them in the mouth; but still there is no conclusion on the road we are traveling, at least not the one which your Majesty desires. They will go on procrastinating and gaining time, making authority for themselves out of your Majesty's grandeur, until the condition of things comes which they are desiring. Feria tells me that they are still taking your Majesty's money, but I warn your Majesty that it is only to fight off Béarn, and that they are only pursuing their own ends at your Majesty's expense."[1]

Perhaps Mayenne had already a sufficiently clear insight into the not far-distant future, but he still presented himself in Spanish cloak and most ultramontane physiognomy. His pockets were indeed full of Spanish coin at that moment, for he had just claimed and received eighty-eight thousand nine hundred dollars for back debts, together with one hundred and eighty thousand dollars more to distribute among the deputies of

[1] "Tambien he sabido de buen original que el D. de Umena, Guisa y los demas por no venir al partido con el de Béarne, aunque vicareen, sufriran todo lo que V. Md hiziere con ellos aunque les pise la boca, y que en quanto se fuere por el camino que agora, no habra, conclusion, a lo menos la que V. Md dessea, y que iran dando muchas largas para dar tiempo al tiempo, authorizandose en tanto con la grandeza de V. Md hasta llegar el estado que dessean."—Fuentes to Philip, June 9, 1593, Arch. de Sim. MS. Same to same, June 20, 1593, ibid.

the estates.[1] "All I can say about France," said Fuentes, "is that it is one great thirst for money. The Duke of Feria believes in a good result, but I think that Mayenne is only trying to pocket as much money as he can."[2]

Thus fortified, the Duke of Mayenne issued the address to the States-General of the kingdom to meet at an early day in order to make arrangements to secure religion and peace, and to throw off the possible yoke of the heretic pretender. The great seal affixed to the document represented an empty throne, instead of the usual effigy of a king.[3]

The cardinal legate issued a thundering manifesto at the same time, sustaining Mayenne and virulently denouncing the Béarnese.[4]

The Politicians' party now seized the opportunity to impress upon Henry that the decisive moment was come.

The Spaniard, the priest, and the League had heated the furnace. The iron was at a white heat. Now was the time to strike. Secretary of State Rêvol, Gaspar de Schomberg, Jacques Auguste de Thou, the eminent historian, and other influential personages urged the king to give to the great question the only possible solution.

Said the king, with much meekness: "If I am in error, let those who attack me with so much fury instruct me and show me the way of salvation. I hate those who act against their conscience. I pardon all those who are inspired by truly religious motives, and I am ready to

[1] Feria to Philip, March 20, 1593, Arch. de Sim. MS.

[2] "Lo que puedo dezir de Francia es todo sed de dinero—el de Umena como se espera sacarle quanto dinero pudiere, temo tan ruyn suceso como en todo," etc.—Fuentes to ——, May 22, 1593, Arch. de Sim. MS.

[3] De Thou, ubi sup.

[4] Ibid., xi. 675.

receive all into favor whom the love of peace, not the chagrin of ill will, has disgusted with the war."[1]

There was a great meeting of Leaguers at the Louvre to listen to Mayenne, the cardinal legate, Cardinal Pellevé, the Duke of Guise, and other chieftains. The Duke of Feria made a long speech in Latin, setting forth the Spanish policy, veiled as usual, but already sufficiently well known, and assuring the assembly that the King of Spain desired nothing so much as the peace of France and of all the world, together with the supremacy of the Roman Church. Whether these objects could best be attained by the election of Philip or of his daughter as sovereign, with the Archduke Ernest as king consort, or with perhaps the Duke of Guise or some other eligible husband, were fair subjects for discussion. No selfish motive influenced the king, and he placed all his wealth and all his armies at the disposal of the League to carry out these great projects.[2]

Then there was a conference at Suréne between the chiefs of the League and the Political leaders: the Archbishop of Lyons, the cardinal legate, Villars, admiral of France and defender of Rouen, Bêlin, governor of Paris, President Jeannin, and others upon one side; upon the other, the Archbishop of Bourges, Bellièvre, Schomberg, Rêvol, and De Thou.[3]

The Archbishop of Lyons said that their party would do nothing either to frustrate or to support the mission of Pisani, and that the pope would, as ever, do all that could be done to maintain the interests of the true religion.[4]

The Archbishop of Bourges, knowing well the mean-

[1] De Thou, xi. 683.
[2] Ibid., xi. 703–705.
[3] Ibid., xi. 719–755.
[4] Ibid.

ing of such fine phrases, replied that he had much respect for the Holy Father, but that popes had now become the slaves and tools of the King of Spain, who, because he was powerful, held them subject to his caprice.[1]

At an adjourned meeting at the same place, the Archbishop of Lyons said that all questions had been asked and answered. All now depended on the pope, whom the League would always obey. If the pope would accept the reconciliation of the Prince of Béarn it was well. He hoped that his conversion would be sincere.[2]

The Political archbishop (of Bourges) replied to the League's archbishop that there was no time for delays and for journeys by land and sea to Rome. The least obstruction might prove fatal to both parties. Let the Leaguers now show that the serenity of their faces was but the mirror of their minds.

But the Leaguers' archbishop said that he could make no further advances. So ended the conference.[3]

The chiefs of the Politicians now went to the king and informed him that the decisive moment had arrived.[4]

Henry had preserved his coolness throughout. Amid all the hubbub of learned doctors of law, archbishops, Leaguer and Political, Sorbonne pedants, solemn grandees from Spain with Latin orations in their pockets, intriguing Guises, huckstering Mayennes, wrathful Huguenots, sanguinary cardinal legates, threatening world-monarchs,—heralded by Spanish musketeers, Italian lancers, and German reiters,—shrill screams of warning from the English queen, grim denunciations from Dutch Calvinists, scornful repulses

[1] De Thou, xi, 719–755.
[2] Ibid.
[3] Ibid.
[4] Ibid., xi. 748.

from the Holy Father, he kept his temper and his eyesight as perfectly as he had ever done through the smoke and din of the wildest battle-field. None knew better than he how to detect the weakness of the adversary and to sound the charge upon his wavering line.

He blew the blast, sure that loyal Catholics and Protestants alike would now follow him pell-mell.

On the 16th May, 1593, he gave notice that he consented to get himself instructed, and that he summoned an assembly at Mantes on the 15th July, of bishops, theologians, princes, lords, and courts of Parliament, to hold council, and to advise him what was best to do for religion and the state.[1]

Meantime he returned to the siege of Dreux, made an assault on the place, was repulsed, and then hung nine prisoners of war in full sight of the garrison as a punishment for their temerity in resisting him.[2] The place soon after capitulated (8th July, 1593).

The interval between the summons and the assembling of the clerical and lay notables at Mantes was employed by the Leaguers in frantic and contradictory efforts to retrieve a game which the most sagacious knew to be lost. But the Politicians were equal to the occasion, and baffled them at every point.

The Leaguers' archbishop inveighed bitterly against the abominable edicts recently issued in favor of the Protestants.

The Political archbishop (of Bourges) replied, not by defending, but by warmly disapproving those decrees of toleration, by excusing the king for having granted them for a temporary purpose, and by asserting posi-

[1] De Thou, xi. 751. [2] Ibid., xii. 6.

tively that, so soon as the king should be converted, he would no longer countenance such measures.[1]

It is superfluous to observe that very different language was held on the part of Henry to the English and Dutch Protestants and to the Huguenots of his own kingdom.

And there were many meetings of the Leaguers in Paris, many belligerent speeches by the cardinal legate, proclaiming war to the knife rather than that the name of Henry the heretic should ever be heard of again as candidate for the throne, various propositions spasmodically made in full assembly by Feria, Ybarra, Tassis, the jurisconsult Mendoza, and other Spanish agents in favor of the Infanta as Queen of France, with Archduke Ernest or the Duke of Guise, or any other eligible prince, for her husband.

The League issued a formal and furious invective in answer to Henry's announcement, proving by copious citations from Jeremiah, St. Epiphany, St. Jerome, St. Cyprian, and St. Bernard that it was easier for a leopard to change his spots or for a blackamoor to be washed white than for a heretic to be converted, and that the king was thinking rather of the crown of France than of a heavenly crown in his approaching conversion—an opinion which there were few to gainsay.[2]

And the Duke of Nemours wrote to his half-brother, the Duke of Mayenne, offering to use all his influence to bring about Mayenne's election as king on condition that if these efforts failed Mayenne should do his best to procure the election of Nemours.[3]

[1] De Thou, xi. 753.
[2] Ibid., xi. 761.
[3] Ibid., xi. 779.

And the Parliament of Paris formally and prospectively proclaimed any election of a foreigner null and void, and sent deputies to Mayenne urging him never to consent to the election of the Infanta.

What help, said they, can the League expect from the old and broken Philip, from a king who in thirty years has not been able, with all the resources of his kingdoms, to subdue the revolted provinces of the Netherlands? How can he hope to conquer France? Pay no further heed to the legate, they said, who is laughing in his sleeve at the miseries and distractions of our country.[1] So spake the deputies of the League Parliament to the great captain of the League, the Duke of Mayenne. It was obvious that the Great and Holy Confederacy was becoming less confident of its invincibility. Madam League was suddenly grown decrepit in the eyes of her adorers.

Mayenne was angry at the action of the Parliament, and vehemently swore that he would annul their decree. Parliament met his threats with dignity, and resolved to stand by the decree, even if they all died in their places.[2]

At the same time the Duke of Feria suddenly produced in full assembly of Leaguers a written order from Philip that the Duke of Guise and the Infanta should at once be elected king and queen.[3] Taken by surprise, Mayenne dissembled his rage in masterly fashion, promised Feria to support the election, and at once began to higgle for conditions. He stipulated that he should have for himself the governments of Champagne, Burgundy, and La Brie, and that they should be hereditary in his family. He furthermore demanded that Guise should

[1] De Thou, xi. 784.
[2] Ibid., xi. 787.
[3] Ibid., xii. 8.

cede to him the principality of Joinville, and that they should pay him on the spot in hard money two hundred thousand crowns in gold, six hundred thousand more in different payments, together with an annual payment of fifty thousand crowns.[1]

It was obvious that the duke did not undervalue himself, but he had, after all, no intention of falling into the trap set for him. "He has made these promises [as above given] in writing," said the Duke of Savoy's envoy to his master, "but he will never keep them. The Duchess of Mayenne could not help telling me that her husband will never consent that the Duke of Guise should have the throne."[2] From this resolve he had never wavered, and was not likely to do so now. Accordingly, the man "of his word, of faith and truth," whom even the astute Farnese had at times half believed in, and who had received millions of Philip's money, now thought it time to break with Philip.

He issued a manifesto,[3] in which he observed that the States-General of France had desired that Philip should be elected King of France, and carry out his design of a universal monarchy, as the only means of insuring the safety of the Catholic religion and the pacification of the world. It was feared, however, said Mayenne, that the king might come to the same misfortunes which befell his father, who, when it was supposed that he was inspired only by private ambition and by the hope of placing a hereditary universal crown in his family, had excited the animosity of the princes of the empire. "If a mere suspicion had caused so great a misfortune in

[1] De Thou, xii. 10.

[2] MS. de Mesmes, t. xi. 893, cited by Capefigue, vi. 268.

[3] De Thou, xii. 13–24.

the empire," continued the man of his word, "what will the princes of all Europe do when they find his Majesty elected King of France and grown by increase of power so formidable to the world? Can it be doubted that they will fly to arms at once, and give all their support to the King of Navarre, heretic though he be? What motive had so many princes to traverse Philip's designs in the Netherlands, but desire to destroy the enormous power which they feared? Therefore had the Queen of England, although refusing the sovereignty, defended the independence of the Netherlands these fifteen years.

"However desirable," continued Mayenne, "that this universal monarchy, for which the house of Austria has so long been working, should be established, yet the king is too prudent not to see the difficulties in his way. Although he has conquered Portugal, he is prevented by the fleets of Holland and England from taking possession of the richest of the Portuguese possessions, the island and the Indies. He will find in France insuperable objections to his election as king, for he could in this case well reproach the Leaguers with having been changed from Frenchmen into Spaniards. He must see that his case is hopeless in France, he who for thirty years has been in vain endeavoring to reëstablish his authority in the Netherlands. It would be impossible in the present position of affairs to become either the king or the protector of France. The dignity of France allows it not."[1]

Mayenne then insisted on the necessity of a truce with the Royalists or Politicians, and, assembling the estates at the Louvre on the 4th July, he read a written paper declining for the moment to hold an election for king.[2]

John Baptist Tassis, next day, replied by declaring

[1] De Thou, xii. 13-24.

[2] Ibid., xii. 24.

that in this case Philip would send no more succors of men or money, for that the only effectual counter-poison to the pretended conversion of the Prince of Béarn was the immediate election of a king.[1]

Thus did Mayenne escape from the snare in which the Spaniards thought to catch the man who, as they now knew, was changing every day, and was true to nothing save his own interests.

And now the great day had come. The conversion of Henry to the Roman faith, fixed long before for the 23d July, 1593, formally took place at the time appointed.[2] From six in the morning till the stroke of noon did Henry listen to the exhortations and expoundings of the learned prelates and doctors whom he had convoked, the Politic Archbishop of Bourges taking the lead in this long-expected instruction. After six mortal hours had come to an end, the king rose from his knees, somewhat wearied, but entirely instructed and convinced. He thanked the bishops for having taught him that of which he was before quite ignorant, and assured them that, after having invoked the light of the Holy Ghost upon his musings, he should think seriously over what they had just taught him, in order to come to a resolution salutary to himself and to the state.[3]

Nothing could be more candid. Next day, at eight in the morning, there was a great show in the Cathedral of St. Denis, and the population of Paris, notwithstanding the prohibition of the League authorities, rushed thither in immense crowds to witness the ceremony of the reconciliation of the king. Henry went to the church, clothed, as became a freshly purified heretic, in white

[1] De Thou, xii. 24.

[2] Ibid., xii. 30–35.

[3] Ibid.

satin doublet and hose, white silk stockings, and white silk shoes with white roses in them, but with a black hat and a black mantle.[1] There was a great procession, with blare of trumpet and beat of drum. The streets were strewn with flowers.

As Henry entered the great portal of the church, he found the Archbishop of Bourges seated in state, effulgent in miter and chasuble, and surrounded by other magnificent prelates in gorgeous attire.

"Who are you, and what do you want?" said the archbishop.

"I am the king," meekly replied Henry, "and I demand to be received into the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church."

"Do you wish it sincerely?" asked the prelate.

"I wish it with all my heart," said the king.[2]

Then throwing himself on his knees, the Béarn, great champion of the Huguenots, protested before God that he would live and die in the Catholic faith, and that he renounced all heresy. A passage was with difficulty opened through the crowd, and he was then led to the high altar, amid the acclamations of the people. Here he knelt devoutly and repeated his protestations. His unction and contrition were most impressive, and the people, of course, wept piteously. The king, during the progress of the ceremony, with hands clasped together and adoring the eucharist with his eyes, or, as the host was elevated, smiting himself thrice upon the breast, was a model of passionate devotion.[3]

[1] Fontanieu portefeuilles, Nos. 416, 417, cited by Capefigue, vi. 325. [2] Ibid. De Thou, ubi sup.

[3] "La devotion fut remarquée tres grande en sa Maj. laquelle pendant la consecration et elevation de l'Eucharistie eut

Afterward he retired to a pavilion behind the altar, where the archbishop confessed and absolved him. Then the Te Deum sounded, and high mass was celebrated by the Bishop of Nantes. Then, amid acclamations and blessings, and with largess to the crowd, the king returned to the monastery of St. Denis, where he dined amid a multitude of spectators, who thronged so thickly around him that his dinner-table was nearly overset. These were the very Parisians who, but three years before, had been feeding on rats and dogs and dead men's bones and the bodies of their own children rather than open their gates to this same Prince of Béarn.

Now, although Mayenne had set strong guards at those gates and had most strictly prohibited all egress, the city was emptied of its populace, which pressed in transports of adoration [1] around the man so lately the object of their hate. Yet few could seriously believe that much change had been effected in the inner soul of him whom the legate and the Spaniard and the Holy Father at Rome still continued to denounce as the vilest of heretics and the most infamous of impostors.

The comedy was admirably played out and was entirely successful. It may be supposed that the chief actor was, however, somewhat wearied. In private he mocked at all this ecclesiastical mummery, and described himself as heartily sick of the business. "I arrived here last evening," he wrote to the beautiful Gabrielle, "and was importuned with 'God save you' till bedtime.

perpetuellement les mains jointes, les yeux adorant l'Eucharistie, ayant frappé sa poitrine trois fois tant a l'elevation de Eucharistie que du calice."—Font. portefeuilles, ubi sup.

[1] De Thou, xii. 35.

In regard to the Leaguers I am of the Order of St. Thomas. I am beginning to-morrow morning to talk to the bishops, besides those I told you about yesterday. At this moment of writing I have a hundred of these importunates on my shoulders, who will make me hate St. Denis as much as you hate Mantes. 'T is to-morrow that I take the perilous leap. I kiss a million times the beautiful hands of my angel and the mouth of my dear mistress."[1]

A truce, renewed at intervals, with the Leaguers lasted till the end of the year. The Duke of Nevers was sent on special mission to Rome to procure the Holy Father's consent to the great heretic's reconciliation to the Church, and he was instructed to make the king's submission in terms so wholesale and so abject that even some of the lifelong papists of France were disgusted, while every honest Protestant in Europe shrank into himself for shame.[2] But Clement, overawed by Philip and his ambassador, was deaf to all the representations of the French envoy. He protested that he would not believe in the sincerity of the Béarn's conversion unless

[1] Mém. de M. de l'Estoile, MS. Cot. P. No. 30, cited by Capefigue, vi. 354.

[2] "Herewith inclosed," wrote the English envoy, "your Lordship shall receive a copy of the request which M. de Nevers presented to the pope on the king's behalf, by the sight whereof it will appear to your Lo. how abjectly he doth therein debase the king's authority and dignity, wherewith the *most superstitious Catholics here are so despited* as they promise to procure the same to be disavowed by the courts of Parliament as derogating from the dignity of the Gallican Church."—Edmonds (who was secretary to Sir H. Umton, and in his absence agent or chargé d'affaires) to Burghley, December 30, 1593, S. P. Office MS. Compare De Thou, xii. 38, and Bor, b. xxxii. 151.

an angel from heaven should reveal it to him. So Nevers left Rome highly exasperated, and professing that he would rather have lost a leg, that he would rather have been sewn in a sack and tossed into the Tiber, than bear back such a message. The pope ordered the prelates who had accompanied Nevers to remain in Rome and be tried by the Inquisition for misprision of heresy; but the duke placed them by his side and marched out of the Porta del Popolo with them, threatening to kill any man who should attempt to enforce the command.[1]

Meantime it became necessary to follow up the St. Denis comedy with a still more exhilarating popular spectacle. The heretic had been purified, confessed, absolved. It was time for a consecration. But there was a difficulty. Although the fever of loyalty to the ancient house of Bourbon, now redeemed from its worship of the false gods, was spreading contagiously through the provinces; although all the white silk in Lyons had been cut into scarfs and banners to celebrate the reconciliation of the candid king with Mother Church; although that ancient city was ablaze with bonfires and illuminations, while its streets ran red, with blood no longer, but with wine; and although Madam League, so lately the object of fondest adoration, was now publicly burned in the effigy of a grizzly hag,[2] yet Paris still held for that decrepit beldam, and closed its gates to the Béarnese.

The city of Rheims, too, had not acknowledged the former Huguenot, and it was at Rheims, in the Church of St. Rémy, that the holy bottle was preserved. With what chrism, by what prelate, should the consecra-

[1] De Thou, xii. 83–94

[2] Ibid., xii. 114.

tion of Henry be performed? Five years before, the League had proposed in the estates of Blois to place among the fundamental laws of the kingdom that no king should be considered a legitimate sovereign whose head had not been anointed by the bishop at Rheims with oil from that holy bottle. But it was now decided that to ascribe a monopoly of sanctity to that prelate and to that bottle would be to make a schism in the Church.[1]

Moreover, it was discovered that there was a chrism in existence still more efficacious than the famous oil of St. Rémy. One hundred and twelve years before the baptism of Clovis, St. Martin had accidentally tumbled down-stairs, and lay desperately bruised and at the point of death. But, according to Sulpicius Severus, an angel had straightway descended from heaven, and with a miraculous balsam had anointed the contusions of the saint, who next day felt no further inconveniences from his fall. The balsam had ever since been preserved in the church of Marmoutier, near Tours. Here, then, was the most potent of unguents, brought directly from heaven. To mix a portion thereof with the chrism of consecration was clearly more judicious than to make use of the holy bottle, especially as the holy bottle was not within reach. The monks of Marmoutier consented to lend the sacred phial containing the famous oil of St. Martin for the grand occasion of the royal consecration.

Accompanied by a strong military escort provided by Giles de Souvri, governor of Touraine, a deputation of friars brought the phial to Chartres, where the consecration was to take place. Prayers were offered up, without ceasing, in the monastery during their absence

[1] De Thou, xii. 120–129.

that no mishap should befall the sacred treasure. When the monks arrived at Chartres, four young barons of the first nobility were assigned to them as hostages for the safe restoration of the phial, which was then borne in triumph to the cathedral, the streets through which it was carried being covered with tapestry. There was a great ceremony, a splendid consecration, six bishops, with miters on their heads and in gala robes, officiating, after which the king knelt before the altar and took the customary oath.[1]

Thus the champion of the fierce Huguenots, the well beloved of the dead La Noue and the living Duplessis-Mornay, the devoted knight of the heretic Queen Elizabeth, the sworn ally of the stout Dutch Calvinists, was pompously reconciled to that Rome which was the object of their hatred and their fear.

The admirably arranged spectacles of the instruction at St. Denis and the consecration at Chartres were followed on the day of the vernal equinox by a third and most conclusive ceremony.

A secret arrangement had been made with De Cossé-Brissac, governor of Paris, by the king, according to which the gates of Paris were at last to be opened to him.[2] The governor obtained a high price for his services—three hundred thousand livres in hard cash, thirty thousand a year for his life, and the truncheon of marshal of France.[3] Thus purchased, Brissac made his preparations with remarkable secrecy and skill. Envoy Ybarra, who had scented something suspicious in the air, had gone straight to the governor for information, but the keen Spaniard was thrown out by the governor's

[1] De Thou, xii. 120–129.
[2] Ibid., xii. 138–141.
[3] Capefigue, vii. 122.

ingenuous protestations of ignorance. The next morning, March 22, was stormy and rainy, and long before daylight Ybarra, still uneasy despite the statements of Brissac, was wandering about the streets of Paris, when he became the involuntary witness of an extraordinary spectacle.[1]

Through the wind and the rain came trampling along the dark streets of the capital a body of four thousand troopers and lansquenets. Many torch-bearers attended on the procession, whose flambeaux threw a lurid light upon the scene. There, surrounded by the swart and grizzly bearded visages of these strange men-at-arms, who were discharging their harquebuses, as they advanced, upon any bystanders likely to oppose their progress, in the very midst of this sea of helmed heads, the envoy was enabled to recognize the martial figure of the Prince of Béarn. Armed to the teeth, with sword in hand and dagger at side, the hero of Ivry rode at last through the barriers which had so long kept him from his capital. "'T was like enchantment," said Ybarra.[2] The first Bourbon entered the city through the same gate out of which the last Valois had, five years before, so ignominiously fled. It was a midnight surprise, although not fully accomplished until near the dawn of day. It was not a triumphal entrance, nor did Henry come as the victorious standard-bearer of a great principle. He had defeated the League in many battle-fields, but the League still hissed defiance at him from the very hearthstone of his ancestral palace. He had now crept, in order to conquer, even lower than the League

[1] Ybarra to ——, March 28, 1594, Arch. de Sim., B. 70, 222, cited by Capefigue, vii. 151.

[2] Ibid.

itself; and casting off his Huguenot skin at last, he had soared over the heads of all men, the presiding genius of the Holy Catholic Church.

Twenty-one years before, he had entered the same city on the conclusion of one of the truces which had varied the long monotony of the religious wars of France. The youthful son of Antony Bourbon and Joan of Albret had then appeared as the champion and the idol of the Huguenots. In the same year had come the fatal nuptials with the bride of St. Bartholomew, the first Catholic conversion of Henry, and the massacre at which the world still shudders.

Now he was chief of the Politicians, and sworn supporter of the Council of Trent. Earnest Huguenots were hanging their heads in despair.

He represented the principle of national unity against national dismemberment by domestic treason and foreign violence. Had that principle been his real inspiration, as it was in truth his sole support, history might judge him more leniently. Had he relied upon it entirely it might have been strong enough to restore him to the throne of his ancestors without the famous religious apostasy with which his name is forever associated. It is by no means certain that permanent religious toleration might not have been the result of his mounting the throne only when he could do so without renouncing the faith of his fathers. A day of civilization may come, perhaps, sooner or later, when it will be of no earthly consequence to their fellow-creatures to what creed, what Christian church, what religious dogma kings or humbler individuals may be partial; when the relations between man and his Maker shall be undefiled by political or social intrusion. But the day will never

come when it will be otherwise than damaging to public morality and humiliating to human dignity to forswear principle for a price, and to make the most awful of mysteries the subject of political legerdemain and theatrical buffoonery.

The so-called conversion of the king marks an epoch in human history. It strengthened the Roman Church and gave it an indefinite renewal of life, but it sapped the foundations of religious faith. The appearance of Henry the Huguenot as the champion of the Council of Trent was of itself too biting an epigram not to be extensively destructive. Whether for good or ill, religion was fast ceasing to be the mainspring of political combinations, the motive of great wars and national convulsions. The age of religion was to be succeeded by the age of commerce.

But the king was now on his throne. All Paris was in rapture. There was Te Deum with high mass in Notre Dame, and the populace was howling itself hoarse with rapture in honor of him so lately the object of the general curse. Even the Sorbonne declared in favor of the reclaimed heretic,[1] and the decision of those sages had vast influence with less enlightened mortals. There was nothing left for the Duke of Feria but to take himself off and make Latin orations in favor of the Infanta elsewhere, if fit audience elsewhere could be found. A week after the entrance of Henry the Spanish garrison accordingly was allowed to leave Paris with the honors of war.

"We marched out at 2 P.M.," wrote the duke to his master, "with closed ranks, colors displayed, and drums beating. First came the Italians and then the Spaniards,

[1] April 22, 1594. Capefigue, vii. 183, 184.

in the midst of whom was myself on horseback, with the Walloons marching near me. The Prince of Béarn" —it was a solace to the duke's heart, of which he never could be deprived, to call the king by that title—"was at a window over the Gate of St. Denis, through which we took our departure. He was dressed in light gray, with a black hat surmounted by a great white feather. Our displayed standards rendered him no courteous salute as we passed."[1]

Here was another solace!

Thus had the game been lost and won, but Philip, as usual, did not acknowledge himself beaten. Mayenne, too, continued to make the most fervent promises to all that was left of the Confederates. He betook himself to Brussels, and by the king's orders was courteously received by the Spanish authorities in the Netherlands. In the midst of the tempest now rapidly destroying all rational hopes, Philip still clung to Mayenne as to a spar in the shipwreck. For the king ever possessed the virtue, if it be one, of continuing to believe himself invincible and infallible, when he had been defeated in every quarter, and when his calculations had all proved ridiculous mistakes.

When his famous Armada had been shattered and sunk, have we not seen him peevishly requiring Alexander Farnese to construct a new one immediately and to proceed therewith to conquer England out of hand? Was it to be expected that he would renounce his conquest of France, although the legitimate king had entered his capital, had reconciled himself to the Church, and was on the point of obtaining forgiveness of the pope?

[1] Feria to Philip, Arch. de Sim. (Paris), B. 78, 62, in Capefigue, vii. 161.

If the Prince of Béarn had already destroyed the Holy League, why should not the Duke of Mayenne and Archduke Ernest make another for him, and so conquer France without further delay?

But although it was still possible to deceive the king, who in the universality of his deceptive powers was so prone to delude himself, it was difficult even for so accomplished an intriguer as Mayenne to hoodwink much longer the shrewd Spaniards who were playing so losing a game against him.

"Our affairs in France," said Ybarra, "are in such condition that we are losing money and character there, and are likely to lose all the provinces here, if things are not soon taken up in a large and energetic manner. Money and troops are what is wanted on a great scale for France. The king's agents are mightily discontented with Mayenne, and with reason; but they are obliged to dissimulate and to hold their tongues. We can send them no assistance from these regions, unless from down yonder you send us the cloth and the scissors to cut it with."[1]

And the Archduke Ernest, although he invited Mayenne to confer with him at Brussels, under the impression that he could still keep him and the Duke of Guise from coming to an arrangement with Béarn, hardly felt more confidence in the man than did Feria or Ybarra. "Since the loss of Paris," said Ernest, "I have had a letter from Mayenne, in which, deeply affected by that

[1] Ybarra to the secretaries, January 18, 1594, Arch. de Sim. MS. Charles Mansfeld, too, held the same language. "I have had a talk with Tassis," he wrote to the king, "and we both agree that Mayenne has always been managing affairs for his own ends, cheating your Majesty, and this opinion I have always held."

event, he makes me great offers, even to the last drop of his blood, vowing never to abandon the cause of the League. But of the intentions and inner mind of this man I find such vague information that I don't dare to expect more stability from him than may be founded upon his own interest."[1]

And so Mayenne came to Brussels and passed three days with the archduke. "He avows himself ready to die in our cause," said Ernest. "If your Majesty will give men and money enough, he will undertake so to deal with Béarn that he shall not think himself safe in his own house." The archduke expressed his dissatisfaction to Mayenne that with the money he had already received so little had been accomplished, but he still affected a confidence which he was far from feeling, "because," said he, "it is known that Mayenne is already treating with Béarn. If he has not concluded those arrangements, it is because Béarn now offers him less money than before."[2] The amount of dissimulation,

[1] Ernest to Philip, March 30, 1594, Arch. de Sim. MS. The legate had at last informed Mayenne that "the actions of Navarre were not of men, but the works of God's hand, and that the forces of Spain were not sufficient to prevent him establishing himself absolute King of France, and so it would be better that he should be established by means of a general peace."—Sumário de una relacion que hize Ascano Solferini, April 27, 1594, Arch. de Sim. MS. Philip replied to the archduke that Mayenne could scarcely be acquitted of evil intentions in regard to the loss of Paris, but that nevertheless it was necessary to affect confidence in him. The war would be carried on, and the king had so informed the pope. The salaries paid to personages in France before the loss of Paris would be continued. (Philip to Ernest, June 4, 1594, Arch. de Sim. MS.)

[2] Relacion de cartas del Archiduque, para S. Md sobre las cosas de Francia, Arch. de Sim. MS.

politely so called, practised by the grandees of that age, to say nothing of their infinite capacity for pecuniary absorption, makes the brain reel and enlarges one's ideas of the human faculties as exerted in certain directions. It is doubtful whether plain Hans Miller or Hans Baker could have risen to such a level.[1]

The Duke of Feria and the other Spanish envoys had long since thoroughly understood the character of Mayenne, that great broker between Philip, the Béarnese, and the League.

Feria wrote a despatch to the king, denouncing Mayenne as false, pernicious to the cause of Spain and of Catholicism, thoroughly self-seeking and vile, and as now most traitorous to the cause of the Confederacy, engaged in surrendering its strong places to the enemy, and preparing to go over to the Prince of Béarn.

"If," said he, "I were to recount all his base tricks, I

[1] Even so late as the winter of this year Mayenne wrote in a deeply injured tone to the archduke, expressing surprise that "pledges should be demanded of him, and suspicions entertained concerning him, after all the proofs he had given of his fidelity and constancy."—Mayenne to Ernest, September 1, 1594, Arch. de Sim. MS. "He offers very magnificently to die for the cause," said Ernest, "but his deeds resolve themselves into remote and general offers, and into begging for ready money in present payment for what he is to do for your M^{y} in future."—Ernest to Philip, September 6, 1594, ibid. And to the very last moment Philip persisted in endeavoring to keep Mayenne about his hook by allowing him to nibble at very small bait. "You must try to keep him dependent on me," he said to Ernest, "not giving him any more money than is necessary to prevent him from falling away entirely, for to content his appetite completely there is not a fortune in the world that would suffice."—Philip to Ernest, December 2, 1594, ibid. Compare paper of Diego de Pimentel, November 23, 1594, ibid.

should go on till midnight, and perhaps till to-morrow morning."[1]

This letter, being intercepted, was sent with great glee by Henry IV., not to the royal hands for which it was destined, but to the Duke of Mayenne. Great was the wrath of that injured personage as he read such libelous truths. He forthwith fulminated a scathing reply, addressed to Philip II., in which he denounced the Duke of Feria as "a dirty ignoramus, an impudent coward, an impostor, and a blind thief," adding, after many other unsavory epithets: "But I will do him an honor which he has not merited, proving him a liar with my sword; and I humbly pray your Majesty to grant me this favor and to pardon my just grief, which causes me to depart from the respect due to your Majesty when I speak of this impostor who has thus wickedly torn my reputation."[2]

His invectives were, however, much stronger than his arguments in defense of that tattered reputation. The defiance to mortal combat went for nothing, and in the course of the next year the injured Mayenne turned his back on Philip and his Spaniards, and concluded his bargain with the Prince of Béarn. He obtained good terms—the government of Burgundy, payment of his debts, and a hundred and twenty thousand crowns in hard cash.[3] It is not on record that the man of his word, of credit, and of truth ever restored a penny of the vast sums which he had received from Philip to carry on the business of the League.

Subsequently the duke came one very hot summer's

[1] Feria to Philip, August, 1594, MSS. de Colbert, vol. xxxiii., in Capefigue, vii. 229.

[2] Capefigue, vii. 229 seq.

[3] Ibid., vii. 333–335.

day to Monceaux to thank the king, as he expressed it, for "delivering him from Spanish arrogance and Italian wiles," and having got with much difficulty upon his knees, was allowed to kiss the royal hand. Henry then insisted upon walking about with him through the park at a prodigious rate, to show him all the improvements, while the duke panted, groaned, and perspired in his vain efforts to keep pace with his new sovereign.

"If I keep this fat fellow walking about in the sun much longer," whispered the king to De Béthune, who was third in the party, "I shall be sufficiently avenged for all the mischief he has done us."

At last, when the duke was forced to admit himself to be on the point of expiring with fatigue, he was dismissed to the palace with orders to solace himself with a couple of bottles of excellent wine of Arbois, expressly provided for him by the king's direction. And this was all the punishment ever inflicted by the good-humored monarch on the corpulent conspirator.[1]

The Duke of Guise made his arrangements with the ex-Huguenot on even better terms and at a still earlier day,[2] while Joyeuse and Mercœur stood out a good while and higgled hard for conditions. "These people put such a high price on themselves," said one of Henry's diplomatists, "that one loses almost more than one gains in buying them. They strip and plunder us

[1] Mémoires de Sully, liv. viii. 454. This interview was in the spring of 1596, while Henry was occupied with the siege of La Fère. At the very same time, possibly on the selfsame day, Mayenne was sending an emissary to Philip, begging to have his allowance continued, and the king left it to his governor-general to decide whether to do so or not. (Philip to Archduke Albert, April 24, 1596, Arch. de Sim. MS.)

[2] Capefigue, vii. 321, 322.

even in our nakedness, and we are obliged, in order to conciliate such harpies, to employ all that we can scrape out of our substance and our blood. I think, however, that we ought to gain them by whatever means and at whatever price."[1]

Thus Henry IV., the man whom so many contemporary sages had for years been rebuking or ridiculing for his persistency in a hopeless attempt to save his country from dismemberment, to restore legitimate authority, and to resist the Holy Confederacy of domestic traitors, aided by foreign despots and sympathizers, was at last successful, and the fratricidal war in France was approaching its only possible conclusion.

But alas! the hopes of those who loved the Reformed Church as well as they loved their country were sadly blasted by the apostasy of their leader. From the most eminent leaders of the Huguenots there came a wail which must have penetrated even to the well-steeled heart of the cheerful Gascon. "It will be difficult," they said, "to efface very soon from your memory the names of the men whom the sentiment of a common religion, association in the same perils and persecutions, a common joy in the same deliverance, and the long experience of so many faithful services, have engraved there with a pencil of diamond. The remembrance of these

[1] "Je ne doute point que l'accomodement de M. de Mayenne ne soit fait et j'espère que celuy de M. de Joyeuse se fera encore. M. de Mercœur se rend plus difficile. Ces gens là se mettent à si haut prix qu'on perd presque plus qu'on ne gagne a les acheter. Ils nous dépouillent dans notre nudité mesme, et il faut employer pour reconcilier ces harpies tout ce que nous pouvons tirer de notre substance et de notre sang. Je crois neantmoins que nous les devons gaigner par quelque moyen et à quelque prix que ce puisse être."—Bongars, Lettres, pp. 331, 332.

things pursues you and accompanies you everywhere; it interrupts your most important affairs, your most ardent pleasures, your most profound slumber, to represent to you, as in a picture, yourself to yourself: yourself not as you are to-day, but such as you were when, pursued to the death by the greatest princes of Europe, you went on conducting to the harbor of safety the little vessel against which so many tempests were beating." [1]

The states of the Dutch Republic, where the affair of Henry's conversion was as much a matter of domestic personal interest as it could be in France,—for religion up to that epoch was the true frontier between nation and nation,—debated the question most earnestly while it was yet doubtful. It was proposed to send a formal deputation to the king, in order to divert him, if possible, from the fatal step which he was about to take. After ripe deliberation, however, it was decided to leave the matter "in the hands of God Almighty, and to pray him earnestly to guide the issue to his glory and the welfare of the churches." [2]

The Queen of England was, as might be supposed, beside herself with indignation, and, in consequence of

[1] Requête au Roy par ceux de la religion, 1593, Colbert MSS., vol. xxxi., apud Capefigue, vi. 317.

"Je plains et pleurs au fond de mon ame la gehenne de S. Maj.," wrote Duplessis-Mornay, August 11, 1593, to De Lomenie, "je vous prie de lui dire que s'il lui prend jamais envie de sortir de cette captivité et spirituelle et temporelle, je ne puis croistre de fidelité mais je doublerai de courage. . . . Ils ne lui donnent pas la paix de l'estat et lui ostent la paix de la conscience. . . . Ils ne lui rendent point son royaume, car c'est à Dieu et non au diable à le donner, et lui faut renoncer autant qu'eu eulx est le royaume des cieux."—Mém. et Correspond. de Duplessis-Mornay, iv. 511.

[2] Bor, iii. 706.

the great apostasy and of her chronic dissatisfaction with the manner in which her contingent of troops had been handled in France, she determined to withdraw every English soldier from the support of Henry's cause. The unfortunate French ambassador in London was at his wits' ends. He vowed that he could not sleep of nights, and that the gout and the colic, to which he was always a martyr, were nothing to the anguish which had now come upon his soul and brain, such as he had never suffered since the bloody day of St. Bartholomew.[1]

"Ah, my God!" said he to Burghley, "is it possible that her just choler has so suddenly passed over the great glory which she has acquired by so many benefits and liberalities?"[2] But he persuaded himself that her Majesty would, after all, not persist in her fell resolution. To do so, he vowed, would only be boiling milk for the French papists, who would be sure to make the most of the occasion in order to precipitate the king into the abyss to the border of which they had already brought him. He so dreaded the ire of the queen that he protested he was trembling all over merely to see the pen of his secretary wagging as he dictated his despatch.[3] Nevertheless, it was his terrible duty to face her in her wrath, and he implored the lord treasurer to accompany him and to shield him at the approaching interview. "Protect me," he cried, "by your wisdom from the ire of this great princess; for, by the living God, when I see her enraged against any person whatever, I wish myself in Calcutta, fearing her anger like death itself."[4]

When all was over, Henry sent De Morlans as special

[1] Beauvoir la Nocle to Burghley, August 24, 1593, S. P. Office MS.

[2] Ibid. [3] Ibid. [4] Ibid.

envoy to communicate the issue to the governments of England and of Holland. But the queen, although no longer so violent, was less phlegmatic than the States-General, and refused to be comforted. She subsequently receded, however, from her determination to withdraw her troops from France.

"Ah, what grief, ah, what regrets, ah, what groans, have I felt in my soul," she wrote, "at the sound of the news brought to me by Morlans! My God! is it possible that any wordly respect can efface the terror of divine wrath? Can we by reason even expect a good sequel to such iniquitous acts? He who has maintained and preserved you by his mercy, can you imagine that he permits you to walk alone in your utmost need? 'T is bad to do evil that good may come of it. Meantime I shall not cease to put you in the first rank of my devotions, in order that the hands of Esau may not spoil the blessings of Jacob. As to your promises to me of friendship and fidelity, I confess to have dearly deserved them, nor do I repent, provided you do not change your Father,—otherwise I shall be your bastard sister by the father's side,—for I shall ever love a natural better than an adopted one. I desire that God may guide you in a straight road and a better path. Your most sincere sister in the old fashion. As to the new, I have nothing to do with it. ELIZABETH R."[1]

[1] Bibl. du Roi, MSS. Colbert in fol. M. R. D., vol. xvi. fol. 329, apud Capefigue, vi. 352.

CHAPTER XXX

Prince Maurice lays siege to Gertruydenberg—Advantages of the new system of warfare—Progress of the besieging operations—Superiority of Maurice's manœuvers—Adventure of Count Philip of Nassau—Capitulation of Gertruydenberg—Mutiny among the Spanish troops—Attempt of Verdugo to retake Coevorden—Suspicions of treason in the English garrison at Ostend—Letter of Queen Elizabeth to Sir Edward Norris on the subject—Second attempt on Coevorden—Assault on Groningen by Maurice—Second adventure of Philip of Nassau—Narrow escape of Prince Maurice—Surrender of Groningen—Particulars of the siege—Question of religious toleration—Progress of the United Netherlands—Condition of the obedient Netherlands—Incompetency of Peter Mansfeld as governor—Archduke Ernest, the successor of Farnese—Difficulties of his position—His unpopularity—Great achievements of the republicans—Triumphal entry of Ernest into Brussels and Antwerp—Magnificence of the spectacle—Disaffection of the Spanish troops—Great military rebellion—Philip's proposal to destroy the English fleet—His assassination plans—Plot to poison Queen Elizabeth—Conspiracies against Prince Maurice—Futile attempts at negotiation—Proposal of a marriage between Henry and the Infanta—Secret mission from Henry to the King of Spain—Special despatch to England and the states—Henry obtains further aid from Queen Elizabeth and the States-General—Anxiety of the Protestant countries to bring about a war with Spain—Aspect of affairs at the close of the year 1594.

While Philip's world-empire seemed in one direction to be so rapidly fading into cloud-land, there were substantial possessions of the Spanish crown which had been neglected in Brabant and Friesland.

Two very important cities still held for the King of Spain within the territories of what could now be fairly considered the United Dutch Republic—Gertruydenberg and Groningen.

Early in the spring of 1593 Maurice had completed his preparations for a siege, and on the 24th March appeared before Gertruydenberg.

It was a stately, ancient city, important for its wealth, its strength, and especially for its position. For without its possession even the province of Holland could hardly consider itself mistress of its own little domains. It was seated on the ancient Meuse, swollen as it approached the sea almost to the dimensions of a gulf, while from the south another stream, called the Donge, very brief in its course, but with considerable depth of water, came to mingle itself with the Meuse, exactly under the walls of the city.

The site of the place was so low that it was almost hidden and protected by its surrounding dikes. These afforded means of fortification, which had been well improved. Both by nature and art the city was one of the strongholds of the Netherlands.

Maurice had given the world a lesson in the beleaguering science at the siege of Steenwyk such as had never before been dreamed of, but he was resolved that the operations before Gertruydenberg should constitute a masterpiece.

Nothing could be more beautiful as a production of military art, nothing, to the general reader, more insipid than its details.

On the land side, Hohenlo's headquarters were at Ramsdonck, a village about a German mile to the east of Gertruydenberg. Maurice himself was established on

the west side of the city.[1] Two bridges constructed across the Donge facilitated the communications between the two camps, while great quantities of planks and brush were laid down across the swampy roads to make them passable for wagon-trains and artillery. The first care of the young general, whose force was not more than twenty thousand men, was to protect himself rather than to assail the town.

His lines extended many miles in a circuit around the place, and his forts, breastworks, and trenches were very numerous.

The river was made use of as a natural and almost impassable ditch of defense, and windmills were freely employed to pump water into the shallows in one direction, while in others the outer fields, in quarters whence a relieving force might be expected, were turned into lakes by the same machinery. Farther outside, a system of palisade-work of caltrops and man-traps—sometimes, in the slang of the day, called Turkish ambassadors—made the country for miles around impenetrable or very disagreeable to cavalry.[2] In a shorter interval than would have seemed possible, the battlements and fortifications of the besieging army had risen like an exhalation out of the morass. The city of Gertruydenberg was encompassed by another city as extensive and apparently as impregnable as itself. Then, for the first time in that age, men thoroughly learned the meaning of that potent implement, the spade.

[1] See, for the details of this remarkable siege, Meteren, xvi. 321, 322; Bor, iii. 690–698; Reyd, x. 198–205; Mulder's Duyck, 194–245, especially; Bentivoglio, p. iii. lib. i. 383–387; Coloma, vi. 119–122.

[2] Reyd, ubi sup.

Three thousand pioneers worked night and day with pickax and shovel. The soldiers liked the business; for every man so employed received his ten stivers a day additional wages, punctually paid, and felt, moreover, that every stroke was bringing the work nearer to its conclusion.

The Spaniards no longer railed at Maurice as a hedger and ditcher. When he had succeeded in bringing a hundred great guns to bear upon the beleaguered city they likewise ceased to sneer at heavy artillery.

The kartouwen and half-kartouwen were no longer considered espanta-vellacos.

Meantime, from all the country round, the peasants flocked within the lines. Nowhere in Europe were provisions so plentiful and cheap as in the Dutch camp. Nowhere was a readier market for agricultural products, prompter payment, or more perfect security for the life and property of non-combatants. Not so much as a hen's egg was taken unlawfully.[1] The country people found themselves more at ease within Maurice's lines than within any other part of the provinces, obedient or revolted; they plowed and sowed and reaped at their pleasure; and no more striking example was ever afforded of the humanizing effect of science upon the barbarism of war than in this siege of Gertruydenberg.[2] Certainly it was the intention of the prince to take his city, and when he fought the enemy it was his object to kill; but, as compared with the bloody work which Alva and Romero and Requesens and so many others had done in those doomed provinces, such war-making as this seemed almost like an institution for beneficent and charitable purposes.

[1] Duyck, 201.

[2] Meteren, Bor, Reyd, ubi sup.

Visitors from the neighborhood, from other provinces, from foreign countries, came to witness the extraordinary spectacle, and foreign generals repaired to the camp of Maurice to take practical lessons in the new art of war.[1]

Old Peter Ernest Mansfeld, who was nominal governor of the Spanish Netherlands since the death of Farnese, rubbed his eyes and stared aghast when the completeness of the preparations for reducing the city at last broke in upon his mind. Count Fuentes was the true and confidential regent, however, until the destined successor to Parma should arrive; but Fuentes, although he had considerable genius for assassination, as will hereafter appear, and was an experienced and able commander of the old-fashioned school, was no match for Maurice in the scientific combinations on which the new system was founded.

In vain did the superannuated Peter call aloud upon his son and governor, Count Charles, to assist him in this dire dilemma. That artillery general had gone with a handful of Germans, Walloons, and other obedient Netherlanders—too few to accomplish anything abroad, too many to be spared from the provinces—to besiege Noyon, in France.[2] But what signified the winning or

[1] "Un des mes amis," wrote Bongars, envoy of Henry IV., "qui est allé dans le camp des Hollandois par la seule curiosité de le voir, m'a ecrit qu'il n'a jamais ni vu ni entendu parler d'une armée campée ou il parut plus de courage et en méme temps plus de discipline. Il dit que les fortifications sont si elevées qu'elles egalent les ouvrages des anciens Romains et que tout s'y conduit avèc tant d'ordre et de silence qu'on croirait plutôt voir l'etat paisible d'une ville que se conserve l'etat par le soin de ses magistrats et par l'obeissance de ses citoyens qu'une troupe confuse de gens armés."—Lettres, 65, p. 223.

[2] He had but forty-three hundred foot and eight hundred horse. (Charles Mansfeld to Fuentes, April 5, 1593, Arch. de Sim. MS.)

losing of such a place as Noyon at exactly the moment when the Prince of Béarn, assisted by the able generalship of the Archbishop of Bourges, had just executed those famous flanking movements in the churches of St. Denis and Chartres, by which the world-empire had been effectually shattered, and Philip and the pope completely outmanœuvered?

Better that the five thousand fighters under Charles Mansfeld had been around Gertruydenberg. His aged father did what he could. As many men as could be spared from the garrison of Antwerp and its neighborhood were collected, but the Spaniards were reluctant to march, except under old Mondragon. That hero, who had done much of the hardest work and had fought in most of the battles of the century, was nearly as old as the century. Being now turned of ninety, he thought best to keep house in Antwerp Castle. Accordingly, twelve thousand foot and three thousand horse took the field under the more youthful Peter Ernest.[1] But Peter Ernest, when his son was not there to superintend his operations, was nothing but a testy octogenarian, while the two together were not equal to the little finger of Farnese, whom Philip would have displaced, had he not fortunately died.

"Nothing is to be expected out of this place but toads and poison," wrote Ybarra, in infinite disgust, to the two secretaries of state at Madrid. "I have done my best to induce Fuentes to accept that which the patent secured him, and Count Peter is complaining that

[1] Relacion de la gente effectiva de S. M^{d} para el socorro de St Gertruydenberg. With levies expected, the number is stated at thirteen thousand foot and twenty-six hundred horse, besides the forces under Verdugo. (Arch. de Sim. MS.)

Fuentes showed him the patent so late only to play him a trick. There is a rascally pack of meddlers here, and the worst of them all are the women, whom I particularly give to the devil. There is no end to the squabbles as to who shall take the lead in relieving Gertruydenberg."[1]

Mansfeld at last came ponderously up in the neighborhood of Turnhout. There was a brilliant little skirmish in the neighborhood of this place, in which a hundred and fifty Dutch cavalry under the famous brothers Bax defeated four hundred picked lancers of Spain and Italy.[2] But Mansfeld could get nothing but skirmishes. In vain he plunged about among the caltrops and man-traps. In vain he knocked at the fortifications of Hohenlo on the east and of Maurice on the west. He found them impracticable, impregnable, obdurate. It was Maurice's intention to take his town at as small sacrifice of life as possible. A trumpet was sent on some trifling business to Mansfeld, in reply to a communication made by the general to Maurice.

"Why does your master," said the choleric veteran to the trumpeter, "why does Prince Maurice, being a lusty young commander as he is, not come out of his trenches into the open field and fight me like a man, where honor and fame await him?"

"Because my master," answered the trumpeter, "means to live to be a lusty old commander like your Excellency, and sees no reason to-day to give you an advantage."

[1] Ybarra to Don Cristoval Moura and Don Juan Idiaquez, from Antwerp, May 22, 1593, Arch. de Sim. MS.

[2] Bor, Meteren, Reyd, ubi sup. Duyck, 214, 215. Compare Coloma, Bentivoglio, ubi sup.

At this the bystanders laughed, rather at the expense of the veteran.[1]

Meantime there were not many incidents within the lines or within the city to vary the monotony of the scientific siege.

On the land side, as has been seen, the city was inclosed and built out of human sight by another Gertruydenberg. On the wide estuary of the Meuse a chain of war-ships encircled the sea-front, in shape of a half-moon, lying so close to each other that it was scarcely possible even for a messenger to swim out of a dark night.

The hardy adventurers who attempted that feat with tidings of despair were almost invariably captured.

This blockading fleet took regular part in the daily cannonade, while, on the other hand, the artillery-practice from the land batteries of Maurice and Hohenlo was more perfect than anything ever known before in the Netherlands or France.

And the result was that in the course of the cannonade, which lasted nearly ninety days, not more than four houses in the city escaped injury. The approaches were brought, every hour, nearer and nearer to the walls. With subterranean lines converging in the form of the letter Y, the prince had gradually burrowed his way beneath the principal bastion.[2]

Hohenlo, representative of the older school of strategy, had on one occasion ventured to resist the authority of the commander-in-chief. He had constructed a fort at Ramsdonck. Maurice then commanded the erection of another, fifteen hundred yards farther back. It was as

[1] Meteren, xvi. 322.

[2] Bor, Meteren, Reyd, Duyck, ubi sup.

much a part of his purpose to defend himself against the attempts of Mansfeld's relieving force as to go forward against the city. Hohenlo objected that it would be impossible to sustain himself against a sudden attack in so isolated a position. Maurice insisted. In the midst of the altercation Hohenlo called to the men engaged in throwing up the new fortifications. "Here, you captains and soldiers," he cried, "you are delivered up here to be butchered. You may drop work and follow me to the old fort."

"And I swear to you," said Maurice, quietly, "that the first man who moves from this spot shall be hanged."

No one moved. The fort was completed and held to the end, Hohenlo sulkily acquiescing in the superiority which this stripling, his former pupil, had at last vindicated over all old-fashioned men-at-arms.[1]

From the same cause which was apt to render Hohenlo's services inefficient, the prince was apt to suffer inconvenience in the persons placed in still nearer relation to himself. Count Philip of Nassau, brother of the wise and valiant Louis William, had already done much brilliant campaigning against the Spaniards both in France and the provinces. Unluckily, he was not only a desperate fighter, but a mighty drinker, and one day, after a dinner-party and potent carouse at Colonel Brederode's quarters, he thought proper, in doublet and hose, without armor of any kind, to mount his horse, in order to take a solitary survey of the enemy's works. Not satisfied with this piece of reconnoitering,—which he effected with much tipsy gravity, but probably without deriving any information likely to be of value to the commanding general,—he then proceeded to charge in

[1] Reyd, x. 203.

person a distant battery. The deed was not commendable in a military point of view. A fire was opened upon him at long range so soon as he was discovered, and at the same time the sergeant-major of his regiment and an equery of Prince Maurice started in pursuit, determined to bring him off, if possible, before his life had been thus absurdly sacrificed. Fortunately for him, they came to the rescue in time, pulled him from his horse, and succeeded in bringing him away unharmed. The sergeant-major, however, Sinisky by name, while thus occupied in preserving the count's life, was badly wounded in the leg by a musket-shot from the fort, which casualty was the only result of this after-dinner assault.[1]

As the siege proceeded, and as the hopes of relief died away, great confusion began to reign within the city. The garrison, originally of a thousand veterans, besides burgher militia, had been much diminished. Two commandants of the place, one after another, had lost their lives. On the 1st of June Governor de Masieres, Captain Mongyn, the father confessor of the garrison, and two soldiers, being on the top of the great church tower taking observations, were all brought down with one cannon-shot.[2] Thus the uses of artillery were again proved to be something more than to scare cowards.

The final result seemed to have been brought about almost by accident, if accident could be admitted as a factor in such accurate calculations as those of Maurice. On the 24th June Captains Haen and Bievry were relieving watch in the trenches near the great north ravelin of the town—a bulwark which had already been much undermined from below and weakened above.

[1] Duyck, 180. Compare Bor, Meteren, Reyd, ubi sup.

[2] Duyck.

Being adventurous officers, it occurred to them suddenly to scale the wall of the fort and reconnoiter what was going on in the town. It was hardly probable that they would come back alive from the expedition, but they nevertheless threw some planks across the ditch, and taking a few soldiers with them, climbed cautiously up. Somewhat to his own surprise, still more to that of the Spanish sentinels, Bievry in a few minutes found himself within the ravelin. He was closely followed by Captain Haen, Captain Kalf, and by half a company of soldiers. The alarm was given. There was a fierce hand-to-hand struggle. Sixteen of the bold stormers fell, and nine of the garrison of the fort. The rest fled into the city. The governor of the place, Captain Gysant, rushing to the rescue without staying to put on his armor, was killed. Count Solms, on the other hand, came from the besieging camp into the ravelin to investigate the sudden uproar. To his profound astonishment, he was met there, after a brief interval, by a deputation from the city, asking for terms of surrender. The envoys had already been for some little time looking in vain for a responsible person with whom to treat. When Maurice was informed of the propositions he thought it at first a trick, for he had known nothing of the little adventure of the three captains. Soon afterward he came into a battery whither the deputies had been brought, and the terms of capitulation were soon agreed upon.[1]

Next day the garrison were allowed to go out with side-arms and personal baggage, and fifty wagons were lent them by the victor to bring their wounded men to Antwerp.

[1] Duyck, 234 seq. Meteren, Bor, Reyd, ubi sup.

Thus was Gertruydenberg surrendered in the very face of Peter Mansfeld, who only became aware of the fact by the salvos of artillery fired in honor of the triumph, and by the blaze of illumination which broke forth over camp and city.

The sudden result was an illustration of the prince's perfect arrangements. When Maurice rode into the town, he found it strong enough and sufficiently well provisioned to have held out many a long day. But it had been demonstrated to the besieged that relief was impossible, and that the surrender on one day or another, after the siege operations should be brought to their close, was certain. The inexorable genius of the commander, skilled in a science which to the coarser war-makers of that age seemed almost superhuman, hovered above them like a fate. It was as well to succumb on the 24th June as to wait till the 24th July.[1]

[1] Thus modestly did Louis William, to whom so large a part of the glory of all these achievements belongs, express himself in a congratulatory letter to his cousin Maurice: "J'estime de ne faire que mon devoir de congratuler V. E. d'une victoire si signalée, en ce qu'avez faict une preuve tant remarquable, que la conduite et travail en la guerre domine la force, dont ce siége peut estre nommé à droict la seconde Alexia et une grande restauration en partie de la vieille art et science militaire, laquelle a esté mocquée, voire n'a sceu éstre comprehendée, ou pour le moins practiquée des plus grands capitaines modernes; par où l'ennemi a ce coup plus perdu de sa réputation que reçu de dommage par les autres plusieurs belles et grandes victoires; tellement que si Messieurs les Etats seconderoient en forces ce que la guerre a augmenté en experience à bon droit, se pourroit on promettre une bonne et heureuse issue de laquelle je prie Dieu de faire à ce pauvre Pays Bas une fois jouir, et a votre Exce l'honneur en recompense de ses genereux et he roicque desseings et grands travaulx de bientost triumpher."—Groen v. Prinsterer, Archives, II. S. i. 245.

Moreover, the great sustaining principle, resistance to the foreigner, which had inspired the deeds of daring, the wonders of endurance, in the Dutch cities beleaguered so remorselessly by the Spaniard twenty years earlier in the century, was wanting.

In surrendering to the born Netherlander, the heroic chieftain of the illustrious house of Nassau, these Netherlanders were neither sullying their flag nor injuring their country. Enough had been done for military honor in the gallant resistance, in which a large portion of the garrison had fallen. Nor was that religious superstition so active within the city which three years before had made miracles possible in Paris when a heretic sovereign was to be defied by his own subjects. It was known that even if the public ceremonies of the Catholic Church were likely to be suspended for a time after the surrender, at least the rights of individual conscience and private worship within individual households would be tolerated, and there was no papal legate with fiery eloquence persuading a city full of heroic dupes that it was more virtuous for men or women to eat their own children than to forego one high mass or to wink at a single conventicle.

After all, it was no such bitter hardship for the citizens of Gertruydenberg to participate in the prosperity of the rising and thriving young Republic, and to enjoy those municipal and national liberties which her sister cities had found so sweet.

Nothing could be calmer or more reasonable than such a triumph, nothing less humiliating or less disastrous than such a surrender.

The problem was solved, the demonstration was made. To open their gates to the soldiers of the Union was not

to admit the hordes of a Spanish commander, with the avenging furies of murder, pillage, rape, which ever followed in their train over the breach of a captured city.

To an enemy hated or dreaded to the uttermost mortal capacity, that well-fortified and opulent city might have held out for months, and only when the arms and the fraud of the foe without, and famine within, had done their work, could it have bowed its head to the conqueror, and submitted to the ineffable tortures which would be the necessary punishment of its courage.

Four thousand shots had been fired from the siege-guns upon the city, and three hundred upon the relieving force.

The besieging army numbered in all nine thousand one hundred and fifty men of all arms, and they lost during the eighty-five days' siege three hundred killed and four hundred wounded.[1]

After the conclusion of these operations, and the thorough remodeling of the municipal government of the important city thus regained to the Republic, Maurice occupied himself with recruiting and refreshing his somewhat exhausted little army. On the other hand, old Count Mansfeld, dissatisfied with the impotent conclusion to his attempts, retired to Brussels, to be much taunted by the insolent Fuentes. He at least escaped very violent censure on the part of his son Charles, for that general, after his superfluous conquest of Noyon, while returning toward the Netherlands, far too tardily to succor Gertruydenberg, had been paralyzed in all his

[1] Duyck, 241. There were six hundred and fifty English and seven hundred German riders in Maurice's camp. The rest of his army were Netherlanders.

movements by a very extensive mutiny which broke out among the Spanish troops in the province of Artois.[1] The disorder went through all its regular forms. A town was taken, an eletto was appointed. The country-side was blackmailed or plundered, and the rebellion lasted some thirteen months. Before it was concluded there was another similar outbreak among the Italians, together with the Walloons and other obedient Netherlanders in Hainault, who obliged the city of Mons to collect nine hundred florins a day for them.[2] The consequence of these military rebellions was to render the Spanish crown almost powerless during the whole year within the provinces nominally subject to its sway. The cause, as always, was the non-payment of these veterans' wages year after year. It was impossible for Philip, with all the wealth of the Indies and Mexico pouring through the Danaïd sieve of the Holy League in France, to find the necessary funds to save the bronzed and war-worn instruments of his crimes in the Netherlands from starving and from revolt.

Meantime there was much desultory campaigning in Friesland. Verdugo and Frederick van den Berg picked up a few cities and strong places which had thrown off their allegiance to the king,—Auerzyl, Slochteren, Winschoten, Wedde, Ootmarsum,—and invested the much more important town of Coevorden, which Maurice had so recently reduced to the authority of the Union. Verdugo's force was insufficient, however, and he had neither munitions nor provisions for a long siege. Winter was coming on, and the states, aware that he would soon be obliged to retire from before the well-

[1] Meteren, xvi. 323. Coloma, vi. 123vo. Bor, iii. 710.

[2] Meteren, xvi. 323.

garrisoned and fortified place, thought it unnecessary to interfere with him. After a very brief demonstration the Portuguese veteran was obliged to raise the siege.[1]

There were also certain vague attempts made by the enemy to repossess himself of those most important seaports which had been pledged to the English queen. On a previous page the anxiety has been indicated with which Sir Robert Sydney regarded the withdrawal of the English troops in the Netherlands for the sake of assisting the French king. This palpable breach of the treaty had necessarily weakened England's hold on the affections of the Netherlanders, and awakened dark suspicions that treason might be impending at Flushing or Ostend. The suspicions were unjust, so far as the governors of those places were concerned, for Sydney and Norris were as loyal as they were intelligent and brave; but the trust in their characters was not more implicit than it had been in that of Sir William Stanley before the commission of his crime. It was now believed that the enemy was preparing for a sudden assault upon Ostend, with the connivance, it was feared, of a certain portion of the English garrison. The intelligence was at once conveyed to her Majesty's government by Sir Edward Norris, and they determined to take a lesson from past experience. Norris was at once informed that, in view of the attack which he apprehended, his garrison should be strengthened by five hundred men under Sir Conyers Clifford from certain companies in Flushing, and that other reinforcements should be sent from the English troops in Normandy. The governor was ordered to look well after his captains and soldiers, to remind them, in the queen's name, of their

[1] Bor, iii. 714–718.

duty to herself and to the states, to bid all beware of sullying the English name, to make close investigations into any possible intrigues of the garrison with the enemy, and should any culprits be found, to bring them at once to condign punishment.[1]

The queen, too, determined that there should be no blighting of English honor, if she could prevent it by her warnings, indited with her own hand a characteristic letter to Sir Edward Norris, to accompany the more formal despatch of Lord Burghley. Thus it ran:

"Ned: Though you have some tainted sheep among your flock, let not that serve for excuse for the rest. We trust you are so carefully regarded as naught shall be left for your excuses, but either ye lack heart or want will; for of fear we will not make mention, as that our soul abhors, and we assure ourselves you will never discern suspicion of it. Now or never let, for the honor of us and our nation, each man be so much of bolder heart as their cause is good, and their honor must be according, remembering the old goodness of our God, who never yet made us fail his needful help, who ever bless you, as I with my prince's hand beseech him."[2]

The warnings and preparations proved sufficiently effective, and the great schemes with which the new royal governor of the Netherlands was supposed to be full—a mere episode in which was the conquest of Ostend—seemed not so formidable as their shadows had indicated. There was, in the not very distant future, to be a siege of Ostend, which the world would not soon

[1] The queen's minute to Sir Edward Norris, partly in Burghley's hand, October, 1593, S. P. Office MS.

[2] "A clause written in the letter to Sir Edward Norris, with her Majesty's own hand," S. P. Office MS.

forget, but perhaps the place would not yield to a sudden assault. Its resistance, on the contrary, might prove more protracted than was then thought possible. But the chronicle of events must not be anticipated. For the present, Ostend was safe.[1]

Early in the following spring Verdugo again appeared before Coevorden in force. It was obvious that the great city of Groningen, the mistress of all the northeastern provinces, would soon be attacked, and Coevorden was the necessary base of any operations against the place. Fortunately for the states, Louis William had in the preceding autumn occupied and fortified the only avenue through the Bourtange morass, so that when Verdugo sat down before Coevorden it was possible for Maurice, by moving rapidly, to take the royal governor at a disadvantage.[2]

Verdugo had eight thousand picked troops, including two thousand Walloon cavalry, troopers who must have been very formidable, if they were to be judged by the

[1] "It appears by those advertisements that come unto me out of the land," wrote Sir Edward Norris to Lord Burghley, "that the great expectation which was had of the coming of this new great governor is almost gone, who neither for peace nor war doth seem likely to perform that which he promised. . . . It appears that his intention was by all means to settle those parts in some sort of peace, truce, or quiet by the taking of Ostend, whilst he might employ his whole forces upon greater enterprises. I think he is now out of hope of any, for he finds no likelihood of peace, and as for the taking of this place [Ostend], which the people flattered themselves so much withal, methinks the hope of it is delayed; for the great works which were in hand at Nieuport and Bruges are laid aside, and all the workmen licensed to go home, but to be ready at a day's warning."—Norris to Burghley, March 6, 1594, S. P. Office MS.

[2] Bor, iii. 794–798. Meteren, xvi. 328–330.

prowess of one of their captains, Gaucier by name. This obedient Netherlander was in the habit of boasting that he had slain four hundred and ten men with his own hand, including several prisoners and three preachers;[1] but the rest of those warriors were not so famed for their martial achievements.

The peril, however, was great, and Prince Maurice, trifling not a moment, threw himself with twelve thousand infantry, Germans, Frisians, Scotch, English, and Hollanders, and nearly two thousand horse, at once upon the road between the Vecht and the Bourtange morass. On the 6th of May Verdugo found the states' commander-in-chief intrenched and impregnable, squarely established upon his line of communications. He reconnoitered, called a council of war, and decided that to assail him were madness; to remain, destruction. On the night of the 6th of May he broke up his camp and stole away in the darkness, without sound of drum or trumpet, leaving all his fortifications and burning all his huts.[2]

Thus had Maurice, after showing the world how strong places were to be reduced, given a striking exhibition of the manner in which they were to be saved.

Coevorden, after thirty-one weeks' investment, was relieved.

The stadholder now marched upon Groningen. This city was one of the most splendid and opulent of all the Netherland towns. Certainly it should have been one of the most ancient in Europe, since it derived its name —according to that painstaking banker, Francis Guicciardini—"from Grun, a Trojan gentleman," who, nevertheless, according to Munster, was "a Frenchman by

[1] Meteren. Reyd, ix. 231.

[2] Ibid.

birth." "Both theories, however, might be true," added the conscientious Florentine, "as the French have always claimed to be descended from the relics of Troy."[1] A simpler-minded antiquary might have babbled of green fields, since *groenighe*, or greenness, was a sufficiently natural appellation for a town surrounded, as was Groningen on the east and west, by the greenest and fattest of pastures. In population it was only exceeded by Antwerp and Amsterdam.[2] Situate on the line where upper and nether Germany blend into one, the capital of a great province whose very name was synonymous with liberty, and whose hardy sons had done fierce battle with despotism in every age, so long as there had been human record of despotism and of battles, Groningen had fallen into the hands of the foreign foe, not through the prowess of the Spaniard, but the treason of the Netherlander. The baseness of the brilliant, trusted, valiant, treacherous young Renneberg has been recorded on a previous page of these volumes.[3] For thirteen years long the Republic had chafed at this acquisition of the hated enemy within its very heart. And now the day had come when a blow should be struck for its deliverance by the ablest soldier that had ever shown himself in those regions, one whom the commonwealth had watched over from his cradle.

For in Groningen there was still a considerable party in favor of the Union, although the treason of Renneberg had hitherto prevented both city and province from incorporating themselves in the body politic of the

[1] Guicciardini, in voce.

[2] Guicciardini, in 1585, says that no Netherland city exceeded it in population.

[3] Rise of the Dutch Republic, vol. v. part vi. chap. iii.

United Netherlands. Within the precincts were five hundred of Verdugo's veterans, under George Lanckema, stationed at a faubourg called Schuytendiess.[1] In the city there was, properly speaking, no garrison,[2] for the citizens in the last few years had come to value themselves on their fidelity to church and king, and to take a sorry pride in being false to all that was noble in their past. Their ancestors had wrested privilege after privilege at the sword's point from the mailed hands of dukes and emperors, until they were almost a self-governing republic, their courts of justice recognizing no appeal to higher powers, even under the despotic sway of Charles V. And now, under the reign of his son, and in the feebler days of that reign, the capital of the free Frisians—the men whom their ancient pagan statutes had once declared to be "free so long as the wind blew out of the clouds"—relied upon the trained bands of her burghers, inured to arms and well provided with all munitions of war, to protect her, not against foreign tyranny nor domestic sedition, but against liberty and against law.

For the representative of the most ancient of the princely houses of Europe, a youth whose ancestors had been emperors when the forefathers of Philip, long descended as he was, were but country squires, was now knocking at their gates. Not as a conqueror and a despot, but as the elected first magistrate and commander-in-chief of the freest commonwealth in the world, Maurice of Nassau, at the head of fifteen thousand Netherlanders, countrymen of their own, now summoned the inhabitants of the town and province to participate with

[1] Meteren, xvi. 330 seq. Bor, iii. 808 seq.

[2] Ibid.

their fellow-citizens in all the privileges and duties of the prosperous Republic.

It seemed impossible that such an appeal could be resisted by force of arms. Rather it would seem that the very walls should have fallen at his feet at the first blast of the trumpet; but there was military honor, there was religious hatred, there was the obstinacy of party. More than all, there were half a dozen Jesuits within the town, and to those ablest of generals in times of civil war it was mainly owing that the siege of Groningen was protracted longer than under other circumstances would have been possible.[1]

It is not my purpose to describe in detail the scientific operations during the sixty-five days between the 20th May and the 24th July. Again the commander-in-chief enlightened the world by an exhibition of a more artistic and humane style of warfare than previously to his appearance on the military stage had been known. But the daily phenomena of the leaguer, although they have been minutely preserved by most competent eye-witnesses, are hardly entitled to a place except in special military histories, where, however, they should claim the foremost rank.[2]

The fortifications of the city were of the most splendid and substantial character known to the age. The ditches, the ravelins, the curtains, the towers, were as thoroughly constructed as the defenses of any place in Europe. It was therefore necessary that Maurice and his cousin Louis should employ all their learning, all

[1] Meteren, ubi sup.

[2] See, in particular, Journaal van Duyck, ed. Mulder, 394–465, in which every daily incident of the siege is minutely and scientifically recorded. Bor, iii. 826–835. Meteren, xvi. 330 seq.

their skill, and their best artillery to reduce this great capital of the eastern Netherlands. Again the scientific coil of approaches wound itself around and around the doomed stronghold; again were constructed the galleries, the covered ways, the hidden mines, where soldiers, transformed to gnomes, burrowed and fought within the bowels of the earth; again that fatal letter Y advanced slowly underground, stretching its deadly prongs nearer and nearer up to the walls; and again the system of defenses against a relieving force was so perfectly established that Verdugo or Mansfeld, with what troops they could muster, seemed as powerless as the pewter soldiers with which Maurice in his boyhood —not yet so long passed away—was wont to puzzle over the problems which now practically engaged his early manhood. Again, too, strangely enough, it is recorded that Philip Nassau, at almost the same period of the siege as in that of Gertruydenberg, signalized himself by a deed of drunken and superfluous daring. This time the dinner-party was at the quarters of Count Solms, in honor of the Prince of Anhalt, where, after potations pottle-deep, Count Philip rushed from the dinner-table to the breach, not yet thoroughly practicable, of the north ravelin, and, entirely without armor, mounted pike in hand to the assault, proposing to carry the fort by his own unaided exertions. Another officer, one Captain Vaillant, still more beside himself than was the count, inspired him to these deeds of valor by assuring him that the mine was to be sprung under the ravelin that afternoon, and that it was a plot on the part of the Holland boatmen to prevent the soldiers who had been working so hard and so long in the mines from taking part in the honors of the assault. The count was with

difficulty brought off with a whole skin and put to bed.[1] Yet despite these disgraceful pranks there is no doubt that a better and braver officer than he was hardly to be found even among the ten noble Nassaus who at that moment were fighting for the cause of Dutch liberty—fortunately with more sobriety than he at all times displayed.

On the following day Prince Maurice, making a reconnaissance of the works with his usual calmness, yet with the habitual contempt of personal danger which made so singular a contrast with the cautious and painstaking characteristics of his strategy, very narrowly escaped death. A shot from the fort struck so hard upon the buckler under cover of which he was taking his observations as to fell him to the ground.[2] Sir Francis Vere, who was with the prince under the same buckler, likewise measured his length in the trench, but both escaped serious injury.[3] Pauli, one of the states' commissioners present in the camp, wrote to Barneveldt that it was to be hoped that the accident might prove a warning to his Excellency. He had repeatedly remonstrated with him, he said, against his reckless exposure of himself to unnecessary danger, but he was so energetic and so full of courage that it was impossible to restrain him from being everywhere every day.[4]

Three days later the letter Y did its work. At ten o'clock of the night of the 15th July Prince Maurice ordered the mines to be sprung, when the north ravelin was blown into the air, and some forty of the garrison

[1] Duyck, 448. Bor, iii. 832.

[2] Bor, ubi sup. Duyck, 448. Meteren, 330.

[3] Bor, ubi sup. But Duyck makes no mention of Vere in this connection.

[4] Ibid.

with it.[1] Two of them came flying into the besiegers' camp, and, strange to say, one was alive and sound.[2] The catastrophe finished the sixty-five days' siege, the breach was no longer defensible, the obstinacy of the burghers was exhausted, and capitulation followed. In truth, there had been a subterranean intrigue going on for many weeks, which was almost as effective as the mine. A certain Jan te Boer had been going back and forth between camp and city, under various pretexts and safe-conducts, and it had at last appeared that the Jesuits and the five hundred of Verdugo's veterans were all that prevented Groningen from returning to the Union. There had been severe fighting within the city itself, for the Jesuits had procured the transfer of the veterans from the faubourg to the town itself, and the result of all these operations, political, military, and jesuitical, was that on the 22d July articles of surrender were finally agreed upon between Maurice and a deputation from the magistrates, the gilds, and Commander Lanckema.[3]

The city was to take its place thenceforth as a member of the Union. Louis William, already stadholder of Friesland for the United States, was to be recognized as chief magistrate of the whole province, which was thus to retain all its ancient privileges, laws, and rights of self-government, while it exchanged its dependence on a distant, foreign, and decaying despotism for incorporation with a young and vigorous commonwealth.

It was arranged that no religion but the Reformed religion, as then practised in the United Republic, should

[1] Duyck, 452, 453. Bor. Meteren.
[2] Meteren, 330.
[3] Bor. Meteren. Duyck, 456–464.

be publicly exercised in the province, but that no man should be questioned as to his faith, or troubled in his conscience. Cloisters and ecclesiastical property were to remain *in statu quo* until the States-General should come to a definite conclusion on these subjects.[1]

Universal amnesty was proclaimed for all offenses and quarrels. Every citizen or resident foreigner was free to remain in or to retire from the town or province, with full protection to his person and property, and it was expressly provided in the articles granted to Lanckema that his soldiers should depart with arms and baggage, leaving to Prince Maurice their colors only, while the prince furnished sufficient transportation for their women and their wounded. The property of Verdugo,

[1] Art. VI. Meteren, 331. Bor, 835. The intelligence of the capture of Groningen excited great enthusiasm in the court of the French king, causing "the power of the states and the name of the prince to be extolled to heaven," according to Calvaert. "The entire suspension of Catholic worship, however, and the introduction of the Reformed religion in the city, were reprehended by many. The king sensibly answered, said the envoy, that the townspeople had themselves been the cause of this, never having been willing to permit a church for the Reformed faith. Now they were tripped up in the same way since they found themselves conquered. His Majesty added that your Highnesses, when the Spaniards had been completely driven out of the country, would willingly reopen the Catholic churches in your provinces, if the others would do the same toward the Reformed ones, asking me if it were not so. I answered yes, enlarging on the topic in such wise as I thought suited the occasion, and my language seemed to mitigate the said offense."—Deventer, Gedenkstukken, ii. 32.

Here certainly seemed progress in the history of civilization. The French king and the republican envoy agreeing that Catholics and Protestants ought to have and were to have equal rights of public worship showed an advance on the doctrine of Philip and of the German Protestant princes that the vassal was

royal stadholder of the province, was to be respected and to remain in the city, or to be taken thence under safe-conduct, as might be preferred.[1] Ten thousand cannon-shot had been fired against the city. The cost of powder and shot consumed was estimated at a hundred thousand florins. Four hundred of the besiegers had been killed, and a much larger number wounded. The army had been further weakened by sickness and numerous desertions. Of the besieged, three hundred soldiers in all were killed, and a few citizens.

Thirty-six cannon were taken, besides mortars, and it was said that eight hundred tons of powder and plenty of other ammunition and provisions were found in the place.[2]

On the 23d July Maurice and Louis William entered the city. Some of the soldiers were disappointed at the

to have no opinion but his master's. Nevertheless, the States-General were not pleased that their envoy should have answered the newly converted Henry so glibly on the great subject of protection to Catholics. He was asked by what authority he had given so categorical an answer, and he was directed in future to think twice, and ask for instructions in such emergencies. To promise public worship of a religion professed mainly in the Netherlands by the adherents of the Spanish king and the enemies of the states was pronounced altogether too rash. It was inferred from the eagerness manifested on this occasion that the French king would be easily induced to make war on those of the Reformed religion in case they were not willing to submit themselves to his discretion, and the Queen of England was perpetually intimating such a suspicion to the states. (Duyck, 475.)

[1] Bor, Meteren, ubi sup.

[2] Duyck, 464, 465. Yet Coloma (vi. 133 and vo) ascribes the loss of the city mainly to two causes—*the want of powder*, and the flatteries and vile persuasions of the wives of the burghers, any one of which artful women was equal, he says, to three dissem-

inexorable prohibition of pillage; but it was the purpose of Maurice, as of the States-General, to place the sister province at once in the unsullied possession of the liberty and the order for which the struggle with Spain had been carried on so long. If the limitation of public religious worship seemed harsh, it should be remembered that Romanism in a city occupied by Spanish troops had come to mean unmitigated hostility to the Republic. In the midst of civil war, the hour for that religious liberty which was the necessary issue of the great conflict had not yet struck. It was surely something gained for humanity that no man should be questioned at all as to his creed in countries where it was so recently the time-honored practice to question him on the rack, and to burn him if the answer was objectionable to the inquirer.

It was something that the Holy Inquisition had been forever suppressed in the land. It must be admitted, likewise, that the terms of surrender and the spectacle of reëstablished law and order which succeeded the capture of Groningen furnished a wholesome contrast to the scenes of ineffable horror that had been displayed whenever a Dutch town had fallen into the hands of Philip.

And thus the commonwealth of the United Netherlands, through the practical military genius and perseverance of Maurice and Louis William, and the substantial statesmanship of Barneveldt and his colleagues, had at last rounded itself into definite shape; while in all directions toward which men turned their

bling men. As in every part of the Netherlands, he adds, women exercise great influence, even in the most grave affairs, so there is no doubt that in Groningen they are, and have always been, more powerful than elsewhere.

eyes, world-empire, imposing and gorgeous as it had seemed for an interval, was vanishing before its votaries like a mirage. The Republic, placed on the solid foundations of civil liberty, self-government, and reasonable law, was steadily consolidating itself.

No very prominent movements were undertaken by the forces of the Union during the remainder of the year. According to the agreements with Henry IV., it had been necessary to provide that monarch with considerable assistance to carry on his new campaigns, and it was therefore difficult for Maurice to begin for the moment upon the larger schemes which he had contemplated.

Meantime the condition of the obedient Netherlands demands a hasty glance.

On the death of Brother Alexander, the Capuchin, Fuentes produced a patent by which Peter Ernest Mansfeld was provisionally appointed governor, in case the post should become vacant. During the year which followed, that testy old campaigner had indulged himself in many petty feuds with all around him, but had effected, as we have seen, very little to maintain the king's authority either in the obedient or disobedient provinces.

His utter incompetency soon became most painfully apparent. His more than puerile dependence upon his son, and the more than paternal severity exercised over him by Count Charles, were made manifest to all the world. The son ruled the trembling but peevish old warrior with an iron rod, and endless was their wrangling with Fuentes and all the other Spaniards. Between the querulousness of the one and the ferocity of the other, poor Fuentes became sick of his life. "'T is a

diabolical genius, this Count Charles," said Ybarra, "and so full of ambition that he insists on governing everybody just as he rules his father. As for me, until the archduke comes I am a fish out of water."[1]

The true successor to Farnese was to be the Archduke Ernest, one of the many candidates for the hand of the Infanta, and for the throne of that department of the Spanish dominions which was commonly called France. Should Philip not appropriate the throne, without further scruple, in person, it was on the whole decided that his favorite nephew should be the satrap of that outlying district of the Spanish empire. In such case obedient France might be annexed to obedient Netherlands, and united under the sway of Archduke Ernest.

But these dreams had proved in the cold air of reality but midsummer madness. When the name of the archduke was presented to the estates as King Ernest I. of France, even the most unscrupulous and impassioned Leaguers of that country fairly hung their heads.[2] That a foreign prince, whose very name had never been before heard of by the vast bulk of the French population, should be deliberately placed upon the throne of St. Louis and Hugh Capet, was a humiliation hard to defend, profusely as Philip had scattered the Peruvian and Mexican dollars among the great ones of the nation in order to accomplish his purpose.

So Archduke Ernest, early in the year 1594, came to Brussels, but he came as a gloomy, disappointed man.

[1] Ybarra to the secretaries, October 5, 1593, Arch. de Sim. MS.

[2] "Ils furent presque tous frappés d'horreur en considerant l'extremité ou etaient reduits les Français de penser choisir pour Roy un homme qu'ils ne scavaient seulement qu'il fust au monde." —Lettres de Bongars, July 24, 1593, p. 235.

To be a bachelor governor of the impoverished, exhausted, half-rebellious, and utterly forlorn little remnant of the Spanish Netherlands was a different position from that of husband of Clara Isabella and King of France, on which his imagination had been feeding so long.

For nearly the whole twelvemonth subsequent to the death of Farnese, the Spanish envoy to the imperial court had been endeavoring to arrange for the departure of the archduke to his seat of government in the Netherlands. The prince himself was willing enough, but there were many obstacles on the part of the emperor and his advisers. "Especially there is one very great impossibility," said San Clemente, "and that is the poverty of his Highness, which is so great that my own is not greater in my estate. So I don't see how he can stir a step without money. Here they 'll not furnish him with a penny, and for himself he possesses nothing but debts."[1] The emperor was so little pleased with the adventure that in truth, according to the same authority, he looked upon the new viceroy's embarrassments with considerable satisfaction, so that it was necessary for Philip to provide for his traveling expenses.[2]

Ernest was next brother of the Emperor Rudolph, and as intensely devoted to the interests of the Roman Church as was that potentate himself, or even his uncle Philip.

[1] "Una imposibilidad muy grande es su pobreza que está de manera que no es mayor la mia en mi estado, y assi no sé yo como podra dar un passo sin dinero y de aqui no socorreren con un real, ni el tiene sino deudas."—G. de San Clemente to Fuentes, March 14, 1593, Arch. de Sim. MS.

[2] San Clemente to Fuentes, May 2, 1593, Arch. de Sim. MS. Same to same, August 3, 1593, ibid.

He was gentle, weak, melancholy, addicted to pleasure, a martyr to the gout. He brought no soldiers to the provinces, for the emperor, threatened with another world-empire on his pagan flank, had no funds nor troops to send to the assistance of his Christian brother-in-law and uncle. Moreover, it may be imagined that Rudolph, despite the bonds of religion and consanguinity, was disposed to look coldly on the colossal projects of Philip.

So Ernest brought no troops, but he brought six hundred and seventy gentlemen, pages, and cooks, and five hundred and thirty-four horses, not to charge upon the rebellious Dutchmen withal, but to draw coaches and six.[1]

There was trouble enough prepared for the new governor at his arrival. The great Flemish and Walloon nobles were quarreling fiercely with the Spaniards and among themselves for office and for precedence. Aerschot and his brother Havré both desired the government of Flanders; so did Aremberg. All three, as well as other gentlemen, were scrambling for the major-domo's office in Ernest's palace. Havré wanted the finance department as well, but Ybarra, who was a financier, thought the public funds in his hands would be in a perilous condition, inasmuch as he was accounted the most covetous man in all the provinces.[2]

So soon as the archduke was known to be approaching the capital there was a most ludicrous race run by all these grandees, in order to be the first to greet his Highness. While Mansfeld and Fuentes were squabbling, as usual, Aerschot got the start of both, and arrived at

[1] Bor, iii. 782. Reyd, ix. 220.

[2] Ybarra to ——, November 22, 1593, Arch. de Sim. MS.

EMPEROR RUDOLPH II.
After the painting by J. Heinz.

Treves. Then the decrepit Peter Ernest struggled as far as Luxemburg, while Fuentes posted on to Namur.[1] The archduke was much perplexed as to the arranging of all these personages on the day of his entrance into Brussels. In the council of state it was still worse. Aerschot claimed the first place as duke and as senior member; Peter Ernest demanded it as late governor-general and because of his gray hairs.[2] Never was imperial highness more disturbed, never was clamor for loaves and fishes more deafening. The caustic financier, whose mind was just then occupied with the graver matter of assassination on a considerable scale, looked with profound contempt at the spectacle thus presented to him. "There has been the devil's own row," said he, "between these counts about offices, and also about going out to receive the most serene archduke. I have had such work with them that by the salvation of my soul I swear if it were to last a fortnight longer I would go off afoot to Spain, even if I were sure of dying in jail after I got there. I have reconciled the two counts [Fuentes and Mansfeld] with each other a hundred times, and another hundred times they have fallen out again, and behaved themselves with such vulgarity that I blushed for them.[3] They are both to blame, but at any

[1] Ybarra to ——, November 22, 1593, Arch. de Sim. MS.

[2] "Papel sobre las precedencias."—Ibid.

[3] "Ha pasado aqui una baraunda del diablo entre estos señores Condes sobre la reformacion y despues sobre el salir a recibir al Ser^mo Archiduque, y tanto trabajo mio, que por la salvacion de mi alma juro que si hubiera de durar esto 15 dias mas me fuera a pie a España aunque supiera morir en la carcel. Tuve los concertados cien vezes y otras ciento se han desconcertado y tratado por un termino tan vulgar que yo estoy corrido," etc.—Arch. de Sim. MS.

rate we have now got the archduke housed, and he will get us out of this embarrassment."

The archduke came with rather a prejudice against the Spaniards,—the result doubtless of his disappointment in regard to France,—and he manifested at first an extreme haughtiness to those of that nation with whom he came in contact. A Castilian noble of high rank, having audience with him on one occasion, replaced his hat after salutation, as he had been accustomed to do, according to the manner of grandees of Spain, during the government of Farnese. The hat was rudely struck from his head by the archduke's chamberlain, and he was himself ignominiously thrust out of the presence.[1] At another time an interview was granted to two Spanish gentlemen who had business to transact. They made their appearance in magnificent national costume, splendidly embroidered in gold. After a brief hearing they were dismissed, with appointment of another audience for a few days later. When they again presented themselves they found the archduke with his court jester standing at his side, the buffoon being attired in a suit precisely similar to their own, which in the interval had been prepared by the court tailor.[2]

Such amenities as these did not increase the popularity of Ernest with the high-spirited Spaniards, nor was it palatable to them that it should be proposed to supersede the old fighting Portuguese Verdugo, as governor and commander-in-chief for the king in Friesland, by Frederick van den Berg, a renegade Netherlander, unworthy cousin of the Nassaus, who had never shown either military or administrative genius.

Nor did he succeed in conciliating the Flemings or the

[1] Reyd, ix. 222. [2] Ibid.

Germans by these measures. In truth he was, almost without his own knowledge, under the controlling influence of Fuentes,[1] the most unscrupulous and dangerous Spaniard of them all, while his every proceeding was closely watched not only by Diego and Stephen Ybarra, but even by Cristoval de Moura, one of Philip's two secretaries of state, who at this crisis made a visit to Brussels.[2]

These men were indignant at the imbecility of the course pursued in the obedient provinces. They knew that the incapacity of the government to relieve the sieges of Gertruydenberg and Groningen had excited the contempt of Europe and was producing a most damaging effect on Spanish authority throughout Christendom.[3] They were especially irritated by the presence of the arch-intriguer Mayenne in Brussels, even after all his double-dealings had been so completely exposed that a blind man could have read them. Yet there was Mayenne consorting with the archduke, and running up

[1] Fuentes was not a favorite with Queen Elizabeth. When informed that he was to succeed to the government of the provinces after the death of Parma, she remarked to Noël de Caron that it was the same Count Fuentes who had so shamefully run away when Earl Essex and her people were before Lisbon, that he was a timid old woman, but none the less a great tyrant, and that therefore he had been sent, after the death of the Duke of Alva, to Portugal, and appointed lieutenant-general of the Cardinal of Austria, in order to carry out what had been left unfinished by the duke. She doubted not, she said, that he would attempt the same practices in the Netherlands, but she hoped that a Spanish governor would never be tolerated there. (Noël de Caron to the States-General, December 10, 1592, Hague Archives MS. Compare Duyck, 465.)

[2] Intercepted letters of San Clemente, in Bor, iii. 852–855.

[3] Ibid.

a great bill of sixteen thousand florins at the hotel, which the royal paymaster declined to settle for want of funds, notwithstanding Ernest's order to that effect,[1] and there was no possibility of inducing the viceroy to arrest him, much as he had injured and defrauded the king.

How severely Ybarra and Feria denounced Mayenne has been seen; but remonstrances about this and other grave mistakes of administration were lost upon Ernest, or made almost impossible by his peculiar temper. "If I speak of these things to his Highness," said Ybarra, "he will begin to cry, as he always does."[2]

Ybarra, however, thought it his duty secretly to give the king frequent information as to the blasted and forlorn condition of the provinces. "This sick man will die in our arms," he said, "without our wishing to kill him."[3] He also left no doubt in the royal mind as to the utter incompetency of the archduke for his office. Although he had much Christianity, amiability, and good intentions, he was so unused to business, so slow and so lazy, so easily persuaded by those around him, as to be always falling into errors. He was the servant of his own servants, particularly of those least disposed to the king's service and most attentive to their own interests. He had endeavored to make himself beloved by the natives of the country, while the very reverse of this had been the result. "As to his agility and the strength of his body," said the Spaniard, as if he were thinking of certain allegories which were to mark the archduke's triumphal entry, "they are so deficient as to leave him

[1] Reyd, ix. 243.

[2] Ibid., ix. 242.

[3] Ybarra to Philip, June 21, 1594, Arch. de Sim. MS.: "La enfermedad de esto cuerpo es muy aparejado para que se le muera en los brazos sin quererle matar," etc.

unfit for arms. I consider him incapable of accompanying an army to the field, and we find him so new to all such affairs as constitute government and the conduct of warlike business that he could not steer his way without some one to enlighten and direct him." [1]

It was sometimes complained of in those days—and the thought has even prolonged itself until later times—that those republicans of the United Netherlands had done and could do great things, but that, after all, there was no grandeur about them. Certainly they had done great things. It was something to fight the Ocean for ages, and patiently and firmly to shut him out from his own domain. It was something to extinguish the Spanish Inquisition—a still more cruel and devouring enemy than the sea. It was something that the fugitive spirit of civil and religious liberty had found at last its most substantial and steadfast home upon those storm-washed shoals and shifting sand-banks. It was something to come to the rescue of England in her great agony and help to save her from invasion. It was something to do more than any nation but England, and as much as she, to assist Henry the Huguenot to the throne of his ancestors and to preserve the national unity of France, which its own great ones had imperiled. It was something to found two magnificent universities, cherished abodes of science and of antique lore, in the midst of civil commotions and of resistance to foreign oppression. It was something, at the same period, to lay the foundation of a system of common schools—so cheap as to be nearly free—for rich and poor alike, which, in the words of one of the greatest benefactors to the young Republic, "would be worth all the soldiers, arsenals, armories,

[1] Ybarra to Philip, MS. last cited.

munitions, and alliances in the world." It was something to make a revolution, as humane as it was effective, in military affairs, and to create an army whose camps were European academies. It was something to organize, at the same critical period, on the most skilful and liberal scale, and to carry out with unexampled daring, sagacity, and fortitude, great voyages of discovery to the polar regions, and to open new highways for commerce, new treasures for science. Many things of this nature had been done by the new commonwealth; but alas! she did not drape herself melodramatically, nor stalk about with heroic wreath and cothurn. She was altogether without grandeur.

When Alva had gained his signal victories, and followed them up by those prodigious massacres which, but for his own and other irrefragable testimony, would seem too monstrous for belief, he had erected a colossal statue to himself, attired in the most classical of costumes, and surrounded with the most mythological of attributes. Here was grandeur. But William the Silent, after he had saved the Republic, for which he had labored during his whole lifetime and was destined to pour out his heart's blood, went about among the brewers and burghers with unbuttoned doublet and woolen bargeman's waistcoat. It was justly objected to his clothes, by the euphuistic Fulke Greville, that a mean-born student of the Inns of Court would have been ashamed to walk about London streets in them.[1]

And now the engineering son of that shabbily dressed personage had been giving the whole world lessons in the science of war, and was fairly perfecting the work which William and his great contemporaries had so well

[1] Vol. ii. of this work, p. 9. Brooke's Sydney, 16 seq.

begun. But if all this had been merely doing great things without greatness, there was one man in the Netherlands who knew what grandeur was. He was not a citizen of the disobedient Republic, however, but a loyal subject of the obedient provinces, and his name was John Baptist Houwaerts, an eminent schoolmaster of Brussels. He was still more eminent as a votary of what was called "Rhetoric" and as an arranger of triumphal processions and living pictures.

The arrival of Archduke Ernest at the seat of the provincial government offered an opportunity, which had long been wanting, for a display of John Baptist's genius. The new viceroy was in so shattered a condition of health, so crippled with the gout, as to be quite unable to stand, and it required the services of several lackeys to lift him into and out of his carriage.[1] A few days of repose, therefore, were indispensable to him before he could make his "joyous entrance" into the capital. But the day came at last, and the exhibition was a masterpiece.

It might have seemed that the abject condition of the Spanish provinces—desolate, mendicant, despairing—would render holiday-making impossible. But although almost every vestige of the ancient institutions had vanished from the obedient Netherlands as a reward for their obedience; although to civil and religious liberty, law, order, and a thriving commercial and manufacturing existence, such as had been rarely witnessed in the world, had succeeded the absolute tyranny of Jesuits, universal beggary, and a perennial military mutiny, setting government at defiance and plundering the people, there was one faithful comforter who never deserted Belgica, and that was Rhetoric.

[1] Reyd, ix. 220–222. Bor, iii. 782.

Neither the magnificence nor the pedantry of the spectacles by which the entry of the mild and inefficient Ernest into Brussels and Antwerp was now solemnized had ever been surpassed. The town councils, stimulated by hopes absolutely without foundation as to great results to follow the advent of the emperor's brother, had voted large sums and consumed many days in anxious deliberation upon the manner in which they should be expended so as most to redound to the honor of Ernest and the reputation of the country.

In place of the "bloody tragedies of burning, murdering, and ravishing," of which the provinces had so long been the theater, it was resolved that "Rhetoric's sweet comedies, amorous jests, and farces" should gladden all eyes and hearts.[1] A stately procession of knights and burghers in historical and mythological costumes, followed by ships, dromedaries, elephants, whales, giants, dragons, and other wonders of the sea and shore, escorted the archduke into the city. Every street and square was filled with triumphal arches, statues, and platforms, on which the most ingenious and thoroughly classical living pictures were exhibited. There was hardly an eminent deity of Olympus, or hero of ancient history, that was not revived and made visible to mortal eyes in the person of Ernestus of Austria.

On a framework fifty-five feet high and thirty-three feet in breadth he was represented as Apollo hurling his darts at an enormous python, under one of whose fore

[1] Descriptio et Explicatio pegmatorum et spectaculorum quæ Bruxellæ exhibita fuere sub ingressum Sere^mi principis Ernesti, etc. (Bruxellæ, 1593, S. V.). Houwaerts's Moralisatie op de Komst van de hooghgeboren, machtigen en seer doorlugtigen Vorst Ernesto, etc. (Brussel, by Jan Mommaert, 1594).

paws struggled an unfortunate burgher, while the other clutched a whole city; Tellus, meantime, with her tower on her head, kneeling anxious and imploring at the feet of her deliverer. On another stage Ernest assumed the shape of Perseus, Belgica that of the bound and despairing Andromeda. On a third the interior of Etna was revealed, when Vulcan was seen urging his Cyclopes to forge for Ernest their most tremendous thunderbolts with which to smite the foes of the provinces, those enemies being of course the English and the Hollanders. Venus, the while, timidly presented an arrow to her husband, which he was requested to sharpen, in order that when the wars were over Cupid therewith might pierce the heart of some beautiful virgin, whose charms should reward Ernest—fortunately for the female world, still a bachelor—for his victories and his toils.[1]

The walls of every house were hung with classic emblems and inscribed with Latin verses. All the pedagogues of Brussels and Antwerp had been at work for months, determined to amaze the world with their dithyrambics and acrostics, and they had outdone themselves.

Moreover, in addition to all these theatrical spectacles and pompous processions,—accompanied as they were by blazing tar-barrels, flying dragons, and leagues of flaring torches,—John Baptist, who had been director-in-chief of all the shows successively arranged to welcome Don John of Austria, Archduke Matthias, Francis of Alençon, and even William of Orange, into the capital, had prepared a feast of a specially intellectual character for the new governor-general.

The pedant, according to his own account, so soon as the approach of Ernest had been announced, fell straight-

[1] Houwaerts's Moralisatie, etc., ubi sup.

way into a trance.[1] While he was in that condition, a beautiful female apparition floated before his eyes, and, on being questioned, announced her name to be Moralization. John Baptist begged her to inform him whether it were true, as had been stated, that Jupiter had just sent Mercury to the Netherlands. The phantom, correcting his mistake, observed that the king of gods and men had not sent Hermes, but the Archduke Ernestus, beloved of the three Graces, favorite of the nine Muses, and, in addition to these advantages, nephew and brother-in-law of the King of Spain, to the relief of the suffering provinces. The Netherlands, it was true, for their religious infidelity, had justly incurred great disasters and misery; but benignant Jove, who, to the imagination of this excited Fleming, seemed to have been converted to Catholicism while still governing the universe, had now sent them in mercy a deliverer. The archduke would speedily relieve "bleeding Belgica" from her sufferings, bind up her wounds, and annihilate her enemies. The spirit further informed the poet that the forests of the Low Countries—so long infested by brigands, wood-beggars, and malefactors of all kinds—would thenceforth swarm with "nymphs, rabbits, hares, and animals of that nature."[2]

A vision of the conquering Ernest, attended by "eight-and-twenty noble and pleasant females, marching two and two, half naked, each holding a torch in one hand and a laurel wreath in the other," now swept before the

[1] Houwaerts's Moralisatie, etc., ubi sup.

[2] "In plaetse dat de bosschen plachten te sijne
Vol knevelaers en roovers in alle quartieren
Soo waren sy wederom ten selven termijne
Vol Nymphen, hasen, conijnen en ghelijcke Dieren."
(Ibid.)

dreamer's eyes.[1] He naturally requested the "discreet spirit" to mention the names of this bevy of imperfectly attired ladies thronging so lovingly around the fortunate archduke, and was told that "they were the eight-and-twenty virtues which chiefly characterized his Serene Highness."[2] Prominent in this long list—and they were all faithfully enumerated—were Philosophy, Audacity, Acrimony, Virility, Equity, Piety, Velocity, and Alacrity.[3] The two last-mentioned qualities could hardly be attributed to the archduke in his decrepit condition, except in an intensely mythological sense. Certainly they would have been highly useful virtues to him at that moment. The prince who had just taken Gertruydenberg, and was then besieging Groningen, was manifesting his share of audacity, velocity, and other good gifts

[1] Houwaerts's Moralisatie, etc.

[2] "Acht en twintig edel Nymphen playsant
Sach ich voor den prince haer vertoonen
. . . . . .
Toen spraeck ick, O Vrindinne, wilt my noch bedien
De namen van die nymphen weirt gehonoreert,
Die ick voort, by, en achter Ernestum gesien,
En warom dat sy hem hebben geconvoyeert?
Drom de Nymphe heeft gerespondeert
De agt en twintig Nymphen die met vreughden
Twee en twee tegader hebben gemarscheert
Dat sijn des doolugtigen Princen deughden," etc.
(Ibid.)

[3] "En i dese deughtlijcke Nymphen dit sijn genaempt
Philosophia en Intelligentia
Audacia en Magnanimitas unbeschaempt
Acrimonia en Virilitas
Securitas en Clementia
Firmitudo en Velocitas
Alacritas en Pietatis abundantia
Potentia en Opportunitas gheheesen," etc. (Ibid.)

on even a wider platform than that erected for Ernest by John Baptist Houwaerts, and there was an admirable opportunity for both to develop their respective characteristics for the world's judgment.

Meantime the impersonation of the gentle and very gouty invalid as Apollo, as Perseus, as the feather-heeled Mercury, was highly applauded by the burghers of Brussels.

And so the dreamer dreamed on, and the discreet nymph continued to discourse, until John Baptist, starting suddenly from his trance, beheld that it was all a truth and no vision. Ernest was really about to enter the Netherlands, and with him the millennium. The pedant therefore proceeded to his desk, and straightway composed the very worst poem that had ever been written in any language, even Flemish.

There were thousands of lines in it, and not a line without a god or a goddess.

Mars, Nemesis, and Ate, Pluto, Rhadamanthus, and Minos, the Fates and the Furies, together with Charon, Calumnia, Bellona, and all such objectionable divinities, were requested to disappear forever from the Low Countries, while in their stead were confidently invoked Jupiter, Apollo, Triptolemus, and last, though not least, Rhetorica.[1]

Enough has been said of this raree-show to weary the reader's patience, but not more than enough to show the docile and enervated nature of this portion of a people who had lost everything for which men cherish their fatherland, but who could still find relief, after thirty years of horrible civil war, in painted pageantry, Latin versification, and the classical dictionary.

[1] Houwaerts's Moralisatie, etc.

Yet there was nothing much more important achieved by the archduke in the brief period for which his administration was destined to endure. Three phenomena chiefly marked his reign, but his own part in the three was rather a passive than an active one—mutiny, assassination, and negotiation, the two last attempted on a considerable scale, but ending abortively.

It is impossible to exaggerate the misery of the obedient provinces at this epoch. The insane attempt of the King of Spain, with such utterly inadequate machinery, to conquer the world has been sufficiently dilated upon. The Spanish and Italian and Walloon soldiers were starving in Brabant and Flanders in order that Spanish gold might be poured into the bottomless pit of the Holy League in France.[1]

[1] It is instructive to know the exact sums of money regularly expended by the King of Spain each month, at this period, in France and the Netherlands.

In Flanders and Friesland was an army of	23,952	men,	costing per month	$206,431
The army of France was estimated at	18,921	"	"	175,370
Total	42,873			
Certain individuals, very few in number, maintained in France*			"	42,360
Besides the above, all supplied from Spain, there were maintained by contributions, aids, and licenses in the provinces	6,715	"	"	38,239
Expenses of navy			"	10,958
Total per month				$473,358

*These favored personages were:

Duke of Mayenne	per month,	$12,000
Duke of Guise	"	6,000
Balagny	"	7,200
Duke of Aumale	"	1,800
M. de Rosne	"	1,800
M. de Saint-Pol and his cavalry	"	9,960
Certain gentlemen in Picardy	"	2,400
Governor of La Fère	"	1,200
		$42,360

The mutiny that had broken forth the preceding year in Artois and Hainault was now continued on a vast scale in Brabant. Never had that national institution, a Spanish mutiny, been more thoroughly organized, more completely carried out in all its details. All that was left of the famous Spanish discipline and military science in this their period of rapid decay seemed monopolized by the mutineers. Some two thousand choice troops (horse and foot), Italians and Spanish, took possession of two considerable cities, Sichem and Aerschot, and ultimately concentrated themselves at Sichem, which they thoroughly fortified. Having chosen their eletto and other officers, they proceeded regularly to business. To the rallying-point came disaffected troops of all nations from far and near. Never since the beginning of the great war had there been so extensive a military rebellion, nor one in which so many veteran officers, colonels, captains, and subalterns, took part. The army of Philip had at last grown more dangerous to himself than to the Hollanders.

(Relacion de lo que monta la paga de los exercitos que su Mag^{d} entretiene en Flandes, Brabante, Frisia, y Francia, 1593, Arch. de Sim. MS.)

By another paper it appears at this time there were serving the King of Spain in France and the Netherlands—

German infantry —	Soldiers	14,994
	Officers	1,298
		16,292
Italian infantry —	Soldiers	3,397
	Officers	423
		3,820

(Arch. de Sim., anno 1594, MS.)

The council at Brussels deliberated anxiously upon the course to be pursued, and it was decided at last to negotiate with instead of attacking them. But it was soon found that the mutineers were as hard to deal with as were the republicans on the other side the border. They refused to hear of anything short of complete payment of the enormous arrears due to them, with thorough guaranties and hostages that any agreement made between themselves and the archduke should be punctually carried out. Meanwhile they ravaged the country far and near, and levied their contributions on towns and villages, up to the very walls of Brussels, and before the very eyes of the viceroy.

Moreover, they entered into negotiation with Prince Maurice of Nassau, not offering to enlist under his flag, but asking for protection against the king in exchange for a pledge meanwhile not to serve his cause. At last the archduke plucked up a heart and sent some troops against the rebels, who had constructed two forts on the river Demer, near the city of Sichem. In vain Velasco, commander of the expedition, endeavored to cut off the supplies for these redouts. The vigor and audacity of the rebel cavalry made the process impossible. Velasco then attempted to storm the lesser stronghold of the two, but was repulsed with the loss of two hundred killed. Among these were many officers, one of whom, Captain Porto Carrero, was a near relative of Fuentes. After a siege, Velasco, who was a marshal of the camp of considerable distinction, succeeded in driving the mutineers out of the forts, who, finding their position thus weakened, renewed their negotiations with Maurice. They at last obtained permission from the prince to remain under the protection of Gertruydenberg and

Breda until they could ascertain what decision the archduke would take. More they did not ask of Maurice, nor did he require more of them.

The mutiny, thus described in a few lines, had occupied nearly a year, and had done much to paralyze for that period all the royal operations in the Netherlands. In December the rebellious troops marched out of Sichem in perfect order, and came to Langstraet, within the territory of the Republic.[1]

The archduke, now finding himself fairly obliged to treat with them, sent an offer of the same terms which had been proposed to mutineers on previous occasions. At first they flatly refused to negotiate at all, but at last, with the permission of Maurice, who conducted himself throughout with scrupulous delicacy, and made no attempts to induce them to violate their allegiance to the king, they received Count Belgioso, the envoy of the archduke. They held out for payment of all their arrears up to the last farthing, and insisted on a hostage of rank until the debt should be discharged. Full forgiveness of their rebellious proceedings was added as a matter of course. Their terms were accepted, and Francisco Padiglia was assigned as a hostage. They then established themselves, according to agreement, at Tirlemont, which they were allowed to fortify at the expense of the province and to hold until the money for their back wages could be scraped together. Meantime they received daily wages and rations from the government at Brussels, including thirty stivers a day for each horseman, thirteen crowns a day for the eletto, and ten crowns a day for each councilor, making in all five

[1] Bentivoglio, p. iii. lib. i. 399, 400. Meteren, 340, 341. Coloma, vii. 150vo seq.

hundred crowns a day. And here they remained, living exceedingly at their ease and enjoying a life of leisure for eighteen months, and until long after the death of the archduke, for it was not until the administration of Cardinal Albert that the funds, amounting to three hundred and sixty thousand crowns, could be collected.[1]

These were the chief military exploits of the podagric Perseus in behalf of the Flemish Andromeda.

A very daring adventure was, however, proposed to the archduke. Philip calmly suggested that an expedition should be rapidly fitted out in Dunkirk, which should cross the Channel, ascend the Thames as far as Rochester, and burn the English fleet. "I am informed by persons well acquainted with the English coast," said the king, "that it would be an easy matter for a few quick-sailing vessels to accomplish this. Two or three thousand soldiers might be landed at Rochester, who might burn or sink all the unarmed vessels they could find there, and the expedition could return and sail off again before the people of the country could collect in sufficient numbers to do them any damage." The archduke was instructed to consult with Fuentes and Ybarra as to whether this little matter, thus parenthetically indicated, could be accomplished without too much risk and trouble.[2]

Certainly it would seem as if the king believed in the audacity, virility, velocity, alacrity, and the rest of the twenty-eight virtues of his governor-general, even more seriously than did John Baptist Houwaerts. The unfortunate archduke would have needed to be, in all car-

[1] Bentivoglio, et al., ubi sup.

[2] Philip to Ernest, February 19, 1594, Arch. de Sim. MS.

nestness, a mythological demigod to do the work required of him. With the best part of his army formally maintained by him in recognized mutiny, with the great cities of the Netherlands yielding themselves to the Republic with hardly an attempt on the part of the royal forces to relieve them, and with the country which he was supposed to govern, the very center of the obedient provinces, ruined, sacked, eaten up by the soldiers of Spain,—villages, farm-houses, gentlemen's castles, churches plundered, the male population exposed to daily butchery, and the women to outrages worse than death,[1]—it seemed like the bitterest irony to propose that he should seize that moment to outwit the English and Dutch sea-kings who were perpetually cruising in the Channel, and to undertake a "beard-singeing" expedition such as even the dare-devil Drake would hardly have attempted.

Such madcap experiments might perhaps one day, in

[1] Such pictures are painted not only by republican contemporaries, but by the governors and grandees of the obedient provinces. "Como va arruinado," wrote the royal governor of Hainault, Prince Chimay, to the king, "comido, saqueado, saquearan las aldeas, casas de gentiles hombres y iglesias, se matan los hombres, se desvirgen las mozas y mugeres y otros mil maldades que se cometen cada dia a mi pesar y sin que de ellas se ha hecho alguna justicia aunque me soy quejado y lamentado muchas veces." —Chimay to Philip, March 17, 1594, Arch. de Sim. MS.

"As to getting a good deal of money out of the provinces here by gentleness and persuasion, according to your Majesty's suggestion," wrote the archduke, "your Majesty must be undeceived. Nothing can be got from the provinces, because the whole patrimony thereof is consumed, the private fortunes are destroyed, and everything is in such a brittle condition that nothing whatever can be undertaken in these regions."—Instruccion que el Arch^{que} Ernesto dio al Bon Max Dietrichstein, April 12, 1594, ibid.

the distant future, be tried with reasonable success, but hardly at the beck of a Spanish king sitting in his easy-chair a thousand miles off, nor indeed by the servants of any king whatever.

The plots of murder arranged in Brussels during this administration were on a far more extensive scale than were the military plans.

The Count of Fuentes, general superintendent of foreign affairs, was especially charged with the department of assassination. This office was no sinecure, for it involved much correspondence and required great personal attention to minute details. Philip, a consummate artist in this branch of industry, had laid out a good deal of such work which he thought could best be carried out in and from the Netherlands. Especially it was desirable to take off, by poison or otherwise, Henry IV., Queen Elizabeth, Maurice of Nassau, Olden-Barneveldt, Sainte-Aldegonde, and other less conspicuous personages.

Henry's physician-in-chief, De la Rivière, was at that time mainly occupied with devising antidotes to poison, which he well knew was offered to his master on frequent occasions and in the most insidious ways. Andrada, the famous Portuguese poisoner, among others, is said, under direction of Fuentes and Ybarra, to have attempted his life by a nosegay of roses impregnated with so subtle a powder that its smell alone was relied upon to cause death,[1] and De la Rivière was doing his best to search for a famous Saxon drug, called fable-powder, as a counter-poison. "The Turk alarms us, and well he may," said a diplomatic agent of Henry, "but the Spaniard allows us not to think of the Turk. And what a strange manner is this to exercise one's en-

[1] Meteren, xvi. 334.

mities and vengeance by having recourse to such damnable artifices, after force and arms have not succeeded, and to attack the person of princes by poisonings and assassinations!"[1]

A most elaborate attempt upon the life of Queen Elizabeth early in this year came near being successful. A certain Portuguese Jew, Dr. Lopez, had for some time been her physician in ordinary. He had first been received into her service on the recommendation of Don Antonio, the Pretender, and had the reputation of great learning and skill. With this man Count Fuentes and Stephen Ybarra, chief of the financial department at Brussels, had a secret understanding. Their chief agent was Emanuel Andrada, who was also in close communication with Bernardino de Mendoza and other leading personages of the Spanish court. Two years previously, Philip, by the hands of Andrada, had sent a very valuable ring of rubies and diamonds as a present to Lopez, and the doctor had bound himself to do any service for the King of Spain that might be required of him. Andrada accordingly wrote to Mendoza that he had gained over this eminent physician, but that, as Lopez was poor and laden with debt, a high price would be required for his work. Hereupon Fuentes received orders from the King of Spain to give the Jew all that he could in reason demand, if he would undertake to poison the queen.[2]

It now became necessary to handle the matter with great delicacy, and Fuentes and Ybarra entered accordingly into a correspondence, not with Lopez, but with a

[1] Bongars, Lettres, p. 271.

[2] Account of Dr. Lopez's treason, doubtless by Lord Burghley, in Murdin's State Papers, ii. 669–675. Meteren, xvi. 334 seq. Reyd, ix. 247, 248.

certain Ferrara de Gama. These letters were intrusted to one Emanuel Louis de Tinoco, secretly informed of the plot, for delivery to Ferrara. Fuentes charged Tinoco to cause Ferrara to encourage Lopez to poison her Majesty of England, that they might all have "a merry Easter."[1] Lopez was likewise requested to inform the King of Spain when he thought he could accomplish the task. The doctor ultimately agreed to do the deed for fifty thousand crowns, but as he had daughters and was an affectionate parent, he stipulated for a handsome provision in marriage for those young ladies.[2] The terms were accepted, but Lopez wished to be assured of the money first.

"Having once undertaken the work," said Lord Burghley, if he it were, "he was so greedy to perform it that he would ask Ferrara every day, 'When will the money come? I am ready to do the service if the answer were come out of Spain.'"[3]

But Philip, as has been often seen, was on principle averse to paying for work before it had been done. Some delay occurring, and the secret, thus confided to so many, having floated as it were imperceptibly into the air, Tinoco was arrested on suspicion before he had been able to deliver the letters of Fuentes and Ybarra to Ferrara, for Ferrara, too, had been imprisoned before the arrival of Tinoco. The whole correspondence was discovered, and both Ferrara and Tinoco confessed the plot. Lopez, when first arrested, denied his guilt very

[1] Account of Dr. Lopez's treason, etc.

[2] "And further to set him on, he was to be put in mind that he had daughters to marry, for whom the king would provide, and what great honors and rewards he should have."—Ibid.

[3] Ibid.

stoutly, but being confronted with Ferrara, who told the whole story to his face in presence of the judges, he at last avowed the crime.[1]

They were all condemned, executed, and quartered at London in the spring of 1594. The queen wished to send a special envoy to the archduke at Brussels, to complain that Secretary of State Cristoval de Moura, Count Fuentes, and Finance Minister Ybarra—all three then immediately about his person—were thus implicated in the plot against her life, to demand their punishment, or else, in case of refusal, to convict the king and the archduke as accomplices in the crime.[2] Safe-conduct was requested for such an envoy, which was refused by Ernest as an insulting proposition both to his uncle and himself. The queen accordingly sent word to President Richardot, by one of her council, that the whole story would be published, and this was accordingly done.[3]

[1] Account of Dr. Lopez's treason. Meteren, Reyd, ubi sup.

[2] Reyd, 248.

[3] Ibid. "But because by fame and hearsay," says the writer of the account, no doubt Lord Burghley, "things take not always a true report, and I know the quality of those treasons are of the sort so heinous as all sorts of men desire to be truly informed of the same, I have set down a plain and short declaration of the treason of this perjured murthering traitor, without alleging proofs, which may be done hereafter at large, . . . and also that the practices were set at work, as manifestly appeared to authentical proof, by him who, either in respect of his calling or of her Majesty's deserving, should least of all others have consented to so unprincely an act. Yet it is a strange thing to consider that in so evident a matter, touching as virtuous and sovereign a princess as ever the world did enjoy, we are loath, in reverent regard of the name and title of royal and supreme dignity, *to have him named, otherwise than cannot be avoided in the simple narration of the cause*, and indeed, if I may utter my conceit, *a greater indignity nor breach of honor never was given to that high degree,*

Early in the spring of this same year, a certain Renichon, priest and schoolmaster of Namur, was summoned from his school to a private interview with Count Berlaymont. That nobleman very secretly informed the priest that the King of Spain wished to make use of him in an affair of great importance, and one which would be very profitable to himself. The pair then went together to Brussels, and proceeded straightway to the palace. They were secretly admitted to the apartments of the archduke, but the priest, meaning to follow his conductor into the private chamber, where he pretended to recognize the person of Ernest, was refused admittance. The door was, however, not entirely closed, and he heard, as he declared, the conversation between his Highness and Berlaymont, which was carried on partly in Latin and partly in Spanish. He heard them discussing the question—so he stated—of the recompense to be awarded for the business about to be undertaken, and after a brief conversation distinctly understood the archduke to say, as the count was approaching the door, "I will satisfy him abundantly and with interest."[1]

Berlaymont then invited his clerical guest to supper,—so ran his statement,—and, after that repast was finished, informed him that he was requested by the archduke to

violated by the hands of him who should chiefly sustain that calling. I leave him to the judgment of God, the King of kings, who taketh account of their doings. . . . What may be thought of them who use so high, so holy, so reverend a thing [the profession of religion] to cloke ambition, revenge, and wicked practices? Truly the age wherein we are born shall endure hereafter note of reproach for this kind of impiety and profanation." Most truly, O Lord High Treasurer!

[1] Bor, iii. 815, 817. Reyd, ix. 223–228. Meteren, xvi. 335. "Cumulate et largo foenore satisfaciam."

kill Prince Maurice of Nassau. For this piece of work he was to receive one hundred Philip-dollars in hand, and fifteen thousand more, which were lying ready for him, so soon as the deed should be done.

The schoolmaster at first objected to the enterprise, but ultimately yielded to the persuasions of the count. He was informed that Maurice was a friendly, familiar gentleman, and that there would be opportunities enough for carrying out the project if he took his time. He was to buy a good pair of pistols and remove to The Hague, where he was to set up a school, and wait for the arrival of his accomplices, of whom there were six. Berlaymont then caused to be summoned and introduced to the pedagogue a man whom he described as one of the six. The newcomer, hearing that Renichon had agreed to the propositions made to him, hailed him cordially as comrade and promised to follow him very soon into Holland. Berlaymont then observed that there were several personages to be made away with besides Prince Maurice,—especially Barneveldt and Sainte-Aldegonde,—and that the six assassins had, since the time of the Duke of Parma, been kept in the pay of the King of Spain as nobles, to be employed as occasion should serve.

His new comrade accompanied Renichon to the canal-boat, conversing by the way, and informed him that they were both to be sent to Leyden in order to entice away and murder the young brother of Maurice, Frederick Henry, then at school at that place, even as Philip William, eldest of all the brothers, had been kidnapped five-and-twenty years before from the same town.

Renichon then disguised himself as a soldier, proceeded to Antwerp, where he called himself Michael de Triviere, and thence made his way to Breda, provided

with letters from Berlaymont. He was, however, arrested on suspicion not long after his arrival there, and upon trial the whole plot was discovered. Having unsuccessfully attempted to hang himself, he subsequently, without torture, made a full and minute confession, and was executed on the 3d June, 1594.[1]

Later in the year, one Pierre du Four, who had been a soldier both in the states' and the French service, was engaged by General La Motte and Councilor Assonle-

[1] Bor, Reyd, Meteren, ubi sup. "I have been, with others of the council of state, twice or thrice at the examination of the prisoner. He declareth his coming to have been about an attempt against Breda (which is taken to be but a made and colored thing), and withal to see if he could kill the Count Maurice; that Berlaymont was the mover and Ernestus privy to all; but as yet the truth of the practice and circumstances he openeth not flatly, which will be drawn from him ere he be left. Of profession he is a priest, and born in Namur, having named six others employed about the same mischief; but the fellow is subtle and ready in his words to color and answer anything, so that all is not to be credited that cometh from him."—Gilpin to Burghley, April 2, 1594, S. P. Office MS.

The commissioner alluded to the forthcoming answer of the States-General in regard to the proposed negotiations for peace, in which these murderous attempts of the Spanish king and his representatives were to be hurled in his face with terrible emphasis, and spoke of them with the indignation of an honest Englishman: "The States-General not doubting but that the discovery of the said murder, when it shall be made known and published (whereby it may appear to the world what a most barbarous and abominable course the King of Spain and his do hold by practices against the persons of kings and princes), will not only strengthen and confirm the people here in their resolution to continue their defense and wars, but make all other potentates and countries dislike and detest such heathenish and wicked attempts and proceedings, to the perpetual dishonor, reproach, and infamy of the authors and dealers."—Ibid.

ville to attempt the assassination of Prince Maurice.[1] La Motte took the man to the palace, and pretended at least to introduce him to the chamber of the archduke, who was said to be lying ill in bed. Du Four was advised to enrol himself in the body-guard at The Hague, and to seek an opportunity when the prince went hunting, or was mounting his horse, or was coming from church, or at some such unguarded moment, to take a shot at him. "Will you do what I ask?" demanded from the bed the voice of him who was said to be Ernest. "Will you kill this tyrant?" "I will," replied the soldier. "Then, my son," was the parting benediction of the supposed archduke, "you will go straight to paradise."[2]

Afterward he received good advice from Assonleville, and was assured that if he would come and hear a mass in the royal chapel next morning, that religious ceremony would make him invisible when he should make his attempt on the life of Maurice, and while he should be effecting his escape.[3] The poor wretch accordingly came next morning to chapel, where this miraculous mass was duly performed, and he then received a certain portion of his promised reward in ready money. He was also especially charged, in case he should be arrested, not to make a confession, as had been done by those previously employed in such work, as all complicity with him on part of his employers would certainly be denied.[4]

The miserable dupe was arrested, convicted, executed, and of course the denial was duly made on the part of the archduke, La Motte, and Assonleville. It was also

[1] Meteren, xvi. 335. Bor, iii. 882, 883. Reyd, ix. 247.

[2] Ibid. "Figliol mio, se farete quello che m' avete promesso d' amazzar quel tyranno, andarete diritto in Paradiso."

[3] Bor, ubi sup. [4] Ibid.

announced, on behalf of Ernest, that some one else, fraudulently impersonating his Highness, had lain in the bed to which the culprit had been taken, and every one must hope that the statement was a true one.[1]

Enough has been given to show the peculiar school of statesmanship according to the precepts of which the internal concerns and foreign affairs of the obedient Netherlands were now administered. Poison and pistols in the hands of obscure priests and deserters were relied on to bring about great political triumphs, while the mutinous royal armies, intrenched and defiant, were extorting capitulations from their own generals and their own sovereign upon his own soil.

Such a record as this seems rather like the exaggeration of a diseased fancy, seeking to pander to a corrupt public taste which feeds greedily upon horrors; but, unfortunately, it is derived from the register of high courts of justice, from diplomatic correspondence, and from the confessions, without torture or hope of free pardon, of criminals. For a crowned king and his high functionaries and generals to devote so much of their time, their energies, and their money to the murder of brother and sister sovereigns and other illustrious personages was not to make after ages in love with the monarchic and aristocratic system, at least as thus administered. Popular governments may be deficient in polish, but a system resting for its chief support upon bribery and murder cannot be considered lovely by any healthy mind. And this is one of the lessons to be derived from the history of Philip II. and of the Holy League.

But besides mutiny and assassination there were also some feeble attempts at negotiation to characterize the

[1] Bor, ubi sup.

Ernestian epoch at Brussels. The subject hardly needs more than a passing allusion.

Two Flemish jurisconsults, Otto Hertius and Jerome Comans, offered their services to the archduke in the peacemaking department. Ernest accepted the proposition,—although it was strongly opposed by Fuentes, who relied upon the more practical agency of Dr. Lopez, Andrada, Renichon, and the rest,—and the peacemakers accordingly made their appearance at The Hague, under safe-conduct, and provided with very conciliatory letters from his Highness to the States-General.[1] In all ages and under all circumstances it is safe to enlarge, with whatever eloquence may be at command, upon the blessings of peace and upon the horrors of war; for the appeal is not difficult to make, and a response is certain in almost every human breast. But it is another matter to descend from the general to the particular, and to demonstrate how the desirable may be attained and the horrible averted. The letters of Ernest were full of benignity and affection, breathing a most ardent desire that the miserable war, now a quarter of a century old, should be then and there terminated. But not one atom of concession was offered, no whisper breathed that the Republic, if it should choose to lay down its victorious arms and renounce its dearly gained independence, should share any different fate from that under which it saw the obedient provinces gasping before its eyes. To renounce religious and political liberty and self-government, and to submit unconditionally to the authority of Philip II. as administered by Ernest and Fuentes, was hardly to be expected as the result of the three years' campaigns of Maurice of Nassau.

[1] Bentivoglio, p. iii. lib. i. 390. Bor, iii. 810–812.

The two doctors of law laid the affectionate commonplaces of the archduke before the States-General, each of them making, moreover, a long and flowery oration in which the same protestations of good will and hopes of future good fellowship were distended to formidable dimensions by much windy rhetoric. The accusations which had been made against the government of Brussels of complicity in certain projects of assassination were repelled with virtuous indignation.[1]

The answer of the States-General was wrathful and decided.[2] They informed the commissioners that they had taken up arms for a good cause and meant to retain them in their hands. They expressed their thanks for the expressions of good will which had been offered, but avowed their right to complain before God and the world of those who, under pretext of peace, were attempting to shed the innocent blood of Christians, and to procure the ruin and destruction of the Netherlands. To this end the state council of Spain was more than ever devoted, being guilty of the most cruel and infamous proceedings and projects. They threw out a rapid and stinging summary of their wrongs, and denounced with scorn the various hollow attempts at negotiation during the preceding twenty-five years. Coming down to the famous years 1587 and 1588, they alluded in vehement terms to the fraudulent peace propositions which had been thrown as a veil over the Spanish invasion of England and the Armada, and they glanced at the mediation projects of the emperor in 1591, at the desire of Spain, while armies were moving in force from Germany, Italy, and the Netherlands to crush the King of France, in

[1] Bor, iii. 810–812.

[2] See the document in full in Bor, iii. 813–815.

order that Philip might establish his tyranny over all kings, princes, provinces, and republics. That the Spanish government was secretly dealing with the emperor and other German potentates for the extension of his universal empire appeared from intercepted letters of the king, copies of which were communicated, from which it was sufficiently plain that the purpose of his Majesty was not to bestow peace and tranquillity upon the Netherlands. The names of Fuentes, Clemente, Ybarra, were sufficient in themselves to destroy any such illusion. They spoke in blunt terms of the attempt of Dr. Lopez to poison Queen Elizabeth, at the instigation of Count Fuentes, for fifty thousand crowns to be paid by the King of Spain; they charged upon the same Fuentes and upon Ybarra that they had employed the same Andrada to murder the King of France with a nosegay of roses; and they alluded further to the revelations of Michael Renichon, who was to murder Maurice of Nassau and kidnap Frederick Henry, even as their father and brother had been already murdered and kidnapped.[1]

For such reasons the archduke might understand by what persons and what means the good people of the Netherlands were deceived, and how difficult it was for the states to forget such lessons, or to imagine anything honest in the present propositions.

The states declared themselves, on the contrary, more called upon than ever before to be upon the watch against the stealthy proceedings of the Spanish council of state, bearing in mind the late execrable attempts at assassination, and the open war which was still carried on against the King of France.

[1] Bor, iii. 813–815.

And although it was said that his Highness was displeased with such murderous and hostile proceedings, still it was necessary for the states to beware of the nefarious projects of the King of Spain and his council.[1]

After the conversion of Henry IV. to the Roman Church had been duly accomplished that monarch had sent a secret envoy to Spain. The mission of this agent, La Varenne by name, excited intense anxiety and suspicion in England and Holland and among the Protestants of France and Germany. It was believed that Henry had not only made a proposition of a separate peace with Philip, but that he had formally but mysteriously demanded the hand of the Infanta in marriage. Such a catastrophe as this seemed to the heated imaginations of the great body of Calvinists throughout Europe, who had so faithfully supported the King of Navarre up to the moment of his great apostasy, the most cruel and deadly treachery of all. That the princess with the many suitors should come to reign over France after all —not as the bride of her own father, not as the queen consort of Ernest the Hapsburger or of Guise the Lorrainer, but as the lawful wife of Henry the Huguenot— seemed almost too astounding for belief, even amid the chances and changes of that astonishing epoch. Yet Duplessis-Mornay avowed that the project was entertained, and that he had it from the very lips of the secret envoy who was to negotiate the marriage. "La Varenne

[1] Bor, iii. 813–815. The archduke, as might be supposed, was not pleased with the reply of the states, and characterized it as so arrogant and outrageous that he would not have allowed his Majesty's ears to be offended by it had not the states, like insolent people as they were, already caused it to be printed and published. (Ernest to Philip, September 4, 1594, Arch. de Sim. MS.)

is on his way to Spain," wrote Duplessis to the Duke of Bouillon, "in company with a gentleman of Don Bernardino de Mendoza, who brought the first overtures. He is to bring back the portrait of the Infanta. 'T is said that the marriage is to be on condition that the queen and the Netherlands are comprised in the peace, but you know that this cannot be satisfactorily arranged for those two parties. All this was once guesswork, but is now history."[1]

That eminent diplomatist and soldier, Mendoza, had already, on his return from France, given the King of Spain to understand that there were no hopes of his obtaining the French crown either for himself or for his daughter, that all the money lavished on the chiefs of the League was thrown away, and that all their promises were idle wind. Mendoza, in consequence, had fallen into contempt at court; but Philip, observing apparently that there might have been something correct in his statements, had recently recalled him, and, notwithstanding his blindness and other infirmities, was disposed to make use of him in secret negotiations. Mendoza had accordingly sent a confidential agent to Henry IV., offering his good offices, now that the king had returned to the bosom of the Church.

This individual, whose name was Nuñez, was admitted by De Béthune (afterward the famous Duc de Sully) to the presence of the king; but De Béthune, believing it probable that the Spaniard had been sent to assassinate Henry, held both the hands of the emissary during the

[1] "Je le sais de la bouche du porteur qui ne le m'osa deguiser parceque je monstrai en être adverti, . . . c'etait alors devination, maintenant histoire."—Mém. et Corresp., iv. 563, September 18, 1593.

whole interview, besides subjecting him to a strict personal visitation beforehand. Nuñez stated that he was authorized to propose to his Majesty a marriage with the Infanta Clara Isabella, and Henry, much to the discontent of De Béthune, listened eagerly to the suggestion, and promised to send a secret agent to Spain to confer on the subject with Mendoza.

The choice he made of La Varenne, whose real name was Guillaume Fouquet, for this mission was still more offensive to De Béthune. Fouquet had originally been a cook in the service of Madame Catherine, and was famous for his talent for larding poultry; but he had subsequently entered the household of Henry, where he had been employed in the most degrading service which one man can render to another.[1]

On his appointment to this office of secret diplomacy he assumed all the airs of an ambassador, while Henry took great pains to contradict the reports which were spread as to the true nature of this mission to Spain.[2]

Duplessis was, in truth, not very far wrong in his conjectures, but, as might be supposed, Henry was most anxious to conceal these secret negotiations with his

[1] "La Varenne," said Madame Catherine on one occasion, "tu as plus gagné à porter les poulets de mon frère, qu'à piquer les miens."—Mémoires de Sully, liv. vi. 296, note 6. He accumulated a large fortune in these dignified pursuits, having, according to Winwood, landed estates to the annual amount of sixty thousand francs a year, and gave large dowries to his daughters, whom he married into noblest families; "which is the more remarkable," adds Winwood, "considering the services wherein he is employed about the king, which is to be the *mezzano* for his loves; the place from whence he came, which is out of the kitchen of Madame, the king's sister."—Memorials, i. 380.

[2] Mém. de Sully, ubi sup.

Catholic Majesty from the Huguenot chiefs whom he had so recently deserted. "This is all done without the knowledge of the Duke of Bouillon," said Calvaert, "or at least under a very close disguise, as he himself keenly feels and confesses to me." [1] The envoy of the Republic, as well as the leaders of the Protestant party in France, were resolved if possible to break off these dark and dangerous intrigues, the nature of which they so shrewdly suspected, and to substitute for them an open rupture of Henry with the King of Spain, and a formal declaration of war against him. None of the diplomatists or political personages engaged in these great affairs, in which the whole world was so deeply interested, manifested more sagacity and insight on this occasion than did the Dutch statesmen. We have seen that even Sir Edward Stafford was deceived up to a very late moment as to the rumored intentions of Henry to enter the Catholic Church. Envoy Edmondes was now equally and completely in the dark as to the mission of Varenne, and informed his government that the only result of it was that the secret agent to Spain was favored, through the kindness of Mendoza, with a distant view of Philip II., with his son and daughter, at their devotions in the chapel of the Escorial. This was the tale generally recounted and believed after the agent's return from Spain, so that Varenne was somewhat laughed at as having

[1] Deventer, Gedenkstukken, etc., ii. 37. In this most valuable contribution to the history of the Netherlands and of Europe, the learned editor has been the first to give, so far as I am aware, the true history of this remarkable negotiation. The accounts by contemporary historians show the writers to have been kept as much in the dark as the English envoy was, an extract from whose private letter to Lord Burghley will be found in note 2, p. 339. Compare Bor, iii. 759–763.

gone to Spain on a fool's errand, and as having got nothing from Mendoza but a disavowal of his former propositions. But the shrewd Calvaert, who had entertained familiar relations with La Varenne, received from that personage after his return a very different account of his excursion to the Escorial from the one generally circulated. "Coming from Monceaux to Paris in his company," wrote Calvaert in a secret despatch to the states, "I had the whole story from him. The chief part of his negotiations with Don Bernardino de Mendoza was that if his Majesty [the French king] would abandon the Queen of England and your Highnesses [the states of the Netherlands] there were no conditions that would be refused the king, including the hand of the Infanta, together with a good recompense for the kingdom of Navarre. La Varenne maintained that the King of Spain had caused these negotiations to be entered upon at this time with him in the certain hope and intention of a definite conclusion, alleging to me many pertinent reasons, and among others that he, having been lodged at Madrid, through the adroitness of Don Bernardino, among all the agents of the League, and hearing all their secrets and negotiations, had never been discovered, but had always been supposed to be one of the League himself. He said also that he was well assured that the Infanta in her heart had an affection for the French king, and, notwithstanding any resolutions that might be taken (to which I referred, meaning the projects for bestowing her on the house of Austria), that she, with her father's consent or in case of his death, would not fail to carry out this marriage. You may from all this, even out of the proposal for compensation for the kingdom of Navarre (of which his Majesty also let out something to

me inadvertently), collect the reasons why such feeble progress is made in so great an occasion as now presents itself for a declaration of war and an open alliance with your Highnesses. I shall not fail to watch these events, even in case of the progress of the said resolutions, notwithstanding the effects of which it is my opinion that this secret intrigue is not to be abandoned. To this end, besides the good intelligence which one gets by means of good friends, a continual and agreeable presentation of one's self to his Majesty, in order to see and hear everything, is necessary." [1]

Certainly here were reasons more than sufficient why Henry should be making but feeble preparations for open war in alliance with England and the Republic against Philip, as such a step was hardly compatible with the abandonment of England and the Republic and the espousal of Philip's daughter—projects which Henry's commissioner had just been discussing with Philip's agent at Madrid and the Escorial.

Truly it was well for the republican envoy to watch events as closely as possible, to make the most of intelligence from his good friends, and to present himself as frequently and as agreeably as possible to his Majesty, that he might hear and see everything. There was much to see and to hear, and it needed adroitness and courage not to slip or stumble in such dark ways, where the very ground seemed often to be sliding from beneath the feet.

To avoid the catastrophe of an alliance between Henry, Philip, and the pope against Holland and England, it was a pressing necessity for Holland and England to force Henry into open war against Philip. To this end

[1] Deventer, ubi sup.

the Dutch statesmen were bending all their energies. Meantime Elizabeth regarded the campaign in Artois and Hainault with little favor.

As he took leave on departing for France, La Varenne had requested Mendoza to write to King Henry, but the Spaniard excused himself—although professing the warmest friendship for his Majesty—on the ground of the impossibility of addressing him correctly. "If I call him here King of Navarre, I might as well put my head on the block at once," he observed; "if I call him King of France, my master has not yet recognized him as such; if I call him anything else, he will himself be offended."[1]

And the vision of Philip in black on his knees, with his children about him, and a rapier at his side, passed with the contemporary world as the only phenomenon of this famous secret mission.[2]

[1] Bor, iii. 759–763.

[2] Ibid. Envoy Edmondes gave a detailed account of the matter, so far as he understood it, from Dieppe: "Don Bernardino," he says, "asked to hear what he [La Varenne] had in charge, to which the other made answer to have nothing, only to have brought eyes to see and ears to hear what he would propound. . . . Whereupon Bernardino made him answer that he was to avow nothing that his said servant had delivered, which he said to be in him a less shame than in Mons. de Mayne having disavowed a person of the quality of Mons. de Villeroy. La Varenne, therefore, seeing he could draw no other payment from him, prayed him, to the end his journey might not be to him altogether fruitless, to procure that he might have a sight of the king and the beauties of the Scuriall, his house, which he accordingly performed, causing him to be secretly brought into the chapel where he saw the king at mass, of purpose attired in extraordinary demonstration of liveliness, wearing the sword and cape, which he had not before done in two years; with also the young prince and the Infanta in like color, was brought another time to see him

But Henry, besides this demonstration toward Spain, lost no time in despatching a special minister to the Republic and to England, who was instructed to make the most profuse, elaborate, and conciliatory explanations as to his recent conversion and as to his future

walking in the garden, but without speaking at all unto him. Being therein so satisfied, and therewith dismissed, Don Bernardino prayed him at his departure to excuse him to the king for not writing unto him, which he said he could not do in qualifying him as appertained without disproving the justness of his master's quarrel, and thereby incur peril; and to give him an undue title, that he was too much his servant, and only therefore to let him know that, so as the pope would speak in the king's favor, there is very good reason to make the King of Spain to understand to a union with him, and that is all the return he bringeth of his negotiation; but the king, to cover the shame thereof, doth pay himself with great contentment of the good service which by that occasion he hath otherwise done him, in discovering, by haunting unknown divers French there of the League, a dangerous enterprise upon Bordeaux, which having on his return declared to Marshal Matignon, he hath thereupon apprehended certain of the principal of the town conspirators therein," etc.—Edmondes to Burghley, November 13, 1593, S. P. Office MS. Compare Bor, ubi sup.

La Varenne was subsequently sent to England to give a report, more or less ingenuous, of his Spanish mission to the queen. She at first refused to receive him, on the ground that he had formerly used disrespectful language concerning herself, but she subsequently relented. He reported that he had found the king remarkably jolly (*gaillard*) and healthy for his years, and had also seen the rest of the royal family. Don Bernardino, he said, who had given the king to understand, now that he was Catholic, that he could find means to reconcile him with the king his master, whereby he might maintain himself peaceably in his kingdom, had nevertheless professed ignorance of any such matter when he found that Varenne had no commission except to see and to hear. So the agent was fain, according to his public statement, to content himself with a distant view of the Most Catholic King at his

intentions.[1] Never would he make peace, he said, with Spain without the full consent of the states and of England, the dearest object of his heart in making his peace with Rome having been to restore peace to his own distracted realm, to bring all Christians into one brotherhood, and to make a united attack upon the Grand Turk —a vision which the cheerful monarch hardly intended should ever go beyond the ivory gate of dreams, but which furnished substance enough for several well-rounded periods in the orations of De Morlans.

That diplomatist, after making the strongest representations to Queen Elizabeth as to the faithful friendship of his master, and the necessity he was under of pecuniary and military assistance, had received generous promises of aid both in men and money—three thousand men besides the troops actually serving in Brittany—from that sagacious sovereign, notwithstanding the vehement language in which she had rebuked her royal brother's apostasy.[2] He now came for the same purpose to The Hague, where he made very eloquent harangues to the States-General, acknowledging that the Republic had ever been the most upright, perfect, and undisguised friend to his master and to France in their darkest days and deepest affliction; that she had loved the king and kingdom for themselves, not merely hanging on to their prosperity, but, on the contrary, doing her best to produce that prosperity by her contributions in soldiers,

devotions. (Noël de Caron to the States-General, December 4, 1593, Hague Archives.) No one but Calvaert seems to have succeeded in pumping the secret envoy, but by Calvaert the States-General were enlightened and put thoroughly on their guard as to the possible designs of Henry.

[1] De Morlans to the States-General, in Bor, iii. 721–726, August 26, 1593.

[2] Bor, iii. 719.

ships, and subsidies. "The king," said De Morlans, "is deeply grieved that he can prove his gratitude only in words for so many benefits conferred, which are absolutely without example, but he has commissioned me to declare that if God should ever give him the occasion, he will prove how highly he places your friendship."

The envoy assured the states that all fears entertained by those of the Reformed religion on account of the conversion of his Majesty were groundless. Nothing was further from the king's thoughts than to injure those noble spirits with whom his soul had lived so long, and whom he so much loved and honored. No man knew better than the king did the character of those who professed *the religion*, their virtue, valor, resolution, and patience in adversity. Their numbers had increased in war, their virtues had been purified by affliction, they had never changed their position, whether battles had been won or lost. Should ever an attempt be made to take up arms against them within his realms, and should there be but five hundred of them against ten thousand, the king, remembering their faithful and ancient services, would leave the greater number in order to die at the head of his old friends. He was determined that they should participate in all the honors of the kingdom, and with regard to a peace with Spain, he would have as much care for the interests of the United Provinces as for his own. But a peace was impossible with that monarch, whose object was to maintain his own realms in peace while he kept France in perpetual revolt against the king whom God had given her. The King of Spain had trembled at Henry's cradle, at his youth, at the bloom of his manhood, and knew that he had inflicted too much injury upon him ever to be on friendly terms with him.

The envoy was instructed to say that his master never expected to be in amity with one who had ruined his house, confiscated his property, and caused so much misery to France; and he earnestly hoped, without presuming to dictate, that the States-General would in this critical emergency manifest their generosity. If the king were not assisted now, both king and kingdom would perish. If he were assisted, the succor would bear double fruit.[1]

The sentiments expressed on the part of Henry toward his faithful subjects of the religion, the heretic Queen of England, and the stout Dutch Calvinists who had so long stood by him, were most noble. It was pity that, at the same moment, he was proposing to espouse the Infanta and to publish the Council of Trent.

The reply of the States-General to these propositions of the French envoy was favorable, and it was agreed that a force of three thousand foot and five hundred horse should be sent to the assistance of the king. Moreover, the state paper drawn up on this occasion was conceived with so much sagacity and expressed with so much eloquence as particularly to charm the English queen when it was communicated to her Majesty. She protested very loudly and vehemently to Noël de Caron, envoy from the provinces at London, that this response on the part of his government to De Morlans was one of the wisest documents that she had ever seen. "In all their actions," said she, "the States-General show their sagacity, and, indeed, it is the wisest government ever known among republics. I would show you," she added to the gentlemen around her, "the whole of the paper if it were this moment at hand."[2]

After some delays it was agreed between the French

[1] Address of Morlans, ubi sup. [2] Bor, iii. 726.

government and that of the United Provinces that the king should divide his army into three parts, and renew the military operations against Spain with the expiration of the truce at the end of the year (1593).

One body, composed of the English contingent, together with three thousand French horse, three thousand Swiss, and four thousand French harquebusmen, was to be under his own immediate command, and was to act against the enemy wherever it should appear to his Majesty most advantageous. A second army was to expel the rebels and their foreign allies from Normandy and reduce Rouen to obedience. A third was to make a campaign in the provinces of Artois and Hainault, under the Duke of Bouillon (more commonly called the Viscount Turenne), in conjunction with the forces to be supplied by the Republic. "Any treaty of peace on our part with the King of Spain," said the States-General, "is our certain ruin. This is an axiom. That monarch's object is to incorporate into his own realms not only all the states and possessions of neighboring kings, principalities, and powers, but *also all Christendom, aye, the whole world*, were it possible. We joyfully concur, then, in your Majesty's resolution to carry on the war in Artois and Hainault, and agree to your suggestion of diversions on our part by sieges and succor by contingents." [1]

Balagny, meantime, who had so long led an independent existence at Cambray, now agreed to recognize Henry's authority, in consideration of sixty-seven thousand crowns' yearly pension and the dignity of Marshal of France.[2]

[1] Bor, iii. 766.

[2] Buzanval to the States-General, December 8, 1593, apud Bor, iii. 765, 766.

Toward the end of the year 1594, Buzanval, the regular French envoy at The Hague, began to insist more warmly than seemed becoming that the campaign in Artois and Hainault—so often the base of military operations on the part of Spain against France—should begin. Further achievements on the part of Maurice after the fall of Groningen were therefore renounced for that year, and his troops went into garrison and winter quarters.[1] The States-General, who had also been sending supplies, troops, and ships to Brittany to assist the king, now, after soundly rebuking Buzanval for his intemperate language, intrusted their contingent for the proposed frontier campaign to Count Philip Nassau, who accordingly took the field toward the end of the year at the head of twenty-eight companies of foot and five squadrons of cavalry. He made his junction with Turenne-Bouillon, but the duke, although provided with a tremendous proclamation, was but indifferently supplied with troops. The German levies, long expected, were slow in moving, and on the whole it seemed that the operations might have been continued by Maurice with more effect according to his original plan, than in this rather desultory fashion.[2] The late winter campaign on the border was feeble and a failure.

The bonds of alliance, however, were becoming very close between Henry and the Republic. Despite the change in religion on the part of the king, and the pangs which it had occasioned in the hearts of leading Netherlanders, there was still the traditional attraction between France and the states, which had been so remarkably manifested during the administration of William the Silent. The Republic was more restive than ever under

[1] Bor, 846–859. [2] Ibid.

the imperious and exacting friendship of Elizabeth, and, feeling more and more its own strength, was making itself more and more liable to the charge of ingratitude, so constantly hurled in its face by the queen. And Henry, now that he felt himself really King of France, was not slow to manifest a similar ingratitude or an equal love of independence. Both monarch and Republic, chafing under the protection of Elizabeth, were drawn into so close a union as to excite her anger and jealousy—sentiments which in succeeding years were to become yet more apparent. And now, while Henry still retained the chivalrous and flowery phraseology, so sweet to her ears, in his personal communications to the queen, his ministers were in the habit of using much plainer language. "Mr. de Sancy said to me," wrote the Netherland minister in France, Calvaert, "that his Majesty and your Highnesses [the States-General] must without long delay conclude an alliance offensive and defensive. In regard to England, which perhaps might look askance at this matter, he told me it would be invited also by his Majesty into the same alliance; but if, according to custom, it shilly-shallied, and, without coming to deeds or to succor, should put him off with words, he should in that case proceed with our alliance without England, not doubting that many other potentates in Italy and Germany would join in it likewise. He said, too, that he, the day before the departure of the English ambassador, had said these words to him in the presence of his Majesty, namely, that England had entertained his Majesty sixteen months long with far-fetched and often-repeated questions and discontents; that one had submitted to this sort of thing so long as his Majesty was only king of Mantes, Dieppe, and Lou-

viers, but that his Majesty, being now king of Paris, would be no longer a servant of those who should advise him to suffer it any longer or accept it as good payment; that England must treat his Majesty according to his quality, and with deeds, not words. He added that the ambassador had very anxiously made answer to these words, and had promised that when he got back to England he would so arrange that his Majesty should be fully satisfied, insisting to the last on the alliance then proposed."[1]

In Germany, meanwhile, there was much protocolling, and more hard drinking, at the Diet of Ratisbon. The Protestant princes did little for their cause against the new designs of Spain and the moribund League, while the Catholics did less to assist Philip. In truth, the Holy Roman Empire, threatened with a Turkish invasion, had neither power nor inclination to help the new universal Empire of the West into existence. So the princes and grandees of Germany, while Amurath was knocking at the imperial gates, busied themselves with banqueting and other diplomatic work, but sent few reiters either to the East or West.[2]

[1] M. L. van Deventer, Gedenkstukken van Johan van Olden-Barneveldt en zign Tijd, ii. 20, 21, April 22, 1594. De Sancy expressed himself in still stronger language a few weeks later. "Should England delay or interpose difficulties," said he, "then the king will at once go into company with the States-General; aye, he will bring this alliance forward principally in consideration and respect for the states, whose authority he wishes to establish, . . . declaring with many words that your Highnesses are exactly the power in the whole world to which the king is under the greatest obligation, and in which he places his chief confidence."—Ibid., 24, 25, May 11, 1594.

[2] Bor, iii. 852–854.

Philip's envoys were indignant at the apathy displayed toward the great Catholic cause, and felt humbled at the imbecility exhibited by Spain in its efforts against the Netherlands and France. San Clemente, who was attending the diet at Ratisbon, was shocked at the scenes he witnessed. "In less than three months," said that temperate Spaniard, "they have drunk more than five million florins' worth of wine, at a time when the Turk has invaded the frontiers of Germany; and among those who have done the most of this consumption of wine there is not one who is going to give any assistance on the frontier. In consequence of these disorders my purse is drained so low that unless the king helps me I am ruined. You must tell our master that the reputation of his grandeur and strength has never been so low as it is now in Germany. The events in France and those which followed in the Netherlands have thrown such impediments in the negotiations here that not only our enemies make sport of Marquis Havré and myself, but even our friends—who are very few—dare not go to public feasts, weddings, and dinners, because they are obliged to apologize for us."[1]

Truly the world-empire was beginning to crumble. "The emperor has been desiring twenty times," continued the envoy, "to get back to Prague from the diet, but the people hold him fast like a steer. As I think over all that passes, I lose all judgment, for I have no money, nor influence, nor reputation. Meantime I see this rump of an empire keeping itself with difficulty upon its legs. 'T is full of wrangling and discord about religion, and yet there is the Turk with two hundred

[1] Intercepted letters of San Clemente to Idiaquez, August 30, 1594, apud Bor, ubi sup.

thousand men besieging a place forty miles from Vienna, which is the last outpost. God grant it may last."[1]

Such was the aspect of the Christian world at the close of the year 1594.

[1] Intercepted letters of San Clemente to Idiaquez, ubi sup.

CHAPTER XXXI

Formal declaration of war against Spain—Marriage festivities—Death of Archduke Ernest—His year of government—Fuentes declared governor-general—Disaffection of the Duke of Aerschot and Count Aremberg—Death of the Duke of Aerschot—Fuentes besieges Le Catelet—The fortress of Ham, sold to the Spanish by De Gomeron, besieged and taken by the Duke of Bouillon—Execution of De Gomeron—Death of Colonel Verdugo—Siege of Dourlens by Fuentes—Death of La Motte—Death of Charles Mansfeld—Total defeat of the French—Murder of Admiral de Villars—Dourlens captured, and the garrison and citizens put to the sword—Military operations in eastern Netherlands and on the Rhine—Maurice lays siege to Groenlo—Mondragon hastening to its relief, Prince Maurice raises the siege—Skirmish between Maurice and Mondragon—Death of Philip of Nassau—Death of Mondragon—Bombardment and surrender of Weerdt Castle—Maurice retires into winter quarters—Campaign of Henry IV.—He besieges Dijon—Surrender of Dijon—Absolution granted to Henry by the pope—Career of Balagny at Cambray—Progress of the siege—Capitulation of the town—Suicide of the Princess of Cambray, wife of Balagny.

The year 1595 opened with a formal declaration of war by the King of France against the King of Spain.[1] It would be difficult to say for exactly how many years the war now declared had already been waged, but it was a considerable advantage to the United Netherlands that the manifesto had been at last regularly issued. And

[1] Bor, iv. xxx. 2 seq. De Thou, t. xii. liv. iii. 342 seq.

the manifesto was certainly not deficient in bitterness. Not often in Christian history has a monarch been solemnly and officially accused by a brother sovereign of suborning assassins against his life. Bribery, stratagem, and murder were, however, so entirely the commonplace machinery of Philip's administration as to make an allusion to the late attempt of Chastel appear quite natural in Henry's declaration of war. The king further stigmatized in energetic language the long succession of intrigues by which the monarch of Spain, as chief of the Holy League, had been making war upon him, by means of his own subjects, for the last half-dozen years. Certainly there was hardly need of an elaborate statement of grievances. The deeds of Philip required no herald, unless Henry was prepared to abdicate his hardly earned title to the throne of France.

Nevertheless, the politic Gascon subsequently regretted the fierce style in which he had fulminated his challenge. He was accustomed to observe that no state paper required so much careful pondering as a declaration of war,[1] and that it was scarcely possible to draw up such a document without committing many errors in the phraseology. The man who never knew fear, despondency, nor resentment was already instinctively acting on the principle that a king should deal with his enemy as if sure to become his friend, and with his friends as if they might easily change to foes.[2]

The answer to the declaration was delayed for two months. When the reply came, it of course breathed nothing but the most benignant sentiments in regard to France, while it expressed regret that it was necessary to carry fire and sword through that country in order to

[1] Bor, De Thou, ubi sup. [2] Sully, i. liv. vii. 412.

avert the unutterable woe which the crimes of the heretic Prince of Béarn were bringing upon all mankind.[1]

It was a solace for Philip to call the legitimate king by the title borne by him when heir presumptive, and to persist in denying to him that absolution which, as the whole world was aware, the Vicar of Christ was at that very moment in the most solemn manner about to bestow upon him.

More devoted to the welfare of France than were the French themselves, he was determined that a foreign prince—himself, his daughter, or one of his nephews—should supplant the descendant of St. Louis on the French throne. More Catholic than the pope, he could not permit the heretic, whom his Holiness was just washing whiter than snow, to intrude himself into the society of Christian sovereigns.

The winter movements by Bouillon in Luxemburg, sustained by Philip Nassau campaigning with a meager force on the French frontier, were not very brilliant. The Netherland regiments quartered at Yssoire, La Ferté, and in the neighborhood accomplished very little, and their numbers were sadly thinned by dysentery. A sudden and successful stroke, too, by which that daring soldier Heraugiere, who had been the chief captor of Breda, obtained possession of the town and castle of Huy, produced no permanent advantage. This place, belonging to the Bishop of Liège, with its stone bridge over the Meuse, was an advantageous position from which to aid the operations of Bouillon in Luxemburg. Heraugiere was, however, not sufficiently reinforced, and Huy was a month later recaptured by La Motte.[2] The campaigning was languid during that winter in the

[1] Bor, De Thou, ubi sup.

[2] Bor, iv. 8, 10.

United Netherlands, but the merrymaking was energetic. The nuptials of Hohenlo with Mary, eldest daughter of William the Silent and own sister of the captive Philip William; of the Duke of Bouillon with Elizabeth, one of the daughters of the same illustrious prince by his third wife, Charlotte of Bourbon; and of Count Everard Solms, the famous general of the Zealand troops, with Sabina, daughter of the unfortunate Lamoral Egmont, were celebrated with much pomp during the months of February and March.[1] The states of Holland and of Zealand made magnificent presents of diamonds to the brides, the Countess Hohenlo receiving besides a yearly income of three thousand florins for the lives of herself and her husband.[2]

In the midst of these merry marriage bells at The Hague a funeral knell was sounding in Brussels. On the 20th February the governor-general of the obedient Netherlands, Archduke Ernest, breathed his last. His career had not been so illustrious as the promises of the Spanish king and the allegories of Schoolmaster Houwaerts had led him to expect. He had not espoused the Infanta nor been crowned King of France. He had not blasted the rebellious Netherlands with Cyclopean thunderbolts, nor unbound the Belgic Andromeda from the rock of doom. His brief year of government had really been as dismal as, according to the announcement of his sycophants, it should have been amazing. He had accomplished nothing, and all that was left him was to die at the age of forty-two, over head and ears in debt, a disappointed, melancholy man. He was very indolent, enormously fat, very chaste, very expensive, fond of fine liveries and fine clothes, so solemn and stately as

[1] Bor, iv. 13. [2] Ibid.

never to be known to laugh, but utterly without capacity either as a statesman or a soldier.[1] He would have shone as a portly abbot ruling over peaceful friars, but he was not born to ride a revolutionary whirlwind, nor to evoke order out of chaos. Past and Present were contending with each other in fierce elemental strife within his domain. A world was in dying agony, another world was coming, full-armed, into existence within the handbreadth of time and of space where he played his little part, but he dreamed not of it. He passed away like a shadow, and was soon forgotten.

An effort was made, during the last illness of Ernest, to procure from him the appointment of the Elector of Cologne as temporary successor to the government, but Count Fuentes was on the spot and was a man of action. He produced a power in the French language from Philip, with a blank for the name. This had been intended for the case of Peter Ernest Mansfeld's possible death during his provisional administration, and Fuentes now claimed the right of inserting his own name.[2]

The dying Ernest consented, and upon his death Fuentes was declared governor-general until the king's further pleasure should be known.

Pedro de Guzman, Count of Fuentes, a Spaniard of the hard and antique type, was now in his sixty-fourth year. The pupil and near relative of the Duke of Alva, he was already as odious to the Netherlanders as might have been inferred from such education and such kin. A dark, grizzled, baldish man, with high, steep forehead, long, haggard, leathern visage, sweeping beard, and

[1] Bor, iv. 12. Coloma, viii. 162.

[2] Diego de Ybarra to Philip, February 19, 1595. Est. de Ybarra to the secretaries, same date, Arch. de Sim. MS.

large, stern, commanding, menacing eyes, with his Brussels ruff of point-lace and his Milan coat of proof, he was in personal appearance not unlike the terrible duke whom men never named without a shudder, although a quarter of a century had passed since he had ceased to curse the Netherlands with his presence. Elizabeth of England was accustomed to sneer at Fuentes because he had retreated before Essex in that daring commander's famous foray into Portugal.[1] The queen called the Spanish general a timid old woman. If her gibe were true, it was fortunate for her, for Henry of France, and for the Republic that there were not many more such old women to come from Spain to take the place of the veteran chieftains who were destined to disappear so rapidly during this year in Flanders. He was a soldier of fortune, loved fighting, not only for the fighting's sake, but for the prize-money which was to be accumulated by campaigning, and he was wont to say that he meant to enter paradise sword in hand.[2]

Meantime his appointment excited the wrath of the provincial magnates. The Duke of Aerschot was beside himself with frenzy, and swore that he would never serve under Fuentes nor sit at his council-board. The duke's brother, Marquis Havré, and his son-in-law, Count Aremberg, shared in the hatred, although they tried to mitigate the vehemence of its expression. But Aerschot swore that no man had the right to take precedence of him in the council of state, and that the appointment of this or any Spaniard was a violation of the charters of the provinces and of the promises of his Majesty.[3] As if it

[1] Vol. iii. of this work, p. 437.

[2] Fruin, Tien Jaaren, etc., 192, note.

[3] Est. de Ybarra to Philip, March 6, 1595, Arch. de Sim. MS.

were for the nobles of the obedient provinces to prate of charters and of oaths! Their brethren under the banner of the Republic had been teaching Philip for a whole generation how they could deal with the privileges of freemen and with the perjury of tyrants. It was late in the day for the obedient Netherlanders to remember their rights. Havré and Aremberg, dissembling their own wrath, were abused and insulted by the duke when they tried to pacify him. They proposed a compromise, according to which Aerschot should be allowed to preside in the council of state, while Fuentes should content himself with the absolute control of the army. This would be putting a bit of fat in the duke's mouth, they said.[1] Fuentes would hear of no such arrangement. After much talk and daily attempts to pacify this great Netherlander, his relatives at last persuaded him to go home to his country place. He even promised Aremberg and his wife that he would go to Italy, in pursuance of a vow made to Our Lady of Loretto. Aremberg privately intimated to Stephen Ybarra that there was a certain oil, very apt to be efficacious in similar cases of irritation, which might be applied with prospect of success. If his father-in-law could only receive some ten thousand florins which he claimed as due to him from government, this would do more to quiet him than a regiment of soldiers could. He also suggested that Fuentes should call upon the duke, while Secretary Ybarra should excuse himself by sickness for not having already paid his respects. This was done. Fuentes called. The duke returned the call, and the two conversed amicably about the death of the archduke, but entered into no political discussion.

[1] Ybarra to Philip, March 6, 1595, Arch. de Sim. MS.: "Una pella de sebo en la boca para acquietarle."

Aerschot then invited the whole council of state, except John Baptist Tassis, to a great dinner. He had prepared a paper to read to them, in which he represented the great dangers likely to ensue from such an appointment as this of Fuentes, but declared that he washed his hands of the consequences, and that he had determined to leave a country where he was of so little account. He would then close his eyes and ears to everything that might occur, and thus escape the infamy of remaining in a country where so little account was made of him. He was urged to refrain from reading this paper and to invite Tassis. After a time he consented to suppress the document, but he manfully refused to bid the objectionable diplomatist to his banquet.[1]

The dinner took place and passed off pleasantly enough. Aerschot did not read his manifesto, but, as he warmed with wine, he talked a great deal of nonsense which, according to Stephen Ybarra, much resembled it, and he vowed that thenceforth he would be blind and dumb to all that might occur.[2] A few days later he paid a visit to the new governor-general, and took a peaceful farewell of him. "Your Majesty knows very well what he is," wrote Fuentes: "he is nothing but talk."[3] Before leaving the country he sent a bitter complaint to Ybarra, to the effect that the king had entirely forgotten him, and imploring that financier's influence to procure for him some gratuity from his Majesty. He was in such necessity, he said, that it was no longer possible for him to maintain his household.[4]

[1] Ybarra to Philip, March 6, 1595, Arch. de Sim. MS. [2] Ibid.

[3] Fuentes to Philip, March 28, 1595, Arch. de Sim. MS.: "Es el que V. Magd sabe, contentandose con hablar."

[4] Letters of Ybarra, ubi sup.

And with this petition the grandee of the obedient provinces shook the dust from his shoes and left his natal soil forever. He died on the 11th December of the same year in Venice.

His son the Prince of Chimay, his brother and son-in-law, and the other obedient nobles soon accommodated themselves to the new administration, much as they had been inclined to bluster at first about their privileges. The governor soon reported that matters were proceeding very smoothly.[1] There was a general return to the former docility now that such a disciplinarian as Fuentes held the reins.

The opening scenes of the campaign between the Spanish governor and France were, as usual, in Picardy. The Marquis of Varambon made a demonstration in the neighborhood of Dourlens, a fortified town on the river Authie, lying in an open plain, very deep in that province, while Fuentes took the field with eight thousand men and laid siege to Le Catelet. He had his eye, however, upon Ham. That important stronghold was in the hands of a certain nobleman called De Gomeron, who had been an energetic Leaguer, and was now disposed, for a handsome consideration, to sell himself to the King of Spain. In the auction of governors and generals then going on in every part of France it had been generally found that Henry's money was more to be depended upon in the long run, although Philip's bids were often very high, and, for a considerable period, the payments regular. Gomeron's upset price for himself was twenty-five thousand crowns in cash and a pension of eight thousand a year. Upon these terms he agreed to receive a Spanish garrison into the town, and to cause the

[1] Ybarra to Philip, March 16, 1595.

French in the citadel to be sworn into the service of the Spanish king. Fuentes agreed to the bargain, and paid the adroit tradesman, who knew so well how to turn a penny for himself, a large portion of the twenty-five thousand crowns upon the nail.

De Gomeron was to proceed to Brussels to receive the residue. His brother-in-law, M. d'Orville, commanded in the citadel, and so soon as the Spanish troops had taken possession of the town its governor claimed full payment of his services.

But difficulties awaited him in Brussels. He was informed that a French garrison could not be depended upon for securing the fortress, but that town and citadel must both be placed in Spanish hands. De Gomeron, loudly protesting that this was not according to contract, was calmly assured, by command of Fuentes, that unless the citadel were at once evacuated and surrendered he would not receive the balance of his twenty-five thousand crowns, and that he should instantly lose his head. Here was more than De Gomeron had bargained for; but this particular branch of commerce in revolutionary times, although lucrative, has always its risks. De Gomeron, thus driven to the wall, sent a letter by a Spanish messenger to his brother-in-law, ordering him to surrender the fortress. D'Orville, who meantime had been making his little arrangements with the other party, protested that the note had been written under duress, and refused to comply with its directions.

Time was pressing, for the Duke of Bouillon and the Count of Saint-Pol lay with a considerable force in the neighborhood, obviously menacing Ham.

Fuentes accordingly sent that distinguished soldier and historian, Don Carlos Coloma, with a detachment of

soldiers to Brussels, with orders to bring Gomeron into camp. He was found seated at supper with his two young brothers, aged respectively sixteen and eighteen years, and was just putting a cherry into his mouth as Coloma entered the room. He remained absorbed in thought, trifling with the cherry without eating it, which Don Carlos set down as a proof of guilt. The three brothers were at once put in a coach, together with their sister, a nun of the age of twenty, and conveyed to the headquarters of Fuentes, who lay before Le Catelet, but six leagues from Ham.

Meantime D'Orville had completed his negotiations with Bouillon, and had agreed to surrender the fortress so soon as the Spanish troops should be driven from the town. The duke, knowing that there was no time to lose, came with three thousand men before the place. His summons to surrender was answered by a volley of cannon-shot from the town defenses. An assault was made and repulsed, D'Humières, a most gallant officer and a favorite of King Henry, being killed, besides at least two hundred soldiers. The next attack was successful; the town was carried, and the Spanish garrison put to the sword.

D'Orville then, before giving up the citadel, demanded three hostages for the lives of his three brothers-in-law.

The hostages availed him little. Fuentes had already sent word to Gomeron's mother that if the bargain were not fulfilled he would send her the heads of her three sons on three separate dishes. The distracted woman made her way to D'Orville, and fell at his feet with tears and entreaties. It was too late, and D'Orville, unable to bear her lamentations, suddenly rushed from the castle, and nearly fell into the hands of the Spaniards as

he fled from the scene. Two of the four cuirassiers who alone of the whole garrison accompanied him were taken prisoners. The governor escaped to unknown regions. Madame de Gomeron then appeared before Fuentes, and tried in vain to soften him. De Gomeron was at once beheaded in the sight of the whole camp. The two younger sons were retained in prison, but ultimately set at liberty.[1] The town and citadel were thus permanently acquired by their lawful king, who was said to be more afflicted at the death of D'Humières than rejoiced at the capture of Ham.

Meantime Colonel Verdugo, royal governor of Friesland, whose occupation in those provinces, now so nearly recovered by the Republic, was gone, had led a force of six thousand foot and twelve hundred horse across the French border, and was besieging La Ferté, on the Cher. The siege was relieved by Bouillon on the 26th May, and the Spanish veteran was then ordered to take command in Burgundy. But his days were numbered. He had been sick of dysentery at Luxemburg during the summer, but after apparent recovery died suddenly on the 2d September, and of course was supposed to have been poisoned.[2] He was identified with the whole history of the Netherland wars. Born at Talavera de la Reina, of noble parentage, as he asserted, although his mother was said to have sold dogs' meat, and he himself when a youth was a private soldier, he rose by steady conduct and hard fighting to considerable eminence in his profession. He was governor of Haarlem after the famous siege, and exerted himself with some success to

[1] Bor, iv. 18, 19, 27. Meteren, 355, 356. De Thou, xii. 382 seq. Coloma, 173.

[2] Duyck, 662. Compare Bor, iv. 29.

mitigate the ferocity of the Spaniards toward the Netherlanders at that epoch. He was marshal-general of the camp under Don John of Austria, and distinguished himself at the battle of Gembloux. He succeeded Count Renneberg as governor of Friesland and Groningen, and bore a manful part in most of the rough business that had been going on for a generation of mankind among those blood-stained wolds and morasses. He was often victorious, and quite as often soundly defeated; but he enjoyed campaigning, and was a glutton of work. He cared little for parade and ceremony, but was fond of recalling with pleasure the days when he was a soldier at four crowns a month, with an undivided fourth of one cloak, which he and three companions wore by turns on holidays. Although accused of having attempted to procure the assassination of Louis William Nassau, he was not considered ill-natured, and he possessed much admiration for Prince Maurice. An iron-clad man, who had scarcely taken harness from his back all his life, he was a type of the Spanish commanders who had implanted international hatred deeply in the Netherland soul, and who, now that this result and no other had been accomplished, were rapidly passing away. He had been baptized Franco, and his family appellation of Verdugo meant executioner. Punning on these names, he was wont to say that he was frank for all good people, but a hangman for heretics; and he acted up to his gibe.[1]

Foiled at Ham, Fuentes had returned to the siege of Catelet, and had soon reduced the place. He then turned his attention again to Dourlens, and invested that city. During the preliminary operations another

[1] Coloma, 168vo.

veteran commander in these wars, Valentin Pardieu de la Motte, recently created Count of Everbecq by Philip, who had been for a long time general-in-chief of the artillery, and was one of the most famous and experienced officers in the Spanish service, went out one fine moonlight night to reconnoiter the enemy and to superintend the erection of batteries. As he was usually rather careless of his personal safety, and rarely known to put on his armor when going for such purposes into the trenches, it was remarked with some surprise, on this occasion, that he ordered his page to bring his accoutrements, and that he armed himself cap-a-pie before leaving his quarters. Nevertheless, before he had reached the redout a bullet from the town struck him between the fold of his morion and the edge of his buckler, and he fell dead without uttering a sound.[1]

Here again was a great loss to the king's service. La Motte, of a noble family in Burgundy, had been educated in the old fierce traditions of the Spanish system of warfare in the Netherlands, and had been one of the very hardest instruments that the despot could use for his bloody work. He had commanded a company of horse at the famous battle of St.-Quentin, and since that opening event in Philip's reign he had been unceasingly engaged in the Flemish wars. Alva made him a colonel of a Walloon regiment; the Grand Commander Requesens appointed him governor of Gravelines. On the whole, he had been tolerably faithful to his colors, having changed sides but twice. After the Pacification of Ghent he swore allegiance to the States-General, and assisted in the bombardment of the citadel of that place. Soon afterward he went over to Don John of Austria, and

[1] Bor, xii. 39. Meteren, 356. Coloma, 176.

surrendered to him the town and fortress of Gravelines, of which he then continued governor in the name of the king. He was fortunate in the accumulation of office and of money, rather unlucky in his campaigning. He was often wounded in action, and usually defeated when commanding in chief. He lost an arm at the siege of Sluis, and had now lost his life almost by an accident. Although twice married, he left no children to inherit his great estates, while the civil and military offices left vacant by his death were sufficient to satisfy the claims of five aspiring individuals. The Count of Varax succeeded him as general of artillery; but it was difficult to find a man to replace La Motte, possessing exactly the qualities which had made that warrior so valuable to his king. The type was rapidly disappearing, and most fortunately for humanity, if half the stories told of him by grave chroniclers, accustomed to discriminate between history and gossip, are to be believed. He had committed more than one cool homicide. Although not rejoicing in the same patronymic as his Spanish colleague of Friesland, he, too, was ready on occasion to perform hangman's work. When sergeant-major in Flanders, he had himself volunteered—so ran the chronicle—to do execution on a poor wretch found guilty of professing the faith of Calvin, and with his own hands had prepared a fire of straw, tied his victim to the stake, and burned him to cinders.[1] Another Netherlander for the same crime of heresy had been condemned to be torn to death by horses. No one could be found to carry out the sentence. The soldiers under La Motte's command broke into mutiny rather than permit themselves to be used for such foul purposes; but the ardent young ser-

[1] Meteren, ubi sup.

geant-major came forward, tied the culprit by the arms and legs to two horses, and himself whipped them to their work till it was duly accomplished.[1] Was it strange that in Philip's reign such energy should be rewarded by wealth, rank, and honor? Was not such a laborer in the vineyard worthy of his hire?

Still another eminent chieftain in the king's service disappeared at this time—one who, although unscrupulous and mischievous enough in his day, was, however, not stained by any suspicion of crimes like these. Count Charles Mansfeld, tired of governing his decrepit parent Peter Ernest, who, since the appointment of Fuentes, had lost all further chance of governing the Netherlands, had now left Philip's service and gone to the Turkish wars. For Amurath III., who had died in the early days of the year, had been succeeded by a sultan as warlike as himself. Mohammed III., having strangled his nineteen brothers on his accession, handsomely buried them in cypress coffins by the side of their father, and having subsequently sacked and drowned ten infant princes posthumously born to Amurath,[2] was at leisure to carry the war through Transylvania and Hungary, up to the gates of Vienna, with renewed energy. The Turk, who could enforce the strenuous rules of despotism by which all secundogenitures and collateral claimants in the Ottoman family were thus provided for, was a foe to be dealt with seriously. The power of the Moslems at that day was a full match for the Holy Roman Empire. The days were far distant when the grim Turk's head was to become a mockery and a show, and when a pagan

[1] Meteren, ubi sup.

[2] De Thou, t. xii. liv. cxiv. 500 seq. Compare Herrera, iii. 476, 477.

empire, born of carnage and barbarism, was to be kept alive in Europe, when it was ready to die, by the collective efforts of Christian princes. Charles Mansfeld had been received with great enthusiasm at the court of Rudolph, where he was created a prince of the empire and appointed to the chief command of the imperial armies under the Archduke Matthias. But his warfare was over. At the siege of Gran he was stricken with sickness and removed to Comorn, where he lingered some weeks. There, on the 24th August, as he lay half dozing on his couch, he was told that the siege was at last successful, upon which he called for a goblet of wine, drained it eagerly, and then lay resting his head on his hand, like one absorbed in thought. When they came to arouse him from his reverie they found that he was dead.[1] His father still remained superfluous in the Netherlands, hating and hated by Fuentes, but no longer able to give that governor so much annoyance as during his son's lifetime the two had been able to create for Alexander Farnese. The octogenarian was past work and past mischief now; but there was one older soldier than he still left upon the stage, the grandest veteran in Philip's service, and now the last survivor, except the decrepit Peter Ernest, of the grim commanders of Alva's school. Christopher Mondragon—that miracle of human endurance, who had been an old man when the great duke arrived in the Netherlands—was still governor of Antwerp citadel, and men were to speak of him yet once more before he passed from the stage.

I return from this digression to the siege of Dourlens. The death of La Motte made no difference in the plans

[1] Bor, iv. 30. Meteren, 349vo. De Thou, xii. 523.

of Fuentes. He was determined to reduce the place preparatively to more important operations. Bouillon was disposed to relieve it, and to that end had assembled a force of eight thousand men within the city of Amiens. By midsummer the Spaniards had advanced with their mines and galleries close to the walls of the city. Meantime Admiral Villars, who had gained so much renown by defending Rouen against Henry IV., and who had subsequently made such an excellent bargain with that monarch before entering his service,[1] arrived at Amiens. On the 24th July an expedition was sent from that city toward Dourlens. Bouillon and Saint-Pol commanded in person a force of six hundred picked cavalry. Villars and Sanseval each led half as many and there was a supporting body of twelve hundred musketeers. This little army convoyed a train of wagons containing ammunition and other supplies for the beleaguered town. But Fuentes, having sufficiently strengthened his works, sallied forth with two thousand infantry and a flying squadron of Spanish horse to intercept them. It was the eve of St. James, the patron saint of Spain, at the sound of whose name as a war-cry so many battle-fields had been won in the Netherlands, so many cities sacked, so many wholesale massacres perpetrated. Fuentes rode in the midst of his troops, with the royal standard of Spain floating above him. On the other hand, Vil-

[1] He had been receiving six thousand per month from the King of Spain, but on reconciling himself with Henry after the surrender of Paris he received a sum of three hundred thousand ducats secured by estates in Normandy, and a yearly pension of thirty thousand ducats, together with the office of Admiral of France. For these considerations he had surrendered Rouen, Havre de Gran, and the castle of Pont de l'Arche. (Herrera, Hist. gen. del Mundo, iii. 423.)

lars, glittering in magnificent armor and mounted on a superbly caparisoned charger,[1] came on, with his three hundred troopers, as if about to ride a course in a tournament. The battle which ensued was one of the most bloody for the numbers engaged, and the victory one of the most decisive recorded in this war. Villars charged prematurely, furiously, foolishly. He seemed jealous of Bouillon, and disposed to show the sovereign to whom he had so recently given his allegiance that an ancient Leaguer and papist was a better soldier for his purpose than the most grizzled Huguenot in his army. On the other hand, the friends of Villars accused the duke of faint-heartedness, or at least of an excessive desire to save himself and his own command. The first impetuous onset of the admiral was successful, and he drove half a dozen companies of Spaniards before him. But he had ventured too far from his supports. Bouillon had only intended a feint, instead of a desperate charge; the Spaniards were rallied, and the day was saved by that cool and ready soldier, Carlos Coloma. In less than an hour the French were utterly defeated and cut to pieces. Bouillon escaped to Amiens with five hundred men; this was all that was left of the expedition. The horse of Villars was shot under him, and the admiral's leg was broken as he fell. He was then taken prisoner by two lieutenants of Carlos Coloma; but while these warriors were enjoying, by anticipation, the enormous ransom they should derive from so illustrious a captive, two other lieutenants in the service of Marshal de Rosne came up and claimed their share in the prize. While the four were wrangling, the admiral called out to them in excellent Spanish not to dispute, for he had

[1] "Muy vistoso y galan y en gallardo cavallo."—Coloma, 180.

money enough to satisfy them all. Meantime the Spanish commissary-general of cavalry, Contreras, came up, rebuked this unseemly dispute before the enemy had been fairly routed, and, in order to arrange the quarrel impartially, ordered his page to despatch De Villars on the spot. The page, without a word, placed his harquebus to the admiral's forehead and shot him dead.

So perished a bold and brilliant soldier and a most unscrupulous politician. Whether the cause of his murder was mere envy on the part of the commissary at having lost a splendid opportunity for prize-money, or hatred to an ancient Leaguer thus turned renegade, it is fruitless now to inquire. Villars would have paid two hundred thousand crowns for his ransom, so that the assassination was bad as a mercantile speculation; but it was pretended by the friends of Contreras that rescue was at hand. It is certain, however, that nothing was attempted by the French to redeem their total overthrow. Count Belin was wounded and fell into the hands of Coloma. Sanseval was killed, and a long list of some of the most brilliant nobles in France was published by the Spaniards as having perished on that bloody field. This did not prevent a large number of these victims, however, from enjoying excellent health for many long years afterward, although their deaths have been duly recorded in chronicle from that day to our own times.[1]

[1] Bor, iv. 28–30. Meteren, 356 seq. Coloma, 180 seq. Bentivoglio, 411, 412, 413. De Thou, xii. 403 seq.

Count Louis Nassau wrote to his brother John that besides the admiral (Villars) not more than three or at most four nobles of distinction perished. He also ascribes the defeat entirely to the foolhardiness of the French, who, according to his statement, charged up-hill and through a narrow road, with a force of one thousand foot and three hundred cavalry, against the enemy's whole

But Villars and Sanseval were certainly slain, and Fuentes sent their bodies, with a courteous letter, to the Duke of Nevers, at Amiens, who honored them with a stately funeral.[1]

There was much censure cast on both Bouillon and Villars respectively by the antagonists of each chieftain, and the contest as to the cause of the defeat was almost as animated as the skirmish itself. Bouillon was censured for grudging a victory to the Catholics, and thus leaving the admiral to his fate; yet it is certain that the Huguenot duke himself commanded a squadron composed almost entirely of papists. Villars, on the other hand, was censured for rashness, obstinacy, and greediness for distinction; yet it is probable that Fuentes might have been defeated had the charges of Bouillon been as determined and frequent as were those of his colleague. Savigny de Rosne, too, the ancient Leaguer, who commanded under Fuentes, was accused of not having sufficiently followed up the victory, because unwilling that his Spanish friends should entirely trample upon his own countrymen; yet there is no doubt whatever that De Rosne was as bitter an enemy to his own country as the most ferocious Spaniard of them all. It has rarely been found in civil war that the man who

army, drawn up in battle array, and consisting of two thousand horse and ten thousand infantry, well provided with artillery. Certainly the result of such an encounter could hardly be doubtful, but Count Louis was not in the battle, nor in France at the time, and the news received by him was probably inaccurate.

I have preferred to rely mainly on Carlos Coloma, who fought in the action, upon De Thou, and upon the Dutch chroniclers, Bor, Meteren, and others.

See Groen v. Prinsterer, Archives, II. S. i. 342.

[1] Ibid.

draws his sword against his fatherland, under the banner of the foreigner, is actuated by any lingering tenderness for the nation he betrays, and the renegade Frenchman was in truth the animating spirit of Fuentes during the whole of his brilliant campaign. The Spaniard's victories were, indeed, mainly attributable to the experience, the genius, and the rancor of De Rosne.[1]

But debates over a lost battle are apt to be barren. Meantime Fuentes, losing no time in controversy, advanced upon the city of Dourlens, was repulsed twice, and carried it on the third assault, exactly one week after the action just recounted. The Spaniards and Leaguers, howling "Remember Ham!" butchered without mercy the garrison and all the citizens, save a small number of prisoners likely to be lucrative. Six hundred of the townspeople and two thousand five hundred French soldiers were killed within a few hours. Well had Fuentes profited by the relationship and tuition of Alva!

The Count of Dinant and his brother De Ronsoy were both slain, and two or three hundred thousand florins were paid in ransom by those who escaped with life. The victims were all buried outside of the town in one vast trench, and the effluvia bred a fever which carried off most of the surviving inhabitants. Dourlens became for the time a desert.[2]

Fuentes now received deputies with congratulations from the obedient provinces, especially from Hainault, Artois, and Lille. He was also strongly urged to attempt the immediate reduction of Cambray, to which end those envoys were empowered to offer contributions of four hundred and fifty thousand florins and a contin-

[1] De Thou, Bor, Coloma, Bentivoglio, et al., ubi sup.
[2] Ibid.

gent of seven thousand infantry. Berlaymont, too, Bishop of Tournay and Archbishop of Cambray, was ready to advance forty thousand florins in the same cause.

Fuentes, in the highest possible spirits at his success, and having just been reinforced by Count Bucquoy with a fresh Walloon regiment of fifteen hundred foot and with eight hundred and fifty of the mutineers from Tirlemont and Chapelle, who were among the choicest of Spanish veterans, was not disposed to let the grass grow under his feet. Within four days after the sack of Dourlens he broke up his camp, and came before Cambray with an army of twelve thousand foot and nearly four thousand horse. But before narrating the further movements of the vigorous new governor-general it is necessary to glance at the military operations in the eastern part of the Netherlands and upon the Rhine.

The States-General had reclaimed to their authority nearly all that important region lying beyond the Yssel, —the solid Frisian bulwark of the Republic,—but there were certain points nearer the line where Upper and Nether Germany almost blend into one which yet acknowledged the name of the king. The city of Groenlo, or Grol, not a place of much interest or importance in itself, but close to the frontier and to that destined land of debate, the duchies of Cleves, Juliers, and Berg, still retained its Spanish garrison. On the 14th July Prince Maurice of Nassau came before the city with six thousand infantry, some companies of cavalry, and sixteen pieces of artillery. He made his approaches in form, and after a week's operations he fired three volleys, according to his custom, and summoned the place

to capitulate.[1] Governor Jan van Stirum replied stoutly that he would hold the place for God and the king to the last drop of his blood. Meantime there was hope of help from the outside.

Maurice was a vigorous young commander, but there was a man to be dealt with who had been called the "good old Mondragon" when the prince was in his cradle, and who still governed the citadel of Antwerp, and was still ready for an active campaign.

Christopher Mondragon was now ninety-two years old. Not often in the world's history has a man of that age been capable of personal participation in the joys of the battle-field, whatever natural reluctance veterans are apt to manifest at relinquishing high military control.

But Mondragon looked, not with envy, but with admiration on the growing fame of the Nassau chieftain, and was disposed, before he himself left the stage, to match himself with the young champion.

So soon as he heard of the intended demonstration of Maurice against Grol, the ancient governor of Antwerp collected a little army by throwing together all the troops that could be spared from the various garrisons within his command. With two Spanish regiments, two thousand Swiss, the Walloon troops of De Grisons, and the Irish regiment of Stanley,—in all seven thousand foot and thirteen hundred horse,—Mondragon marched straight across Brabant and Gelderland to the Rhine. At Kaiserswerth he reviewed his forces, and announced his intention of immediately crossing the river. There was a murmur of disapprobation among officers and men at what they considered the foolhardy scheme of mad old Mondragon. But the general had not cam-

[1] Bor, xii. 42.

paigned a generation before, at the age of sixty-nine, in the bottom of the sea, and waded chin-deep for six hours long of an October night, in the face of a rising tide from the German Ocean and of an army of Zealanders, to be frightened now at the summer aspect of the peaceful Rhine.

The wizened little old man, walking with difficulty by the aid of a staff, but armed in proof, with plumes waving gallantly from his iron headpiece, and with his rapier at his side, ordered a chair to be brought to the river's edge. Then calmly seating himself in the presence of his host, he stated that he should not rise from that chair until the last man had crossed the river.[1] Furthermore, he observed that it was not only his purpose to relieve the city of Grol, but to bring Maurice to an action, and to defeat him, unless he retired. The soldiers ceased to murmur, the pontoons were laid, the river was passed, and on the 25th July Maurice, hearing of the veteran's approach, and not feeling safe in his position, raised the siege of the city.[2] Burning his camp and everything that could not be taken with him on his march, the prince came in perfect order to Borkulo, two Dutch miles from Grol. Here he occupied himself for some time in clearing the country of brigands who in the guise of soldiers infested that region and made the little cities of Doetinchem, Anholt, and Heerenberg unsafe. He ordered the inhabitants of these places to send out detachments to beat the bushes for his cavalry, while Hohenlo was ordered to hunt the heaths and wolds thoroughly with packs of bloodhounds until every man and beast to be found lurking in those wild regions should

[1] Carnero, lib. xi. cap. xvi. 374.
[2] Ibid. Compare Bor, xii. 42.

be extirpated. By these vigorous and cruel, but perhaps necessary, measures the brigands were at last extirpated, and honest people began to sleep in their beds.[1]

On the 18th August Maurice took up a strong position at Bisslich, not far from Wesel, where the river Lippe empties itself into the Rhine. Mondragon, with his army strengthened by reinforcements from garrisons in Gelderland and by four hundred men brought by Frederick van den Berg from Grol, had advanced to a place called Walston in den Ham, in the neighborhood of Wesel. The Lippe flowed between the two hostile forces. Although he had broken up his siege, the prince was not disposed to renounce his whole campaign before trying conclusions with his veteran antagonist. He accordingly arranged an ambush with much skill, by means of which he hoped to bring on a general engagement and destroy Mondragon and his little army.

His cousin and favorite lieutenant Philip Nassau was intrusted with the preliminaries. That adventurous commander, with a picked force of seven hundred cavalry, moved quietly from the camp on the evening of the 1st September. He took with him his two younger brothers, Ernest and Louis Gunther, who, as has been seen, had received the promise of the eldest brother of the family, Louis William, that they should be employed from time to time in any practical work that might be going forward. Besides these young gentlemen, several of the most famous English and Dutch commanders were on the expedition, the brothers Paul and Marcellus Bax, Captains Parker, Cutler, and Robert Vere, brother of Sir Francis, among the number.

Early in the morning of the 2d September the force

[1] Bor, iv. 43.

crossed the Lippe, according to orders, keeping a pontoon across the stream to secure their retreat. They had instructions thus to feel the enemy at early dawn, and, as he was known to have foraging parties out every morning along the margin of the river, to make a sudden descent upon their pickets, and to capture those companies before they could effect their escape or be reinforced. Afterward they were to retreat across the Lippe, followed, as it was hoped would be the case, by the troops of Mondragon, anxious to punish this piece of audacity. Meantime Maurice, with five thousand infantry, the rest of his cavalry, and several pieces of artillery, awaited their coming, posted behind some hills in the neighborhood of Wesel.

The plot of the young commander was an excellent one, but the ancient campaigner on the other side of the river had not come all the way from his comfortable quarters in Antwerp to be caught napping on that September morning. Mondragon had received accurate information from his scouts as to what was going on in the enemy's camp, and as to the exact position of Maurice. He was up long before daybreak,—the "good old Christopher,"—and himself personally arranged a counter-ambush. In the fields lying a little back from the immediate neighborhood of the Lippe he posted the mass of his cavalry, supported by a well-concealed force of infantry. The pickets on the stream and the foraging companies were left to do their usual work as if nothing were likely to happen.

Philip Nassau galloped cheerfully forward, according to the well-concerted plan, sending Cutler and Marcellus Bax with a handful of troopers to pounce upon the enemy's pickets. When those officers got to the usual

foraging-ground they came upon a much larger cavalry force than they had looked for, and, suspecting something wrong, dashed back again to give information to Count Philip. That impatient commander, feeling sure of his game unless this foolish delay should give the foraging companies time to escape, ordered an immediate advance with his whole cavalry force. The sheriff of Zallant was ordered to lead the way. He objected that the pass, leading through a narrow lane and opening by a gate into an open field, was impassable for more than two troopers abreast, and that the enemy was in force beyond. Philip, scorning these words of caution, and exclaiming that seventy-five lancers were enough to put fifty carbineers to rout, put on his casque, drew his sword, and sending his brother Louis to summon Kinski and Donck, dashed into the pass, accompanied by the two counts and a couple of other nobles. The sheriff, seeing this, followed him at full gallop, and after him came the troopers of Barchon, of Du Bois, and of Paul Bax, riding single file, but in much disorder. When they had all entered inextricably into the lane, with the foremost of the lancers already passing through the gate, they discovered the enemy's cavalry and infantry drawn up in force upon the watery, heathery pastures beyond. There was at once a scene of confusion. To use lances was impossible, while they were all struggling together through the narrow passage, offering themselves an easy prey to the enemy as they slowly emerged into the fields. The foremost defended themselves with saber and pistol as well as they could. The hindmost did their best to escape, and rode for their lives to the other side of the river. All trampled upon each other and impeded each other's movements. There

was a brief engagement, bloody, desperate, hand to hand, and many Spaniards fell before the entrapped Netherlanders. But there could not be a moment's doubt as to the issue. Count Philip went down in the beginning of the action, shot through the body by an harquebus, discharged so close to him that his clothes were set on fire. As there was no water within reach, the flames could be extinguished at last only by rolling him over and over, wounded as he was, among the sand and heather. Count Ernest Solms was desperately wounded at the same time. For a moment both gentlemen attempted to effect their escape by mounting on one horse, but both fell to the ground exhausted and were taken prisoners. Ernest Nassau was also captured. His young brother, Louis Gunther, saved himself by swimming the river. Count Kinski was mortally wounded. Robert Vere, too, fell into the enemy's hands, and was afterward murdered in cold blood. Marcellus Bax, who had returned to the field by a circuitous path, still under the delusion that he was about handsomely to cut off the retreat of the foraging companies, saved himself and a handful of cavalry by a rapid flight so soon as he discovered the enemy drawn up in line of battle. Cutler and Parker were equally fortunate. There were less than a hundred of the states' troops killed, and it is probable that a larger number of the Spaniards fell. But the loss of Philip Nassau, despite the debauched life and somewhat reckless valor of that soldier, was a very severe one to the army and to his family. He was conveyed to Rheinberg, where his wounds were dressed. As he lay dying, he was courteously visited by Mondragon and by many other Spanish officers, anxious to pay their respects to so distin-

guished and warlike a member of an illustrious house. He received them with dignity, and concealed his physical agony so as to respond to their conversation as became a Nassau. His cousin, Frederick van den Berg, who was among the visitors, indecently taunted him with his position, asking him what he had expected by serving the cause of the Beggars. Philip turned from him with impatience and bade him hold his peace. At midnight he died.

William of Orange and his three brethren had already laid down their lives for the Republic, and now his eldest brother's son had died in the same cause. "He has carried the name of Nassau with honor into the grave," said his brother, Louis William, to their father.[1] Ten others of the house, besides many collateral relations, were still in arms for their adopted country. Rarely in history has a single noble race so entirely identified itself with a nation's record in its most heroic epoch as did that of Orange-Nassau with the liberation of Holland.

Young Ernest Solms, brother of Count Everard, lay in the same chamber with Philip Nassau, and died on the following day. Their bodies were sent by Mondragon with a courteous letter to Maurice at Bisslich. Ernest Nassau was subsequently ransomed for ten thousand florins.[2]

This skirmish on the Lippe has no special significance in a military point of view, but it derives more than a passing interest not only from the death of many a

[1] Groen v. Prinsterer, Archives, II. S. i. 345.

[2] Bor (iv. 42–44), Meteren (361vo), Reyd (xi. 271), Coloma (192), Carnero (xi. xvi. 574 seq), Bentivoglio (422, 423), Duyck (652–659), are chief authorities for the incidents of this skirmish.

brave and distinguished soldier, but for the illustration of human vigor triumphing, both physically and mentally, over the infirmities of old age, given by the achievement of Christopher Mondragon. Alone he had planned his expedition across the country from Antwerp; alone he had insisted on crossing the Rhine, while younger soldiers hesitated; alone, with his own active brain and busy hands, he had outwitted the famous young chieftain of the Netherlands, counteracted his subtle policy, and set the counter-ambush by which his choicest cavalry were cut to pieces and one of his bravest generals slain. So far could the icy blood of ninety-two prevail against the vigor of twenty-eight.

The two armies lay over against each other, with the river between them, for some days longer, but it was obvious that nothing further would be attempted on either side. Mondragon had accomplished the object for which he had marched from Brabant. He had spoiled the autumn campaign of Maurice, and was now disposed to return before winter to his own quarters. He sent a trumpet accordingly to his antagonist, begging him, half in jest, to have more consideration for his infirmities than to keep him out in his old age in such foul weather, but to allow him the military honor of being last to break up camp. Should Maurice consent to move away, Mondragon was ready to pledge himself not to pursue him, and within three days to leave his own intrenchments.

The proposition was not granted, and very soon afterward the Spaniard, deciding to retire, crossed the Rhine on the 11th October. Maurice made a slight attempt at pursuit, sending Count Louis William with some cavalry, who succeeded in cutting off a few wagons. The

army, however, returned safely, to be dispersed into various garrisons.[1]

This was Mondragon's last feat of arms. Less than three months afterward, in Antwerp citadel, as the veteran was washing his hands previously to going to the dinner-table, he sat down and died.[2] Strange to say, this man, who had spent almost a century on the battle-field, who had been a soldier in nearly every war that had been waged in any part of Europe during that most belligerent age, who had come an old man to the Netherlands before Alva's arrival, and had ever since been constantly and personally engaged in the vast Flemish tragedy which had now lasted well-nigh thirty years, had never himself lost a drop of blood. His battle-fields had been on land and water, on ice, in fire, and at the bottom of the sea, but he had never received a wound. Nay, more; he had been blown up in a fortress,—the castle of Danvilliers in Luxemburg, of which he was governor,—where all perished save his wife and himself, and when they came to dig among the ruins they excavated at last the ancient couple, protected by the framework of a window in the embrasure of which they had been seated, without a scratch or a bruise.[3] He was a Biscayan by descent, but born in Medina del Campo. A strict disciplinarian, very resolute and pertinacious, he had the good fortune to be beloved by his inferiors, his equals, and his superiors. He was called the father of his soldiers, the good Mondragon, and his name was unstained by any of those deeds of ferocity which make the chronicles of the time resemble rather

[1] Bor, Meteren, Reyd, Coloma, Carnero, Bentivoglio, Duyck, ubi sup.

[2] Bor, iv. 167.

[3] Ibid. Carnero, 378, 379.

the history of wolves than of men. To a married daughter, mother of several children, he left a considerable fortune.[1]

Maurice broke up his camp soon after the departure of his antagonist, and paused for a few days at Arnheim to give honorable burial to his cousin Philip and Count Solms. Meantime Sir Francis Vere was detached, with three regiments, which were to winter in Overyssel, toward Weerdt Castle, situate at a league's distance from Ysselsburg, and defended by a garrison of twenty-six men under Captain Pruys. That doughty commandant, on being summoned to surrender, obstinately refused. Vere, according to Maurice's orders, then opened with his artillery against the place, which soon capitulated in great panic and confusion. The captain demanded the honors of war. Vere told him in reply that the honors of war were halters for the garrison who had dared to defend such a hovel against artillery. The twenty-six were accordingly ordered to draw black and white straws. This was done, and the twelve drawing white straws were immediately hanged, the thirteenth receiving his life on consenting to act as executioner for his comrades. The commandant was despatched first of all. The rope broke, but the English soldiers held him under the water of the ditch until he was drowned. The castle was then thoroughly sacked, the women being sent unharmed to Ysselsburg.[2]

Maurice then shipped the remainder of his troops

[1] Bor, iv. 167.

In the Ambras Museum in the Imperial Belvedere Palace at Vienna may still be seen a black, battered old iron corselet of Mondragon, with many an indentation, looking plain and practical enough among the holiday suits of steel inlaid with gold, which make this collection of old armor the most remarkable in the world.

[2] Bor, iv. 47, 131.

along the Rhine and Waal to their winter quarters, and returned to The Hague. It was the feeblest year's work yet done by the stadholder.

Meantime his great ally, the Huguenot-Catholic Prince of Béarn, was making a dashing and, on the whole, successful campaign in the heart of his own kingdom. The constable of Castile, Don Fernando de Velasco, one of Spain's richest grandees and poorest generals, had been sent with an army of ten thousand men to take the field in Burgundy against the man with whom the great Farnese had been measuring swords so lately, and with not unmingled success, in Picardy. Biron, with a sudden sweep, took possession of Aussone, Autun, and Beaune, but on one adventurous day found himself so deeply engaged with a superior force of the enemy in the neighborhood of Fontaine Française, or St.-Seine, where France's great river takes its rise, as to be nearly cut off and captured. But Henry himself was already in the field, and by one of those mad, reckless impulses which made him so adorable as a soldier and yet so profoundly censurable as a commander-in-chief, he flung himself, like a young lieutenant, with a mere handful of cavalry, into the midst of the fight, and at the imminent peril of his own life succeeded in rescuing the marshal and getting off again unscathed. On other occasions Henry said he had fought for victory, but on that for dear life; and, even as in the famous and foolish skirmish at Aumale three years before, it was absence of enterprise or lack of cordiality on the part of his antagonists that alone prevented a captive king from being exhibited as a trophy of triumph for the expiring League.[1]

[1] Bor, iv. 52 seq. De Thou, t. xii. liv. cxii. 359–364 seq. Péréfixe, 191, 192.

But the constable of Castile was not born to cheer the heart of his prudent master with such a magnificent spectacle. Velasco fell back to Gray and obstinately refused to stir from his intrenchments, while Henry before his eyes laid siege to Dijon. On the 28th June the capital of Burgundy surrendered to its sovereign, but no temptations could induce the constable to try the chance of a battle.[1] Henry's movements in the interior were more successful than were the operations nearer the frontier, but while the monarch was thus cheerfully fighting for his crown in France his envoys were winning a still more decisive campaign for him in Rome.

D'Ossat and Perron had accomplished their diplomatic task with consummate ability, and, notwithstanding the efforts and the threats of the Spanish ambassador and the intrigues of his master, the absolution was granted. The pope arose early on the morning of the 5th August, and walked barefoot from his palace of Mount Cavallo to the Church of Maria Maggiore, with his eyes fixed on the ground, weeping loudly and praying fervently. He celebrated mass in the church, and then returned as he went, saluting no one on the road and shutting himself up in his palace afterward. The same ceremony was performed ten days later, on the festival of Our Lady's Ascension. In vain, however, had been the struggle on the part of his Holiness to procure from the ambassador the deposition of the crown of France in his hands, in order that the king might receive it back again as a free gift and concession from the chief pontiff. Such a triumph was not for Rome, nor could even the publication of the Council of Trent in France be conceded except with a saving clause "as to matters which could not be

[1] Bor, ubi sup.

put into operation without troubling the repose of the kingdom"; and to obtain this clause the envoys declared "that they had been obliged to sweat blood and water."[1]

On the seventeenth day of September the absolution was proclaimed with great pomp and circumstance from the gallery of St. Peter's, the Holy Father seated on the highest throne of majesty, with his triple crown on his head, and all his cardinals and bishops about him in their most effulgent robes.[2]

The silver trumpets were blown, while artillery roared from the castle of St. Angelo, and for two successive nights Rome was in a blaze of bonfires and illumination, in a whirl of bell-ringing, feasting, and singing of hosannas. There had not been such a merrymaking in the Eternal City since the pope had celebrated solemn thanksgiving for the massacre of St. Bartholomew. The king was almost beside himself with rapture when the great news reached him, and he straightway wrote letters, overflowing with gratitude and religious enthusiasm, to the pontiff, and expressed his regret that military operations did not allow him to proceed at once to Rome in person to kiss the Holy Father's feet.[3]

The narrative returns to Fuentes, who was left before the walls of Cambray.

That venerable ecclesiastical city, pleasantly seated amid gardens, orchards, and green pastures, watered by the winding Schelde, was well fortified after the old manner, but it was especially defended and dominated

[1] Letters of D'Ossat, in Bor, iv. 107 seq. De Thou, t. xii. liv. cxiii. 468–479.

[2] Letters of D'Ossat, ubi sup.

[3] MS. Béthune, Bibl. Imp., No. 8967, fols. 10 and 20, cited in Capefigue, vii. 292 seq. Feria to Philip, September 17, 1595, Arch. de Sim. (Paris), B. 84, 20, cited by Capefigue, ubi sup.

by a splendid pentagonal citadel built by Charles V. It was filled with fine churches, among which the magnificent cathedral was preëminent, and with many other stately edifices. The population was thrifty, active, and turbulent, like that of all those Flemish and Walloon cities which the spirit of medieval industry had warmed for a time into vehement little republics.

But, as has already been depicted in these pages, the Celtic element had been more apt to receive than consistent to retain the generous impress which had once been stamped on all the Netherlands. The Walloon provinces had fallen away from their Flemish sisters and seemed likely to accept a permanent yoke, while in the territory of the United States, as John Baptist Tassis was at that very moment pathetically observing in a private letter to Philip, "with the coming up of a new generation educated as heretics from childhood, who had never heard what the word 'king' means, it was likely to happen at last that, the king's memory being wholly forgotten, nothing would remain in the land but heresy alone."[1] From this sad fate Cambray had been saved. Gavre d'Inchy had seventeen years before surrendered the city to the Duke of Alençon during that unlucky personage's brief and base career in the Netherlands, all that was left of his visit being the semi-sovereignty which the notorious Balagny had since that time enjoyed in the archiepiscopal city. This personage, a natural son of Montluc, Bishop of Valence, and nephew of the distinguished Marshal Montluc, was one of the most fortunate and the most ignoble of all the soldiers of fortune who had played their part at this epoch in the Netherlands. A poor creature himself, he had a heroine for a

[1] Letter of Tassis, in Bor, iv. 126.

wife. Renée, the sister of Bussy d'Amboise, had vowed to unite herself to a man who would avenge the assassination of her brother by the Count Montsoreau.[1] Balagny readily agreed to perform the deed, and accordingly espoused the high-born dame, but it does not appear that he ever wreaked her vengeance on the murderer. He had now governed Cambray until the citizens and the whole country-side were galled and exhausted by his grinding tyranny, his inordinate pride, and his infamous extortions.[2] His latest achievement had been to force upon his subjects a copper currency bearing the nominal value of silver, with the same blasting effects which such experiments in political economy are apt to produce on princes and peoples. He had been a Royalist, a Guisist, a Leaguer, a Dutch republican, by turns, and had betrayed all the parties at whose expense he had alternately filled his coffers. During the past year he had made up his mind, like most of the conspicuous politicians and campaigners of France, that the moribund League was only fit to be trampled upon by its recent worshipers, and he had made, accordingly, one of the very best bargains with Henry IV. that had yet been made, even at that epoch of self-vending grandees.

Henry, by treaty ratified in August, 1594, had created him Prince of Cambray and Marshal of France, so that the man who had been receiving up to that very moment a monthly subsidy of seven thousand two hundred dollars from the King of Spain was now gratified with a pension to about the same yearly amount by the King of France.[3] During the autumn Henry had visited

[1] De Thou, xii 414, 415. [2] Ibid.

[3] Ibid., xii. 291 seq. Seventy thousand crowns a year were to be paid, according to agreement, by Henry IV. to Balagny,

Cambray, and the new prince had made wondrous exhibitions of loyalty to the sovereign whom he had done his best all his life to exclude from his kingdom. There had been a ceaseless round of tournaments, festivals, and masquerades [1] in the city in honor of the Huguenot chieftain, now changed into the most orthodox and most legitimate of monarchs, but it was not until midsummer of the present year that Balagny was called on to defend his old possessions and his new principality against a well-seasoned army and a vigorous commander. Meanwhile his new patron was so warmly occupied in other directions that it might be difficult for him to send assistance to the beleaguered city.

On the 14th August Fuentes began his siege operations. Before the investment had been completed the young Prince of Rhetelois, only fifteen years of age, son of the Duke of Nevers, made his entrance into the city, attended by thirty of his father's archers. De Vich, too, an experienced and faithful commander, succeeded in bringing four or five hundred dragoons through the enemy's lines. These meager reinforcements were all that reached the place; for although the States-General sent two or three thousand Scotchmen and Zealanders, under Justinus of Nassau, to Henry, that he might be the better enabled to relieve this important frontier city, the king's movements were not sufficiently prompt to

to maintain city and citadel of Cambray, by treaty made November 29, 1593, but ratified in August, 1594. Besides this, Balagny received property in France equal in value to twenty thousand livres a year, to reimburse him for expenses in fortifying and defending Cambray.

The sums paid to him simultaneously by Philip II. for opposing Henry have been already mentioned.

[1] De Thou, ubi sup.

turn the force to good account. Balagny was left with a garrison of three thousand French and Walloons in the city, besides five hundred French in the fortress.

After six weeks' steady drawing of parallels and digging of mines Fuentes was ready to open his batteries. On the 26th September the news, very much exaggerated, of Mondragon's brilliant victory near Wesel, and of the deaths of Philip Nassau and Ernest Solms, reached the Spanish camp. Immense was the rejoicing. Triumphant salutes from eighty-seven cannon and many thousand muskets shook the earth and excited bewilderment and anxiety within the walls of the city. Almost immediately afterward a tremendous cannonade was begun, and so vigorously sustained that the burghers and part of the garrison, already half rebellious with hatred to Balagny, began loudly to murmur as the balls came flying into their streets. A few days later an insurrection broke out. Three thousand citizens, with red flags flying and armed to the teeth, were discovered at daylight drawn up in the market-place. Balagny came down from the citadel and endeavored to calm the tumult, but was received with execrations. They had been promised, shouted the insurgents, that every road about Cambray was to swarm with French soldiers under their formidable king, kicking the heads of the Spaniards[1] in all directions. And what had they got? A child with thirty archers, sent by his father, and half a man at the head of four hundred dragoons.[2] To stand a siege under such circumstances against an army of fifteen thousand Spaniards, and to take Balagny's copper as if

[1] Coloma, 195: "Su rey formidabile pisando las cabeças de los Españoles," etc.

[2] Ibid.

it were gold, was more than could be asked of respectable burghers.

The allusion to the young Prince of Rhetelois and to De Vich, who had lost a leg in the wars, was received with much enthusiasm. Balagny, appalled at the fury of the people, whom he had so long been trampling upon while their docility lasted, shrank back before their scornful denunciations into the citadel.

But his wife was not appalled. This princess had from the beginning of the siege shown a courage and an energy worthy of her race. Night and day she had gone the rounds of the ramparts, encouraging and directing the efforts of the garrison. She had pointed batteries against the enemy's works, and with her own hands had fired the cannon. She now made her appearance in the market-place, after her husband had fled, and did her best to assuage the tumult and to arouse the mutineers to a sense of duty or of shame. She plucked from her bosom whole handfuls of gold which she threw among the bystanders, and she was followed by a number of carts filled with sacks of coin ready to be exchanged for the debased currency.

Expressing contempt for the progress made by the besieging army, and for the slight impression so far produced upon the defenses of the city, she snatched a pike from a soldier and offered in person to lead the garrison to the breach. Her audience knew full well that this was no theatrical display, but that the princess was ready as the boldest warrior to lead a forlorn hope or to repel the bloodiest assault. Nor, from a military point of view, was their situation desperate. But their hatred and scorn for Balagny could not be overcome by any passing sentiment of admiration for his valiant though

imperious wife. No one followed her to the breach. Exclaiming that she at least would never surrender, and that she would die a sovereign princess rather than live a subject, Renée de Balagny returned to the citadel.

The town soon afterward capitulated, and as the Spanish soldiers, on entering, observed the slight damage that had been caused by their batteries, they were most grateful to the faint-hearted or mutinous condition by which they had been spared the expense of an assault.

The citadel was now summoned to surrender, and Balagny agreed, in case he should not be relieved within six days, to accept what were considered honorable terms. It proved too late to expect succor from Henry, and Balagny, but lately a reigning prince, was fain to go forth on the appointed day and salute his conqueror. But the princess kept her vow. She had done her best to defend her dominions and to live a sovereign, and now there was nothing left her but to die. With bitter reproaches on her husband's pusillanimity, with tears and sobs of rage and shame, she refused food, spurned the idea of capitulation, and expired before the 9th of October.[1]

On that day a procession moved out of the citadel gates. Balagny, with a son of eleven years of age, the Prince of Rhetelois, the Commander De Vich, and many other distinguished personages, all magnificently attired, came forth at the head of what remained of the garrison. The soldiers, numbering thirteen hundred foot and two hundred and forty horse, marched with colors flying,

[1] Bor, iv. 54–56; Bentivoglio, 416–421; De Thou, xii. 414–436; Coloma, 185–198, et mult. al., for the siege of Cambray.

All the historians, French, Italian, Spanish, Flemish, give the same account of the conduct and death of the princess.

drums beating, bullet in mouth, and all the other recognized palliatives of military disaster. Last of all came a hearse bearing the coffin of the Princess of Cambray. Fuentes saluted the living leaders of the procession, and the dead heroine, with stately courtesy, and ordered an escort as far as Péronne.[1]

Balagny met with a cool reception from Henry at St.-Quentin, but subsequently made his peace, and espoused the sister of the king's mistress, Gabrielle d'Estrées.[2] The body of Gavre d'Inchy, which had been buried for years, was dug up and thrown into a gutter.[3]

[1] Authorities last cited.

[2] De Thou, ubi sup.

[3] Ibid.

CHAPTER XXXII

Archduke Cardinal Albert appointed governor of the Netherlands —Return of Philip William from captivity—His adherence to the King of Spain—Notice of the Marquis of Varambon, Count Varax, and other new officers—Henry's communications with Queen Elizabeth—Madame de Monceaux—Conversation of Henry with the English ambassador—Marseilles secured by the Duke of Guise—The fort of Rysbank taken by De Rosne—Calais in the hands of the Spanish—Assistance from England solicited by Henry—Unhandsome conditions proposed by Elizabeth—Annexation of Calais to the obedient provinces—Pirates of Dunkirk—Uneasiness of the Netherlanders with regard to the designs of Elizabeth—Her protestations of sincerity—Expedition of Dutch and English forces to Spain—Attack on the Spanish war-ships—Victory of the allies—Flag of the Republic planted on the fortress of Cadiz—Capitulation of the city—Letter of Elizabeth to the Dutch admiral—State of affairs in France—Proposition of the Duke of Montpensier for the division of the kingdom—Successes of the cardinal archduke in Normandy—He proceeds to Flanders—Siege and capture of Hulst—Projected alliance against Spain—Interview of De Sancy with Lord Burghley—Diplomatic conference at Greenwich—Formation of a league against Spain—Duplicity of the treaty—Affairs in Germany—Battle between the emperor and the Grand Turk—Endeavors of Philip to counteract the influence of the League—His interference in the affairs of Germany—Secret intrigue of Henry with Spain—Philip's second attempt at the conquest of England.

ANOTHER governor-general arrived in the early days of the year 1596 to take charge of the obedient provinces.

It had been rumored for many months that Philip's choice was at last fixed upon the Archduke Cardinal Albert, Archbishop of Toledo, youngest of the three surviving brothers of the Emperor Rudolph, as the candidate for many honors. He was to espouse the Infanta, he was to govern the Netherlands, and, as it was supposed, there were wider and wilder schemes for the aggrandizement of this fortunate ecclesiastic brooding in the mind of Philip than yet had seen the light.

Meantime the cardinal's first care was to unfrock himself. He had also been obliged to lay down the most lucrative episcopate in Christendom, that of Toledo, the revenues of which amounted to the enormous sum of three hundred thousand dollars a year.[1] Of this annual income, however, he prudently reserved to himself fifty thousand dollars by contract with his destined successor.

The cardinal reached the Netherlands before the end of January. He brought with him three thousand Spanish infantry and some companies of cavalry, while his personal baggage was transported on three hundred and fifty mules.[2] Of course there was a triumphal procession when, on the 11th February, the new satrap entered the obedient Netherlands, and there was the usual amount of bell-ringing, cannon-firing, trumpet-blowing, with torch-light processions, blazing tar-barrels, and bedizened platforms, where Allegory, in an advanced state of lunacy, performed its wonderful antics. It was scarcely possible for human creatures to bestow more adulation, or to abase themselves more thoroughly, than

[1] Soranzo, Relazione apud Barozzi et Berchet, Le Relazioni degli Ambasciatori Veneti, i. 45.

[2] Bor, iv. 167.

the honest citizens of Brussels had so recently done in honor of the gentle, gouty Ernest, but they did their best. That mythological conqueror and demigod had sunk into an unhonored grave, despite the loud hosannas sung to him on his arrival in Belgica, and the same nobles, pedants, and burghers were now ready and happy to grovel at the feet of Albert. But as it proved impossible to surpass the glories of the holiday which had been culled out for his brother, so it would be superfluous now to recall the pageant which thus again delighted the capital.

But there was one personage who graced this joyous entrance whose presence excited perhaps more interest than did that of the archduke himself. The procession was headed by three grandees riding abreast. There was the Duke of Aumale, pensionary of Philip, and one of the last of the Leaguers, who had just been condemned to death and executed in effigy at Paris as a traitor to his king and country; there was the Prince of Chimay, now since the recent death of his father at Venice become Duke of Aerschot; and between the two rode a gentleman forty-two years of age, whose grave, melancholy features, although wearing a painful expression of habitual restraint and distrust, suggested, more than did those of the rest of his family, the physiognomy of William the Silent[1] to all who remembered that illustrious rebel.

It was the eldest son of the great founder of the Dutch Republic. Philip William, Prince of Orange, had at last, after twenty-eight years of captivity in Spain, returned to the Netherlands, whence he had been kidnapped while a school-boy at Louvain, by order of the Duke of Alva. Rarely has there been a more dreary

[1] Fruin, 207, note.

fate, a more broken existence than his. His almost life-long confinement, not close nor cruel, but strict and inexorable, together with the devilish arts of the Jesuits, had produced nearly as blighting an effect upon his moral nature as a closer dungeon might have done on his physical constitution. Although under perpetual arrest in Madrid, he had been allowed to ride and to hunt, to go to mass, and to enjoy many of the pleasures of youth. But he had been always a prisoner, and his soul, a hopeless captive, could no longer be liberated now that the tyrant, in order to further his own secret purposes, had at last released his body from jail. Although the eldest-born of his father, and the inheritor of the great estates of Orange and of Buren, he was no longer a Nassau except in name. The change wrought by the pressure of the Spanish atmosphere was complete. All that was left of his youthful self was a passionate reverence for his father's memory, strangely combined with a total indifference to all that his father held dear, all for which his father had labored his whole lifetime, and for which his heart's blood had been shed. On being at last set free from bondage he had been taken to the Escorial and permitted to kiss the hand of the king—that hand still reeking with his father's murder. He had been well received by the Infante and the Infanta, and by the empress mother, daughter of Charles V., while the artistic treasures of the palace and cloister were benignantly pointed out to him. It was also signified to him that he was to receive the order of the Golden Fleece and to enter into possession of his paternal and maternal estates. And Philip William had accepted these conditions as if a born loyal subject of his Most Catholic Majesty.

Could better proof be wanting that in that age religion was the only fatherland, and that a true papist could sustain no injury at the hands of his Most Catholic Majesty? If to be kidnapped in boyhood, to be imprisoned during a whole generation of mankind, to be deprived of vast estates, and to be made orphan by the foulest of assassinations, could not engender resentment against the royal perpetrator of these crimes in the bosom of his victim, was it strange that Philip should deem himself something far more than man, and should placidly accept the worship rendered to him by inferior beings, as to the holy impersonation of Almighty Wrath?

Yet there is no doubt that the prince had a sincere respect for his father and had bitterly sorrowed at his death. When a Spanish officer, playing chess with him in prison, had ventured to speak lightly of that father, Philip William had seized him bodily, thrown him from the window, and thus killed him on the spot.[1] And when on his arrival in Brussels it was suggested to him by President Richardot that it was the king's intention to reinstate him in the possession of his estates, but that a rent-charge of eighteen thousand florins a year was still to be paid from them to the heirs of Balthazar Gérard, his father's assassin, he flamed into a violent rage, drew his poniard, and would have stabbed the president had not the bystanders forcibly interfered.[2] In consequence of this refusal—called magnanimous by contemporary writers—to accept his property under such conditions, the estates were detained from him for a considerable time longer. During the period of his captivity he had

[1] De la Pise, in voce. The anecdote has already been mentioned in The Rise of the Dutch Republic.

[2] Ibid.

been allowed an income of fifteen thousand livres, but after his restoration his household, gentlemen, and servants alone cost him eighty thousand livres annually. It was supposed that the name of Orange-Nassau might now be of service to the king's designs in the Netherlands. Philip William had come by way of Rome, where he had been allowed to kiss the pope's feet and had received many demonstrations of favor, and it was fondly thought that he would now prove an instrument with which king and pontiff might pipe back the rebellious Republic to its ancient allegiance. But the Dutchmen and Frisians were deaf. They had tasted liberty too long, they had dealt too many hard blows on the head of regal and sacerdotal despotism, to be deceived by coarse artifices. Especially the king thought that something might be done with Count Hohenlo. That turbulent personage, having recently married the full sister of Philip William, and being already at variance with Count Maurice, both for military and political causes and on account of family and pecuniary disputes, might, it was thought, be purchased by the king, and perhaps a few towns and castles in the United Netherlands might be thrown into the bargain. In that huckstering age, when the loftiest and most valiant nobles of Europe were the most shameless sellers of themselves, the most cynical mendicants for alms, and the most infinite absorbers of bribes in exchange for their temporary fealty, when Mayenne, Mercœur, Guise, Villars, Egmont, and innumerable other possessors of ancient and illustrious names alternately and even simultaneously drew pensions from both sides in the great European conflict, it was not wonderful that Philip should think that the boisterous Hohenlo might be bought as well as another.

The prudent king, however, gave his usual order that nothing was to be paid beforehand, but that the service was to be rendered first, and the price received afterward.[1]

The cardinal applied himself to the task on his first arrival, but was soon obliged to report that he could make but little progress in the negotiation.[2]

The king thought, too, that Heraugiere, who had commanded the memorable expedition against Breda, and who was now governor of that stronghold, might be purchased, and he accordingly instructed the cardinal to make use of the Prince of Orange in the negotiations to be made for that purpose. The cardinal, in effect, received an offer from Heraugiere in the course of a few months not only to surrender Breda, without previous recompense, but likewise to place Gertruydenberg, the governor of which city was his relative, in the king's possession. But the cardinal was afraid of a trick, for Heraugiere was known to be as artful as he was brave, and there can be little doubt that the Netherlander was only disposed to lay an ambush for the governor-general.[3]

And thus the son of William the Silent made his reappearance in the streets of Brussels, after twenty-eight years of imprisonment, riding in the procession of the new viceroy. The cardinal archduke came next, with Fuentes riding at his left hand. That vigorous soldier and politician soon afterward left the Netherlands to assume the government of Milan.

[1] "Que en todas platicas semejantes ha de preceder el servicio a la recompensa que se ofreciere a trueco de el."—Philip to Archduke Albert, January 13, 1596, Arch. de Sim. MS.

[2] Albert to Philip, March 28, 1596, Arch. de Sim. MS.

[3] Same to same, July 18, 1596, Arch. de Sim. MS.

There was a correspondence between the Prince of Orange and the States-General, in which the republican authorities, after expressing themselves toward him with great propriety and affectionate respect, gave him plainly but delicately to understand that his presence at that time in the United Provinces would neither be desirable, nor, without their passports, possible.[1] They were quite aware of the uses to which the king was hoping to turn their reverence for the memory and the family of the great martyr, and were determined to foil such idle projects on the threshold.

The Archduke Albert, born on the 3d of November, 1560, was now in his thirty-sixth year. A small, thin, pale-faced man, with fair hair and beard, commonplace features, and the hereditary underhanging Burgundian jaw prominently developed, he was not without a certain nobility of presence. His manners were distant to haughtiness and grave to solemnity. He spoke very little and very slowly. He had resided long in Spain, where he had been a favorite with his uncle, as much as any man could be a favorite with Philip, and he had carefully formed himself on that royal model. He looked upon the King of Spain as the greatest, wisest, and best of created beings, as the most illustrious specimen of kingcraft ever yet vouchsafed to the world. He did his best to look somber and Spanish, to turn his visage into a mask, to conceal his thoughts and emotions not only by the expression of his features but by direct misstatements of his tongue, and in all things to present to the obedient Flemings as elaborate a reproduction of his great prototype as copy can ever recall inimitable original. Old men in the Netherlands, who

[1] Ber, iv. 153, 154 seq.

remembered in how short a time Philip had succeeded, by the baleful effect of his personal presence, in lighting up a hatred which not the previous twenty years of his father's burnings, hangings, and butcherings in those provinces had been able to excite, and which forty subsequent years of bloodshed had not begun to allay, might well shake their heads when they saw this new representative of Spanish authority. It would have been wiser, so many astute politicians thought, for Albert to take the Emperor Charles for his model, who had always the power of making his tyranny acceptable to the Flemings, through the adroitness with which he seemed to be entirely a Fleming himself.[1]

But Albert, although a German, valued himself on appearing like a Spaniard. He was industrious, regular in his habits, moderate in eating and drinking, fond of giving audiences on business. He spoke German, Spanish, and Latin, and understood French and Italian. He had at times been a student, and especially had some knowledge of mathematics. He was disposed to do his duty—so far as a man can do his duty who imagines himself so entirely lifted above his fellow-creatures as to owe no obligation except to exact their obedience and to personify to them the will of the Almighty. To Philip and the pope he was ever faithful. He was not without pretensions to military talents, but his gravity, slowness, and silence made him fitter to shine in the cabinet than in the field. Henry IV., who loved his jest, whether at his own expense or that of friend or foe, was wont to observe that there were three things which nobody would ever believe, and which yet were very true — that Queen

[1] Bentivoglio, Relazione delle Provincie ubbedienti di Fiandra. Soranzo, Relazione.

Elizabeth deserved her title of the throned vestal, that he was himself a good Catholic, and that Cardinal Albert was a good general. It is probable that the assertions were all equally accurate.

The new governor did not find a very able group of generals or statesmen assembled about him to assist in the difficult task which he had undertaken. There were plenty of fine gentlemen, with ancient names and lofty pretensions, but the working men in field or council had mostly disappeared. Mondragon, La Motte, Charles Mansfeld, Frank Verdugo, were all dead. Fuentes was just taking his departure for Italy. Old Peter Ernest was a cipher, and his son's place was filled by the Marquis of Varambon, as principal commander in active military operations. This was a Burgundian of considerable military ability, but with an inordinate opinion of himself and of his family. "Accept the fact that his lineage is the highest possible, and that he has better connections than those of anybody else in the whole world, and he will be perfectly contented," said a sharp, splenetic Spaniard in the cardinal's confidence. "'T is a faithful and loyal cavalier, but full of impertinences."[1] The brother of Varambon, Count Varax, had succeeded La Motte as general of artillery, and of his doings there was a tale ere long to be told. On the whole, the best soldier in the archduke's service for the moment was the Frenchman Savigny de Rosne, an ancient Leaguer, and a passionate hater of the Béarnese, of heretics, and of France as then constituted. He had once made a contract with Henry by which he bound himself to his

[1] Relacion de los Señores de titulo y otras personas de qualidad que hay en estos estados;—dióse a su Altª en Valenciennes, 2 Abril, 1596, Arch. de Sim. MS.

service; but after occasioning a good deal of injury by his deceitful attitude, he had accepted a large amount of Spanish dollars, and had then thrown off the mask and proclaimed himself the deadliest foe of his lawful sovereign. "He was foremost," said Carlos Coloma, "among those who were successfully angled for by the Commander Moreo with golden hooks."[1] Although prodigiously fat, this renegade was an active and experienced campaigner, while his personal knowledge of his own country made his assistance of much value to those who were attempting its destruction.

The other great nobles, who were pressing themselves about the new viceroy with enthusiastic words of welcome, were as like to give him embarrassment as support. All wanted office, emoluments, distinctions, nor could much dependence be placed on the ability or the character of any of them. The new Duke of Aerschot had in times past, as Prince of Chimay, fought against the king, and had even imagined himself a Calvinist, while his wife was still a determined heretic. It is true that she was separated from her husband. He was a man of more quickness and acuteness than his father had been, but if possible more mischievous both to friend and foe, being subtle, restless, intriguing, fickle, ambitious, and deceitful. The Prince of Orange was considered a man of very ordinary intelligence, not more than half witted, according to Queen Elizabeth,[2] and it was probable that the peculiar circumstances of his life would extinguish any influence that he might otherwise have attained with either party. He was likely to

[1] Coloma, 229. Calvaert's letter, in Deventer, ii. 108.

[2] "Ende niet halff wys."—Caron to States-General, in Deventer, ii. 12.

affect a neutral position, and in times of civil war to be neutral is to be nothing.

Aremberg, unlike the great general on the Catholic side who had made the name illustrious in the opening scenes of the mighty contest, was disposed to quiet obscurity so far as was compatible with his rank. Having inherited neither fortune nor talent with his ancient name, he was chiefly occupied with providing for the wants of his numerous family. A good papist, well inclined and docile, he was strongly recommended for the post of admiral, not because he had naval acquirements, but because he had a great many children.[1] The Marquis of Havré, uncle to the Duke of Aerschot, had played in his time many prominent parts in the long Netherland tragedy. Although older than he was when Requesens and Don John of Austria had been governors, he was not much wiser, being to the full as vociferous, as false, as insolent, as self-seeking, and as mischievous as in his youth. Alternately making appeals to popular passions in his capacity of high-born demagogue, or seeking crumbs of bounty as the supple slave of his sovereign, he was not more likely to acquire the confidence of the cardinal than he had done that of his predecessors.

The most important and opulent grandee of all the provinces was the Count de Ligne, who had become by marriage or inheritance Prince of Espinoy, Seneschal of Hainault, and Viscount of Ghent. But it was only his enormous estates that gave him consideration, for he was not thought capable of either good or bad intentions. He had, however, in times past, succeeded in the chief object of his ambition, which was to keep out of trouble and to preserve his estates from confiscation. His wife,

[1] Relacion de los Señores, etc., ubi sup.

who governed him, and had thus far guided him safely, hoped to do so to the end. The cardinal was informed that the Golden Fleece would be all-sufficient to keep him upon the right track.[1]

Of the Egmonts, one had died on the famous field of Ivry; another was an outlaw, and had been accused of participation in plots of assassination against William of Orange; the third was now about the archduke's court, and was supposed to be as dull a man as Ligne, but likely to be serviceable so long as he could keep his elder brother out of his inheritance. Thus devoted to church and king were the sons of the man whose head Philip had taken off on a senseless charge of treason. The two Counts van den Berg, Frederick and Hermann, sons of the sister of William the Silent, were, on the whole, as brave, efficient, and trustworthy servants of the king and cardinal as were to be found in the obedient provinces.

The new governor had come well provided with funds, being supplied for the first three quarters of the year with a monthly allowance of one million one hundred thousand florins.[2] For reasons soon to appear, it was not probable that the States-General would be able very soon to make a vigorous campaign, and it was thought best for the cardinal to turn his immediate attention to France.

The negotiations for effecting an alliance, offensive and defensive, between the three powers most interested in opposing the projects of Spain for universal empire were not yet begun, and will be reserved for a subsequent chapter. Meantime there had been much informal discussion and diplomatic trifling between France and

[1] Relacion de los Señores, etc. [2] Reyd, 275.

England for the purpose of bringing about a sincere coöperation of the two crowns against the Fifth Monarchy, as it was much the fashion to denominate Philip's proposed dominion.

Henry had suggested at different times to Sir Robert Sydney, during his frequent presence in France as special envoy for the queen, the necessity of such a step, but had not always found a hearty sympathy. But as the king began to cool in his hatred to Spain, after his declaration of war against that power, it seemed desirable to Elizabeth to fan his resentment afresh, and to revert to those propositions which had been so coolly received when made. Sir Henry Umton, ambassador from her Majesty, was accordingly provided with especial letters on the subject from the queen's own hand, and presented them early in the year at Coucy (February 13, 1596). No man in the world knew better the tone to adopt in his communications with Elizabeth than did the chivalrous king. No man knew better than he how impossible it was to invent terms of adulation too gross for her to accept as spontaneous and natural effusions of the heart. He received the letters from the hands of Sir Henry, read them with rapture, heaved a deep sigh, and exclaimed: "Ah, Mr. Ambassador, what shall I say to you? This letter of the queen, my sister, is full of sweetness and affection. I see that she loves me, while that I love her is not to be doubted. Yet your commission shows me the contrary, and this proceeds from her ministers. How else can these obliquities stand with her professions of love? I am forced, as a king, to take a course which, as Henry, her loving brother, I could never adopt."

They then walked out into the park, and the king fell

into frivolous discourse, on purpose to keep the envoy from the important subject which had been discussed in the cabinet. Sir Henry brought him back to business, and insisted that there was no disagreement between her Majesty and her councilors, all being anxious to do what she wished. The envoy, who shared in the prevailing suspicions that Henry was about to make a truce with Spain, vehemently protested against such a step, complaining that his ministers, whose minds were distempered with jealousy, were inducing him to sacrifice her friendship to a false and hollow reconciliation with Spain. Henry protested that his preference would be for England's amity, but regretted that the English delays were so great, and that such dangers were ever impending over his head, as to make it impossible for him, as a king, to follow the inclinations of his heart.

They then met Madame de Monceaux, the beautiful Gabrielle, who was invited to join in the walk, the king saying that she was no meddler in politics, but of a tractable spirit.

This remark, in Sir Henry's opinion, was just, for, said he to Burghley, she is thought incapable of affairs, and very simple. The duchess unmasked very graciously as the ambassador was presented; but, said the splenetic diplomatist, "I took no pleasure in it, nor held it any grace at all." "She was attired in a plain satin gown," he continued, "with a velvet hood to keep her from the weather, which became her very ill. In my opinion, she is altered very much for the worse, and was very grossly painted." The three walked together, discoursing of trifles, much to the annoyance of Umton. At last a shower forced the lady into the house, and the king soon afterward took the ambassador to his cabinet. "He

asked me how I liked his mistress," wrote Sir Henry to Burghley, "and I answered sparingly in her praise, and told him that, if without offense I might speak it, I had the picture of a far more excellent mistress, and yet did her picture come far from the perfection of her beauty."

"As you love me," cried the king, "show it me, if you have it about you!"

"I made some difficulty," continued Sir Henry, "yet upon his importunity I offered it to his view very secretly, still holding it in my hand. He beheld it with passion and admiration, saying that I was in the right."

"I give in," said the king ("Je me rends").

Then, protesting that he had never seen such beauty all his life, he kissed it reverently twice or thrice, Sir Henry still holding the miniature firmly in his hand.

The king then insisted upon seizing the picture, and there was a charming struggle between the two, ending in his Majesty's triumph. He then told Sir Henry that he might take his leave of the portrait, for he would never give it up again for any treasure, and that to possess the favor of the original he would forsake all the world. He fell into many more such passionate and incoherent expressions of rhapsody, as of one suddenly smitten and spellbound with hapless love, bitterly reproaching the ambassador for never having brought him any answers to the many affectionate letters which he had written to the queen, whose silence had made him so wretched. Sir Henry, perhaps somewhat confounded at being beaten at his own fantastic game, answered as well as he could. "But I found," said he, "that the dumb picture did draw on more speech and affection from him than all my best arguments and eloquence. This was the effect of our conference, and, if infiniteness of vows

and outward professions be a strong argument of inward affection, there is good likelihood of the king's continuance of amity with her Majesty; only I fear lest his necessities may inconsiderately draw him into some hazardous treaty with Spain, which I hope confidently it is yet in the power of her Majesty to prevent." [1]

The king, while performing these apish tricks about the picture of a lady with beady black eyes, a hooked nose, black teeth, and a red wig, who was now in the sixty-fourth year of her age, knew very well that the whole scene would be at once repeated to the fair object of his passion by her faithful envoy; but what must have been the opinion entertained of Elizabeth by contemporary sovereigns and statesmen when such fantastic folly could be rehearsed and related every day in the year!

And the king knew, after all, and was destined very soon to acquire proof of it which there was no gainsaying, that the beautiful Elizabeth had exactly as much affection for him as he had for her, and was as capable of sacrificing his interests for her own, or of taking advantage of his direct necessities as cynically and as remorselessly, as the King of Spain, or the Duke of Mayenne, or the pope had ever done.

Henry had made considerable progress in reëstablishing his authority over a large portion of the howling wilderness to which forty years of civil war had reduced his hereditary kingdom. There was still great danger, however, at its two opposite extremities. Calais, key to the Norman gate of France, was feebly held, while Marseilles, seated in such dangerous proximity to Spain on the one side, and to the republic of Genoa, that alert

[1] Sir Henry Umton to her Majesty, Coucy, February 3, 1595–96.

vassal of Spain, on the other, was still in the possession of the League. A concerted action was undertaken by means of John Andrew Doria, with a Spanish fleet from Genoa on the outside and a well-organized conspiracy from within, to carry the city bodily over to Philip. Had it succeeded, this great Mediterranean seaport would have become as much a Spanish possession as Barcelona or Naples, and infinite might have been the damage to Henry's future prospects in consequence. But there was a man in Marseilles, Petrus Libertas by name, whose ancestors had gained this wholesome family appellation by a successful effort once made by them to rescue the little town of Calvi, in Corsica, from the tyranny of Genoa. Peter Liberty needed no prompting to vindicate, on a fitting occasion, his right to his patronymic. In conjunction with men in Marseilles who hated oppression, whether of kings, priests, or renegade republics, as much as he did, and with a secret and well-arranged understanding with the Duke of Guise, who was burning with ambition to render a signal benefit to the cause which he had just espoused, this bold tribune of the people succeeded in stirring the population to mutiny at exactly the right moment, and in opening the gates of Marseilles to the Duke of Guise and his forces before it was possible for the Leaguers to admit the fleet of Doria into its harbor. Thus was the capital of Mediterranean France lost and won.[1] Guise gained great favor in Henry's eyes, and with reason; for the son of the great Balafré, who was himself the League, had now given the League the stroke of mercy. Peter Liberty became consul of Marseilles, and received a patent of nobility. It was difficult, however, for any diploma to confer any-

[1] De Thou, t. xii. liv. cxvi. 613 seq. Bor, iv. 177–179.

thing more noble upon him than the name which he had inherited, and to which he had so well established his right.

But while Henry's cause had thus been so well served in the south, there was danger impending in the north. The king had been besieging, since autumn, the town of La Fère, an important military and strategic position, which had been Farnese's basis of operations during his memorable campaigns in France, and which had ever since remained in the hands of the League.

The cardinal had taken the field with an army of fifteen thousand foot and three thousand horse, assembled at Valenciennes, and after hesitating some time whether or not he should attempt to relieve La Fère, he decided instead on a diversion. In the second week of April De Rosne was detached at the head of four thousand men, and suddenly appeared before Calais.[1] The city had been long governed by De Gordan, but this wary and experienced commander had unfortunately been for two years dead. Still more unfortunately, it had been in his power to bequeath not only his fortune, which was very large, but the government of Calais, considered the most valuable command in France, to his nephew, De Vidosan. He had, however, not bequeathed to him his administrative and military genius.

The fortress called the Risban, or Rysbank, which entirely governed the harbor, and the possession of which made Calais nearly impregnable, as inexhaustible supplies could thus be poured into it by sea, had fallen into comparative decay. De Gordan had been occupied in strengthening the work, but since his death the nephew had entirely neglected the task. On the land side, the

[1] De Thou, xii. 631.

bridge of Nivelet was the key to the place. The faubourg was held by two Dutch companies, under Captains Le Gros and Dominique, who undertook to prevent the entrance of the archduke's forces. Vidosan, however, ordered these faithful auxiliaries into the citadel.

De Rosne, acting with great promptness, seized both the bridge of Nivelet and the fort of Rysbank by a sudden and well-concerted movement. This having been accomplished, the city was in his power, and after sustaining a brief cannonade it surrendered. Vidosan, with his garrison, however, retired into the citadel, and it was agreed between himself and De Rosne that unless succor should be received from the French king before the expiration of six days the citadel should also be evacuated.

Meantime Henry, who was at Boulogne, much disgusted at this unexpected disaster, had sent couriers to the Netherlands, demanding assistance of the States-General and of the stadholder. Maurice had speedily responded to the appeal. Proceeding himself to Zealand, he had shipped fifteen companies of picked troops from Middelburg, together with a flotilla laden with munitions and provisions enough to withstand a siege of several weeks. When the arrangements were completed, he went himself on board of a ship of war to take command of the expedition in person.[1] On the 17th of April he arrived with his succors off the harbor of Calais, and found, to his infinite disappointment, that the Rysbank fort was in the hands of the enemy.[2] As not a vessel could pass the bar without almost touching that fortress, the entrance to Calais was now impossible.[3] Had the incompetent Vidosan heeded the advice of his

[1] Bor, iv. 188. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.

brave Dutch officers, the place might still have been saved, for it had surrendered in a panic on the very day when the fleet of Maurice arrived off the port.

Henry had lost no time in sending, also, to his English allies for succor. The possession of Calais by the Spaniards might well seem alarming to Elizabeth, who could not well forget that up to the time of her sister this important position had been for two centuries an English stronghold. The defeat of the Spanish husband of an English queen had torn from England the last trophies of the Black Prince, and now the prize had again fallen into the hands of Spain, but of Spain no longer in alliance, but at war, with England. Obviously it was most dangerous to the interests and to the safety of the English realm that this threatening position, so near the gates of London, should be in the hands of the most powerful potentate in the world and the dire enemy of England. In response to Henry's appeal, the Earl of Essex was despatched with a force of six thousand men —raised by express command of the queen on Sunday, when the people were all at church—to Dover, where shipping was in readiness to transport the troops at once across the Channel. At the same time the politic queen and some of her councilors thought the opening a good one to profit by the calamity of their dear ally. Certainly it was desirable to prevent Calais from falling into the grasp of Philip. But it was perhaps equally desirable, now that the place without the assistance of Elizabeth could no longer be preserved by Henry, that Elizabeth, and not Henry, should henceforth be its possessor. To make this proposition as clear to the French king as it seemed to the English queen, Sir Robert Sydney was despatched in all haste to Boulogne, even while

the guns of De Rosne were pointed at Calais citadel, and while Maurice's fleet, baffled by the cowardly surrender of the Rysbank, was on its retreat from the harbor.

At two o'clock in the afternoon of the 21st of April Sydney landed at Boulogne. Henry, who had been intensely impatient to hear from England, and who suspected that the delay was boding no good to his cause, went down to the strand to meet the envoy, with whom then and there he engaged instantly in the most animated discourse.

As there was little time to be lost, and as Sydney on getting out of the vessel found himself thus confronted with the soldier king in person, he at once made the demand which he had been sent across the Channel to make. He requested the king to deliver up the town and citadel of Calais to the Queen of England as soon as, with her assistance, he should succeed in recovering the place. He assigned as her Majesty's reasons for this peremptory summons that she would on no other terms find it in her power to furnish the required succor. Her subjects, she said, would never consent to it except on these conditions. It was perhaps not very common with the queen to exhibit so much deference to the popular will, but on this occasion the supposed inclinations of the nation furnished her with an excellent pretext for carrying out her own. Sydney urged, moreover, that her Majesty felt certain of being obliged, in case she did not take Calais into her own safe-keeping and protection, to come to the rescue again within four or six months to prevent it once more from being besieged, conquered, and sacked by the enemy.

The king had feared some such proposition as this, and had intimated as much to the states' envoy, Cal-

vaert, who had walked with him down to the strand, and had left him when the conference began. Henry was not easily thrown from his equanimity, nor wont to exhibit passion on any occasion, least of all in his discussions with the ambassadors of England, but the cool and insolent egotism of this communication was too much for him.

He could never have believed, he said in reply, that, after the repeated assurances of her Majesty's affection for him which he had received from the late Sir Henry Umton [1] in their recent negotiations, her Majesty would now so discourteously seek to make her profit out of his misery. He had come to Boulogne, he continued, on the pledge given by the Earl of Essex to assist him with seven or eight thousand men in the recovery of Calais. If this, after all, should fail him—although his own reputation would be more injured by the capture of the place thus before his eyes than if it had happened in his absence—he would rather a hundred times endure the loss of the place than have it succored with such injurious and dishonorable conditions. After all, he said, the loss of Calais was substantially of more importance to the queen than to himself. To him the chief detriment would be in the breaking up of his easy and regular communications with his neighbors through this position, and especially with her Majesty. But as her affection for him was now proved to be so slender as to allow her to seek a profit from his misfortune and dishonor, it would be better for him to dispense with her friendship altogether and to strengthen his connections with truer and more honorable friends. Should the worst come to

[1] Sir Henry Umton had died in France soon after the interview with Henry IV. mentioned on a previous page of this volume. (Meteren, 371.)

the worst, he doubted not that he should be able, being what he was and much more than he was of old, to make a satisfactory arrangement with the King of Spain. He was ready to save Calais at the peril of his life, to conquer it in person, and not by the hands of any of his lieutenants; but having done so, he was not willing, at so great a loss of reputation without and at so much peril within, to deliver it to her Majesty or to any one else. He would far rather see it fall into the hands of the Spaniards.

Thus warmly and frankly did Henry denounce the unhandsome proposition made in the name of the queen, while, during his vehement expostulations, Sydney grew red with shame, and did not venture to look the king for one moment in the face.[1] He then sought to mitigate the effect of his demand by intimating, with much embarrassment of demeanor, that perhaps her Majesty would be satisfied with the possession of Calais for her own lifetime, and, as this was at once plumply refused, by the suggestion of a pledge of it for the term of one year. But the king only grew the more indignant as the bargaining became more paltry, and he continued to heap bitter reproaches upon the queen, who, without having any children or known inheritor of her possessions, should nevertheless be so desirous of compassing his eternal disgrace and of exciting the discontent of his subjects for the sake of an evanescent gain for herself. At such a price, he avowed, he had no wish to purchase her Majesty's friendship.

[1] "Deur dewelke S. M. den voors. Ambassadeur soo schaemroot maekte, dat hy (soo S. M^t my gheseyt heeft) S. M. niet in't aensicht dorste te sien," etc.—Calvaert's despatch, in Deventer, ii. 166.

After this explosion the conference became more amicable. The English envoy assured the king that there could be, at all events, no doubt of the arrival of Essex with eight thousand men on the following Thursday to assist in the relief of the citadel, notwithstanding the answer which he had received to the demand of her Majesty.

He furthermore expressed the strong desire which he felt that the king might be induced to make a personal visit to the queen at Dover, whither she would gladly come to receive him, so soon as Calais should have been saved. To this the king replied, with gallantry, that it was one of the things in the world that he had most at heart. The envoy rejoined that her Majesty would consider such a visit a special honor and favor. She had said that she could leave this world more cheerfully, when God should ordain, after she had enjoyed two hours' conversation with his Majesty.

Sydney, on taking his departure, repeated the assurance that the troops under Essex would arrive before Calais by Thursday, and that they were fast marching to the English coast; forgetting, apparently, that at the beginning of the interview he had stated, according to the queen's instructions, that the troops had been forbidden to march until a favorable answer had been returned by the king to her proposal.

Henry then retired to his headquarters for the purpose of drawing up information for his minister in England, De Sancy, who had not yet been received by the queen, and who had been kept in complete ignorance of this mission of Sydney and of its purport.

While the king was thus occupied, the English envoy was left in the company of Calvaert, who endeavored,

without much success, to obtain from him the result of the conference which had just taken place. Sydney was not to be pumped by the Dutch diplomatist, adroit as he unquestionably was, but, so soon as the queen's ambassador was fairly afloat again on his homeward track, which was the case within three hours after his arrival at Boulogne, Calvaert received from the king a minute account of the whole conversation.[1]

Henry expressed unbounded gratitude to the States-General of the Republic for their prompt and liberal assistance, and he eagerly contrasted the conduct of Prince Maurice, sailing forth in person so chivalrously to his rescue, with the sharp bargainings and shortcomings of the queen. He despatched a special messenger to convey his thanks to the prince, and he expressed his hope to Calvaert that the states might be willing that their troops should return to the besieged place under the command of Maurice, whose presence alone, as he loudly and publicly protested, was worth four thousand men.

But it was too late. The six days were rapidly passing away. The governor of Boulogne, Campagnolo, succeeded, by Henry's command, in bringing a small reinforcement of two or three hundred men into the citadel of Calais during the night of the 22d of April. This devoted little band made their way, when the tide was low, along the flats which stretched between the fort of Rysbank and the sea. Sometimes wading up to the neck in water, sometimes swimming for their lives, and during a greater part of their perilous march clinging so close to the hostile fortress as almost to touch its

[1] Calvaert's letter of April 22, 1596, recounting this remarkable interview, is given at length in Van Deventer's valuable publication, ii. 105–110.

guns, the gallant adventurers succeeded in getting into the citadel in time to be butchered with the rest of the garrison on the following day. For so soon as the handful of men had gained admittance to the gates, although otherwise the aspect of affairs was quite unchanged, the rash and weak De Vidosan proclaimed that, the reinforcements stipulated in his conditional capitulation having arrived, he should now resume hostilities. Whereupon he opened fire upon the town, and a sentry was killed. De Rosne, furious at what he considered a breach of faith, directed a severe cannonade against the not very formidable walls of the castle. During the artillery engagement which ensued the Prince of Orange, who had accompanied De Rosne to the siege, had a very narrow escape. A cannon-ball from the town took off the heads of two Spaniards standing near him, bespattering him with their blood and brains. He was urged to retire, but assured those about him that he came of too good a house to be afraid. His courage was commendable, but it seems not to have occurred to him that the place for his father's son was not by the side of the general who was doing the work of his father's murderer. While his brother Maurice, with a fleet of twenty Dutch war-ships, was attempting in vain to rescue Calais from the grasp of the Spanish king, Philip William of Nassau was looking on, a pleased and passive spectator of the desperate and unsuccessful efforts at defense. The assault was then ordered.[1] The first storm was repulsed, mainly by the Dutch companies, who fought in the breach until most of their numbers were killed or wounded, their captains Dominique and Le Gros having both fallen. The next attack was successful, the citadel

[1] Meteren, 370. De la Pise.

was carried, and the whole garrison, with exception of what remained of the Hollanders and Zealanders, put to the sword. De Vidosan himself perished. Thus Calais was once more a Spanish city, and was reannexed to the obedient provinces of Flanders. Of five thousand persons, soldiers and citizens, who had taken refuge in the castle, all were killed or reduced to captivity.[1]

The conversion of this important naval position into a Spanish-Flemish station was almost as disastrous to the Republic as it was mortifying to France and dangerous to England. The neighboring Dunkirk had long been a nest of pirates, whence small, fast-sailing vessels issued, daily and nightly, to prey indiscriminately upon the commerce of all nations. These corsairs neither gave nor took quarter, and were in the habit, after they had plundered their prizes, of setting them adrift, with the sailors nailed to the deck or chained to the rigging, while the officers were held for ransom. In case the vessels themselves were wanted, the crews were indiscriminately tossed overboard, while, on the other hand, the bucaneers rarely hesitated to blow up their own ships when unable to escape from superior force. Capture was followed by speedy execution, and it was but recently that, one of these freebooters having been brought into Rotterdam, the whole crew, forty-four in number, were hanged on the day of their arrival, while some five-and-twenty merchant captains held for ransom by the pirates thus obtained their liberty.[2]

And now Calais was likely to become a second and

[1] Bor, iv. 184–188. De Thou, xii. 631–637. Meteren, 369, 370. Bentivoglio, 439, 440. Coloma, 211–217. Albert to Philip, April 24, 1596, Arch. de Sim. MS.

[2] Bor, iv. 50, 129. Meteren. Reyd.

more dangerous sea-robbers' cave than even Dunkirk had been.

Notwithstanding this unlucky beginning of the campaign for the three allies, it was determined to proceed with a considerable undertaking which had been arranged between England and the Republic. For the time, therefore, the importunate demands of the queen for repayment by the states of her disbursements during the past ten years were suspended. It had, indeed, never been more difficult than at that moment for the Republic to furnish extraordinary sums of money. The year 1595 had not been prosperous. Although the general advance in commerce, manufactures, and in every department of national development had been very remarkable, yet there had recently been, for exceptional causes, an apparent falling off,[1] while, on the other hand, there had been a bad harvest in the north of Europe. In Holland, where no grain was grown, and which yet was the granary of the world, the prices were trebled. One hundred and eight bushels (a last) of rye, which ordinarily were worth fifty florins, now sold for one hundred and fifty florins, and other objects of consumption were equally enhanced in value.[2] On the other hand, the expenses of the war were steadily increasing, and were fixed for this year at five millions of florins. The Republic, and especially the states of Holland, never hesitated to tax heroically. The commonwealth had no income except that which the several provinces chose to impose upon themselves in order to fill the quota assigned to them by the States-General; but this defect in their political organization was not sensibly felt so long as the enthusiasm for the war continued in full force.

[1] Reyd, 300.

[2] Bor, iv. 152.

The people of the Netherlands knew full well that there was no liberty for them without fighting, no fighting without an army, no army without wages, and no wages without taxation; and although by the end of the century the imposts had become so high that, in the language of that keen observer, Cardinal Bentivoglio, nuncio at Brussels, they could scarcely be imagined higher, yet, according to the same authority, they were laid unflinchingly and paid by the people without a murmur.[1] During this year and the next the states of Holland, whose proportion often amounted to fifty per cent. of the whole contribution of the United Provinces, and who ever set a wholesome example in taxation, raised the duty on imports and all internal taxes by one eighth, and laid a fresh impost on such articles of luxury as velvets and satins, pleas and processes. Starch, too, became a source of considerable revenue. With the fast-rising prosperity of the country luxury had risen likewise, and, as in all ages and countries of the world of which there is record, woman's dress signalized itself by extravagant and very often tasteless conceptions. In a country where, before the doctrine of popular sovereignty had been broached in any part of the world by the most speculative theorists, very vigorous and practical examples of democracy had been afforded to Europe; in a country where, ages before the science of political economy had been dreamed of, lessons of free trade on the largest scale had been taught to mankind by republican traders instinctively breaking in many directions through the nets by which monarchs and oligarchs, gilds and corporations, had hampered the movements of commerce, it was natural that fashion should instinctively rebel against restraint.

[1] Relazione delle Provincie Unite.

The honest burgher's vrouw of Middelburg or Enkhuizen claimed the right to make herself as grotesque as Queen Elizabeth in all her glory. Sumptuary laws were an unwholesome part of feudal tyranny, and, as such, were naturally dropping into oblivion on the free soil of the Netherlands. It was the complaint, therefore, of moralists that unproductive consumption was alarmingly increasing. Formerly starch had been made of the refuse parts of corn, but now the manufacturers of that article made use of the bloom of the wheat and consumed as much of it as would have fed great cities. In the little village of Wormer the starch-makers used between three and four thousand bushels a week. Thus a substantial gentlewoman in fashionable array might bear the food of a parish upon her ample bosom. A single manufacturer in Amsterdam required four hundred weekly bushels. Such was the demand for the stiffening of the vast ruffs, the wonderful head-gear, the elaborate lacework, stomachers, and streamers, without which no lady who respected herself could possibly go abroad to make her daily purchases of eggs and poultry in the marketplace.

"May God preserve us," exclaimed a contemporary chronicler, unreasonably excited on the starch question, "from further luxury and wantonness, and abuse of his blessings and good gifts, that the punishment of Jeroboam, which followed upon Solomon's fortunate reign and the gold-ships of Ophir, may not come upon us." [1]

The states of Holland, not confounding—as so often has been the case—the precepts of moral philosophy with those of political economy, did not, out of fear for the doom of Jeroboam, forbid the use of starch. They sim-

[1] Reyd, 351.

ply laid a tax of a stiver a pound on the commodity,[1] or about six per cent. ad valorem; and this was a more wholesome way of serving the state than by abridging the liberty of the people in the choice of personal attire. Meantime the preachers were left to thunder from their pulpits upon the sinfulness of starched ruffles and ornamental topknots, and to threaten their fair hearers with the wrath to come, with as much success as usually attends such eloquence.

There had been uneasiness in the provinces in regard to the designs of the queen, especially since the states had expressed their inability to comply in full with her demands for repayment. Spanish emissaries had been busily circulating calumnious reports that her Majesty was on the eve of concluding a secret peace with Philip, and that it was her intention to deliver the cautionary towns to the king. The government attached little credence to such statements, but it was natural that Envoy Caron should be anxious at their perpetual recurrence both in England and in the provinces. So one day he had a long conversation with the Earl of Essex on the subject; for it will be recollected that Lord Leicester had strenuously attempted at an earlier day to get complete possession not only of the pledged cities, but of Leyden also, in order to control the whole country Essex was aflame with indignation at once, and expressed himself with his customary recklessness. He swore that if her Majesty were so far forsaken of God and so forgetful of her own glory as through evil counsel to think of making any treaty with Spain without the knowledge of the States-General and in order to cheat them, he would himself make the matter as public

[1] Reyd, 351.

as it was possible to do, and would place himself in direct opposition to such a measure, so as to show the whole world that his heart and soul were foreign at least to any vile counsel of the kind that might have been given to his sovereign.[1] Caron and Essex conversed much in this vein, and although the envoy especially requested him not to do so, the earl, who was not distinguished for his powers of dissimulation, and who suspected Burghley of again tampering, as he had often before tampered, with secret agents of Philip, went straight to the queen with the story. Next day Essex invited Caron to dine and to go with him after dinner to the queen. This was done, and so soon as the states' envoy was admitted to the royal presence her Majesty at once opened the subject. She had heard, she said, that the reports in question had been spread through the provinces, and she expressed much indignation in regard to them. She swore very vehemently, as usual, and protested that she had better never have been born than prove so miserable a princess as these tales would make her. The histories of England, she said, should never describe her as guilty of such falsehood. She could find a more honorable and fitting means of making peace than by delivering up cities and strongholds so sincerely and confidingly placed in her hands. She hoped to restore them as faithfully as they had loyally been intrusted to her keeping. She begged Caron to acquaint the States-General with these asseverations, declaring that never since she had sent troops to the Netherlands had she lent her ear to those who had made such underhand propositions. She was aware that Cardinal Albert had propositions to make, and that he was desirous of

[1] Letter of Caron, December 3, 1595, apud Bor, iv. 150, 151.

inducing both the French king and herself to consent to a peace with Spain; but she promised the states' envoy solemnly before God to apprise him of any such overtures so soon as they should be made known to herself.[1]

Much more in this strain, with her usual vehemence and mighty oaths, did the great queen aver, and the republican envoy, to whom she was on this occasion very gracious, was fain to believe in her sincerity. Yet the remembrance of the amazing negotiations between the queen's ministers and the agents of Alexander Farnese, by which the invasion of the Armada had been masked, could not but have left an uneasy feeling in the mind of every Dutch statesman. "I trust in God," said Caron, "that he may never so abandon her as to permit her to do the reverse of what she now protests with so much passion. Should it be otherwise,—which God forbid,—I should think that he would send such chastisement upon her and her people that other princes would see their fate therein as in a mirror, should they make and break such oaths and promises. I tell you these things as they occur, because, as I often feel uneasiness myself, I imagine that my friends on the other side the water may be subject to the same anxiety. Nevertheless, beat the bush as I may, I can obtain no better information than this which I am now sending you."[2]

It had been agreed that for a time the queen should desist from her demands for repayment,—which, according to the treaty of 1585, was to be made only after conclusion of peace between Spain and the provinces, but which Elizabeth was frequently urging on the ground that the states could now make that peace when they

[1] Letter of Caron, ubi sup. [2] Ibid.

chose,—and in return for such remission the Republic promised to furnish twenty-four ships of war and four tenders for a naval expedition which was now projected against the Spanish coast. These war-ships were to be of four hundred, three hundred, and two hundred tons, eight of each dimension, and the estimated expense of their fitting out for five months was 512,796 florins.[1]

Before the end of April, notwithstanding the disappointment occasioned in the Netherlands by the loss of Calais, which the states had so energetically striven to prevent, the fleet under Admiral John of Duvenwoord, Seigneur of Warmond, and Vice-Admirals Jan Gerbrantz and Cornelius Leusen, had arrived at Plymouth, ready to sail with their English allies.[2] There were three thousand sailors of Holland and Zealand on board, the best mariners in the world, and two thousand two hundred picked veterans from the garrisons of the Netherlands.[3] These land troops were English, but they belonged to the states' army, which was composed of Dutch, German, Walloon, Scotch, and Irish soldiers, and it was a liberal concession on the part of the republican government to allow them to serve on the present expedition. By the terms of the treaty the queen had no more power to send these companies to invade Spain than to campaign against Tyr Owen in Ireland, while, at a moment when the cardinal archduke had a stronger and better appointed army in Flanders than had been seen for many years in the provinces, it was a most hazardous experiment for the states to send so considerable a portion of their land and naval forces upon a distant adventure. It was also a serious blow to them to be deprived for the whole season of that valiant and ex-

[1] Bor, iv. 148, 182. [2] Ibid., iv. 191. [3] Ibid.

perienced commander, Sir Francis Vere, the most valuable lieutenant, save Louis William, that Maurice had at his disposition. Yet Vere was to take command of this contingent thus sent to the coast of Spain, at the very moment when the republican army ought to issue from their winter quarters and begin active operations in the field. The consequence of this diminution of their strength and drain upon their resources was that the states were unable to put an army in the field during the current year, or make any attempt at a campaign.

The queen wrote a warm letter of thanks to Admiral Warmond for the promptness and efficiency with which he had brought his fleet to the place of rendezvous, and now all was bustle and preparation in the English ports for the exciting expedition resolved upon. Never during Philip's lifetime, nor for several years before his birth, had a hostile foot trod the soil of Spain, except during the brief landing at Coruña in 1590, and although the king's beard had been well singed ten years previously by Sir Francis Drake, and although the coast of Portugal had still more recently been invaded by Essex and Vere, yet the present adventure was on a larger scale and held out brighter prospects of success than any preceding expedition had done. In an age when the line between the land and sea service, between regular campaigners and volunteers, between public and private warfare, between chivalrous knights errant and buccaneers, was not very distinctly drawn, there could be nothing more exciting to adventurous spirits, more tempting to the imagination of those who hated the pope and Philip, who loved fighting, prize-money, and the queen, than a foray into Spain.

It was time to return the visit of the Armada. Some

of the sea-kings were gone. Those magnificent free-booters, Drake and Hawkins, had just died in the West Indies, and doughty Sir Roger Williams had left the world in which he had bustled so effectively, bequeathing to posterity a classic memorial of near a half-century of hard fighting, written, one might almost imagine, in his demi-pike saddle. But that most genial, valiant, impracticable, reckless, fascinating hero of romance, the Earl of Essex, still a youth although a veteran in service, was in the springtide of favor and glory, and was to command the land forces now assembled at Plymouth. That other corsair,[1] as the Spaniards called him, that other charming and heroic shape in England's checkered chronicle of chivalry and crime, famous in arts and arms, politics, science, literature, endowed with so many of the gifts by which men confer luster on their age and country, whose name was already a part of England's eternal glory, whose tragic destiny was to be her undying shame, Raleigh, the soldier, sailor, scholar, statesman, poet, historian, geographical discoverer, planter of empires yet unborn, was also present, helping to organize the somewhat chaotic elements of which the chief Anglo-Dutch enterprise for this year against the Spanish world-dominion was compounded.

And, again, it is not superfluous to recall the comparatively slender materials, both in bulk and numbers, over which the vivid intelligence and restless energy of the two leading Protestant powers, the Kingdom and the Republic, disposed. Their contest against the overshadowing empire which was so obstinately striving to

[1] "Otro corsario llamado *Guateral*," says the historian Herrera, ingeniously fusing into one the Christian and family names of Sir Walter Raleigh (iii. 585).

become the Fifth Monarchy of history was waged by land and naval forces which in their aggregate numbers would scarce make a startling list of killed and wounded in a single modern battle; by ships such that a whole fleet of them might be swept out of existence with half a dozen modern broadsides; by weapons which would seem to modern eyes like clumsy toys for children. Such was the machinery by which the world was to be lost and won less than three centuries ago. Could science, which even in that age had made gigantic strides out of the preceding darkness, have revealed its later miracles and have presented its terrible powers to the despotism which was seeking to crush all Christendom beneath its feet, the possible result might have been most tragical to humanity. While there are few inventions in morals, the demon Intellect is ever at his work, knowing no fatigue and scorning contentment in his restless demands upon the infinite Unknown. Yet moral truth remains unchanged, gradually through the ages extending its influence, and it is only by conformity to its simple and eternal dictates that nations, like individuals, can preserve a healthful existence. In the unending warfare between right and wrong, between liberty and despotism, Evil has the advantage of rapidly assuming many shapes. It has been well said that constant vigilance is the price of liberty. The tendency of our own times, stimulated by scientific discoveries and their practical application, is to political consolidation, to the absorption of lesser communities in greater, just as disintegration was the leading characteristic of the darker ages. The scheme of Charlemagne to organize Europe into a single despotism was a brilliant failure because the forces which were driving human society into local

and gradual reconstruction around various centers of crystallization were irresistible to any countervailing enginery which the emperor had at his disposal. The attempt of Philip, eight centuries later, at universal monarchy was frivolous, although he could dispose of material agencies which in the hands of Charlemagne might have made the dreams of Charlemagne possible. It was frivolous because the rising instinct of the age was for religious, political, and commercial freedom in a far intenser degree than those who lived in that age were themselves aware. A considerable republic had been evolved as it were involuntarily out of the necessities of the time, almost without self-consciousness that it was a republic, and even against the desire of many who were guiding its destinies. And it found itself in constant combination with two monarchs, despotic at heart and of enigmatical or indifferent religious convictions, who yet reigned over peoples largely influenced by enthusiasm for freedom. Thus liberty was preserved for the world; but, as the law of human progress would seem to be ever by a spiral movement, it seems strange to the superficial observer not prone to generalizing that Calvinism, which unquestionably was the hard receptacle in which the germ of human freedom was preserved in various countries and at different epochs, should have so often degenerated into tyranny. Yet notwithstanding the burning of Servetus at Geneva and the hanging of Mary Dyer at Boston, it is certain that France, England, the Netherlands, and America owe a large share of such political liberty as they have enjoyed to Calvinism. It may be possible for large masses of humanity to accept for ages the idea of one infallible church, however tyrannical; but the idea once admitted that there may

be many churches, that what is called the state can be separated from what is called the church, the plea of infallibility and of authority soon becomes ridiculous—a mere fiction of political or fashionable quackery to impose upon the uneducated or the unreflecting.

And now Essex, Raleigh, and Howard, Vere, Warmond, and Nassau, were about to invade the shores of the despot who sat in his study plotting to annex England, Scotland, Ireland, France, the Dutch Republic, and the German Empire to the realms of Spain, Portugal, Naples, Milan, and the Eastern and Western Indies, over which he already reigned.

The fleet consisted of fifty-seven ships of war, of which twenty-four were Dutch vessels under Admiral Warmond, with three thousand sailors of Holland and Zealand. Besides the sailors there was a force of six thousand foot-soldiers, including the English veterans from the Netherlands under Sir Francis Vere. There were also fifty transports laden with ammunition and stores. The expedition was under the joint command of Lord High Admiral Howard and of the Earl of Essex. Many noble and knightly volunteers, both from England and the Republic, were on board, including, besides those already mentioned, Lord Thomas Howard, son of the Duke of Norfolk; Sir John Wingfield, who had commanded at Gertruydenberg when it had been so treacherously surrendered to Farnese; Count Louis Gunther of Nassau, who had so recently escaped from the disastrous fight with Mondragon in the Lippe, and was now continuing his education according to the plan laid down for him by his elder brother Louis William; Nicholas Meetkerken, Peter Regesmortes, Don Christopher of Portugal, son of Don Antonio, and a host of other adventurers.

On the last day of June the expedition arrived off Cadiz. Next morning they found a splendid Spanish fleet in the harbor of that city, including four of the famous apostolic great galleons, *St. Philip*, *St. Matthew*, *St. Thomas*, and *St. Andrew*, with twenty or thirty great war-ships besides, and fifty-seven well-armed Indiamen, which were to be convoyed on their outward voyage, with a cargo estimated at twelve millions of ducats.

The *St. Philip* was the phenomenon of naval architecture of that day, larger and stronger than any ship before known. She was two thousand tons burden, carried eighty-two bronze cannon, and had a crew of twelve hundred men. The other three apostles carried each fifty guns and four hundred men. The armament of the other war-ships varied from fifty-two to eighteen guns each. The presence of such a formidable force might have seemed a motive for discouragement, or at least for caution. On the contrary, the adventurers dashed at once upon their prey, thus finding a larger booty than they had dared to expect. There was but a brief engagement. At the outset a Dutch ship accidentally blew up, and gave much encouragement to the Spaniards. Their joy was but short-lived. Two of the great galleons were soon captured; the other two, the *St. Philip* and the *St. Thomas*, were run aground and burned. The rest of the war-ships were driven within the harbor, but were unable to prevent a landing of the enemy's forces. In the eagerness of the allies to seize the city, they unluckily allowed many of the Indiamen to effect their escape through the *puente del Zuazzo*, which had not been supposed a navigable passage for ships of such burden. Nine hundred soldiers under Essex and four hundred noble volunteers under Louis Gunther of

Nassau now sprang on shore, and drove some eleven hundred Spanish skirmishers back within the gates of the city, or into a bastion recently raised to fortify the point when the troops had landed. Young Nassau stormed the bulwark sword in hand, carried it at the first assault, and planted his colors on its battlement. It was the flag of William the Silent, for the republican banner was composed of the family colors of the founder of the new commonwealth.[1] The blazonry of the proscribed and assassinated rebel waved at last defiantly over one of the chief cities of Spain. Essex and Nassau and all the rest then entered the city. There was little fighting. Twenty-five English and Hollanders were killed, and about as many Spaniards. Essex knighted about fifty gentlemen, Englishmen and Hollanders, in the square of Cadiz for their gallantry. Among the number were Louis Gunther of Nassau, Admiral Warmond, and Peter Regesmortes. Colonel Nicholas Meetkerken[2] was killed in the brief action, and Sir John Wingfield, who insisted on prancing about on horseback without his armor, defying the townspeople and neglecting the urgent appeal of Sir Francis Vere, was also slain. The Spanish soldiers, discouraged by the defeat of the ships on which they had relied for protection of the town, retreated with a great portion of the inhabitants into the citadel. Next morning the citadel capitulated without striking a blow, although there were six thousand able-bodied, well-armed men within its walls. It was one of the most astonishing panics ever recorded. The great fleet, making a third of the king's navy, the city of Cadiz and its fortress, were surrendered to this audacious little force, which had only arrived off the harbor thirty-six

[1] Fruin, 357. [2] See note, p. 543.

hours before. The invaders had, however, committed a great mistake. They had routed and, as it were, captured the Spanish galleons, but they had not taken possession of them, such had been their eagerness to enter the city. It was now agreed that the fleet should be ransomed for two million ducats; but the proud Duke of Medina Sidonia, who had already witnessed the destruction of one mighty armada, preferred that these splendid ships, too, should perish rather than that they should pay tribute to the enemy. Scorning the capitulation of the commandant of the citadel, he ordered the fleet to be set on fire. Thirty-two ships, most of them vessels of war of the highest class, were burned, with all their equipments. Twelve hundred cannon sank at once to the bottom of the Bay of Cadiz, besides arms for five or six thousand men. At least one third of Philip's effective navy was thus destroyed.

The victors now sacked the city very thoroughly, but the results were disappointing. A large portion of the portable wealth of the inhabitants, their gold and their jewelry, had been so cunningly concealed that, although half a dozen persons were tortured till they should reveal hidden treasures, not more than five hundred thousand ducats' worth of plunder was obtained. Another sum of equal amount having been levied upon the citizens, forty notable personages, among them eighteen ecclesiastical dignitaries, were carried off as hostages for its payment. The city was now set on fire by command of Essex in four different quarters. Especially the cathedral and other churches, the convents and the hospitals, were burned. It was perhaps not unnatural that both Englishmen and Hollanders should be disposed to wreak a barbarous vengeance on everything representative of

the church which they abhorred, and from which such endless misery had issued to the uttermost corners of their own countries. But it is at any rate refreshing to record amid these acts of pillage and destruction, in which, as must ever be the case, the innocent and the lowly were made to suffer for the crimes of crowned and mitered culprits, that not many special acts of cruelty were committed upon individuals. No man was murdered in cold blood, no woman was outraged.[1] The beautiful city was left a desolate and blackened ruin, and a general levy of spoil was made for the benefit of the victors, but there was no infringement of the theory and practice of the laws of war as understood in that day or in later ages. It is even recorded that Essex ordered one of his soldiers, who was found stealing a woman's gown, to be hanged on the spot, but that, wearied by the intercession of an ecclesiastic of Cadiz, the canon Quesada, he consented at last to pardon the marauder.[2]

It was the earnest desire of Essex to hold Cadiz instead of destroying it. With three thousand men, and with temporary supplies from the fleet, the place could be maintained against all comers, Holland and England together commanding the seas. Admiral Warmond and all the Netherlanders seconded the scheme, and offered at once to put ashore from their vessels food and muni-

[1] This is the express testimony of the Spanish historian Herrera, whose evidence will hardly be disputed. (Herrera, iii. 645.)

[2] The chief authorities consulted for this expedition are Bor, iv. 232–235; Meteren, 374–377; Reyd, 278–281; Herrera, iii. 632–645; De Thou, t. xii. liv. cxvi. 671–674; Camden, 517–523; Fruin, 353–360.

tions enough to serve two thousand men for two months. If the English admiral would do as much, the place might be afterward supplied without limit and held till doomsday, a perpetual thorn in Philip's side. Sir Francis Vere was likewise warmly in favor of the project, but he stood alone. All the other Englishmen opposed it as hazardous, extravagant, and in direct contravention of the minute instructions of the queen. With a sigh or a curse for what he considered the superfluous caution of his royal mistress and the exaggerated docility of Lord High Admiral Howard, Essex was fain to content himself with the sack and the conflagration, and the allied fleet sailed away from Cadiz.

On their way toward Lisbon they anchored off Faro, and landed a force, chiefly of Netherlanders, who expeditiously burned and plundered the place. When they reached the neighborhood of Lisbon they received information that a great fleet of Indiamen, richly laden, was daily expected from the Flemish Islands, as the Azores were then denominated. Again Essex was vehemently disposed to steer at once for that station in order to grasp so tempting a prize, again he was strenuously supported by the Dutch admiral and Vere, and again Lord Howard peremptorily interdicted the plan. It was contrary to his instructions and to his ideas of duty, he said, to risk so valuable a portion of her Majesty's fleet on so doubtful a venture. His ships were not fitted for a winter's cruise, he urged. Thus, although it was the very heart of midsummer, the fleet was ordered to sail homeward. The usual result of a divided command was made manifest, and it proved in the sequel that, had they sailed for the islands, they would have pounced at exactly the right moment upon an un-

protected fleet of merchantmen, with cargoes valued at seven millions of ducats. Essex, not being willing to undertake the foray to the Azores with the Dutch ships alone, was obliged to digest his spleen as best he could. Meantime the English fleet bore away for England, leaving Essex in his own ship, together with the two captured Spanish galleons, to his fate. That fate might have been a disastrous one, for his prizes were not fully manned, his own vessel was far from powerful, and there were many rovers and cruisers upon the seas. The Dutch admiral, with all his ships, however, remained in company, and safely convoyed him to Plymouth, where they arrived only a day or two later than Howard and his fleet.[1] Warmond, who had been disposed to sail up the Thames in order to pay his respects to the queen, was informed that his presence would not be desirable, but rather an embarrassment. He, however, received the following letter from the hand of Elizabeth:

"Monsieur Duvenwoord: The report made to me by the generals of our fleet, just happily arrived from the coast of Spain, of the devoirs of those who have been partakers in so famous a victory, ascribes so much of it to the valor, skill, and readiness exhibited by yourself and our other friends from the Netherlands under your command, during the whole course of the expedition, as to fill our mind with special joy and satisfaction, and with a desire to impart these feelings to you. No other means presenting themselves at this moment than that of a letter (in some sense darkening the picture of the conceptions of our soul), we are willing to make use of

[1] Bor, Meteren, Reyd, De Thou, ubi sup.

it while waiting for means more effectual. Wishing thus to disburden ourselves, we find ourselves confused, not knowing where to begin, the greatness of each part exceeding the merit of the other. For the vigor and promptness with which my lords the States-General stepped into the enterprise made us acknowledge that the good favor which we have always borne the United Provinces, and the proofs thereof which we have given in the benefits conferred by us upon them, had not been ill bestowed. The valor, skill, and discipline manifested by you in this enterprise show that you and your whole nation are worthy the favor and protection of princes against those who wish to tyrannize over you. But the honorableness and the valor shown by you, Sir Admiral, toward our cousin the Earl of Essex on his return, when he unfortunately was cut off from the fleet, and deep in the night was deprived of all support, when you kept company with him and gave him escort into the harbor of Plymouth, demonstrate, on the one hand, your foresight in providing thus by your pains and patience against all disasters, which through an accident falling upon one of the chiefs of our armada might have darkened the great victory, and, on the other hand, the fervor and fire of the affection which you bear us, increasing thus, through a double bond, the obligation we are owing you, which is so great in our hearts that we have felt bound to discharge a part of it by means of this writing, which we beg you to communicate to the whole company of our friends under your command, saying to them besides that they may feel assured that even as we have before given proof of our good will to their fatherland, so henceforth, incited by their devoirs and merits, we are ready to extend our bounty and affection

in all ways which may become a princess recompensing the virtues and gratitude of a nation so worthy as yours. "ELIZABETH R.

"14th August, 1596." [1]

This letter was transmitted by the admiral to the States-General, who furnished him with a copy of it, but enrolled the original in their archives, recording as it did, in the hand of the great English queen, so striking a testimony to the valor and the good conduct of Netherlanders.[2]

The results of this expedition were considerable, for the king's navy was crippled, a great city was destroyed, and some millions of plunder had been obtained. But the permanent possession of Cadiz, which, in such case, Essex hoped to exchange for Calais, and the destruction of the fleet at the Azores,—possible achievements both, and unwisely neglected,—would have been far more profitable, at least to England. It was also matter of deep regret that there was much quarreling between the Netherlanders and the Englishmen as to their re-

[1] The letter, translated, of course, into Flemish, is given in full by Bor, iv. 235. Incredible as it may seem, Camden not only makes no allusion to this special and memorable service of the Dutch admiral, and to the enthusiastic approbation bestowed upon him and his comrades by the queen, but he never once mentions him in his account, save that toward the end of a list of persons knighted after the taking of the city the name of John van Duvenvord appears. The English historian, indeed, carefully suppresses the share taken by the sailors and soldiers of the Dutch Republic in the expedition, scarcely the faintest allusion being made to them from the beginning to the end of his narrative. The whole affair is represented as a purely English adventure and English triumph.

[2] Bor, ubi sup.

spective share of the spoils, the Netherlanders complaining loudly that they had been defrauded. Moreover, the merchants of Middelburg, Amsterdam, and other commercial cities of Holland and Zealand were, as it proved, the real owners of a large portion of the property destroyed or pillaged at Cadiz, so that a loss estimated as high as three hundred thousand florins fell upon those unfortunate traders through this triumph of the allies.[1]

The internal consequences of the fall of Calais had threatened at the first moment to be as disastrous as the international results of that misfortune had already proved. The hour for the definite dismemberment and partition of the French kingdom, not by foreign conquerors, but among its own self-seeking and disloyal grandees, seemed to have struck. The indomitable Henry, ever most buoyant when most pressed by misfortune, was on the way to his camp at La Fère, encouraging the faint-hearted, and providing as well as he could for the safety of the places most menaced, when he was met at St.-Quentin by a solemn deputation of the principal nobles, military commanders, and provincial governors of France. The Duke of Montpensier was spokesman of the assembly, and, in an harangue carefully prepared for the occasion, made an elaborate proposition to the king that the provinces, districts, cities, castles, and other strongholds throughout the kingdom should now be formally bestowed upon the actual governors and commandants thereof in perpetuity and as hereditary property, on condition of rendering a certain military service to the king and his descendants. It seemed so amazing that this temporary disaster to the national arms should be used as a pretext for parceling

[1] Bor, Meteren, Reyd, ubi sup.

out France and converting a great empire into a number of insignificant duchies and petty principalities, that this movement should be made, not by the partizans of Spain, but by the adherents of the king, and that its leader should be his own near relative, a prince of the blood, and a possible successor to the crown, that Henry was struck absolutely dumb. Misinterpreting his silence, the duke proceeded very confidently with his well-conned harangue, and was eloquently demonstrating that, under such a system, Henry, as principal feudal chief, would have greater military forces at his disposal whenever he chose to summon his faithful vassals to the field than could be the case while the mere shadow of royal power or dignity was allowed to remain, when the king, finding at last a tongue, rebuked his cousin, not angrily, but with a grave melancholy which was more impressive than wrath.

He expressed his pity for the duke that designing intriguers should have thus taken advantage of his facility of character to cause him to enact a part so entirely unworthy a Frenchman, a gentleman, and a prince of the blood. He had himself, at the outset of his career, been much farther from the throne than Montpensier was at that moment, but at no period of his life would he have consented to disgrace himself by attempting the dismemberment of the realm. So far from entering for a moment into the subject-matter of the duke's discourse, he gave him and all his colleagues distinctly to understand that he would rather die a thousand deaths than listen to suggestions which would cover his family and the royal dignity with infamy.[1]

[1] Sully, Mémoires, t. i. liv. vii. 417, 418. Compare De Thou, t. xiii. liv. cxviii. 136.

Rarely has political cynicism been displayed in more revolting shape than in this deliberate demonstration by the leading patricians and generals of France, to whom patriotism seemed an unimaginable idea. Thus signally was their greediness to convert a national disaster into personal profit rebuked by the king. Henry was no respecter of the People, which he regarded as something immeasurably below his feet. On the contrary, he was the most sublime self-seeker of them all; but his courage, his intelligent ambition, his breadth and strength of purpose, never permitted him to doubt that his own greatness was inseparable from the greatness of France. Thus he represented a distinct and wholesome principle —the national integrity of a great homogeneous people at a period when that integrity seemed, through domestic treason and foreign hatred, to be hopelessly lost. Hence it is not unnatural that he should hold his place in the national chronicle as Henry the Great.

Meantime, while the military events just recorded had been occurring in the southern peninsula, the progress of the archduke and his lieutenants in the north against the king and against the Republic had been gratifying to the ambition of that martial ecclesiastic. Soon after the fall of Calais, De Rosne had seized the castles of Guynes and Hames, while De Mexia laid siege to the important stronghold of Ardres. The garrison, commanded by Count Belin, was sufficiently numerous and well supplied to maintain the place until Henry, whose triumph at La Fère could hardly be much longer delayed, should come to its relief. To the king's infinite dissatisfaction, however, precisely as Don Alvario de Osorio was surrendering La Fère to him, after a seven months' siege, Ardres was capitulating to De Mexia. The reproaches

upon Belin for cowardice, imbecility, and bad faith were bitter and general. All his officers had vehemently protested against the surrender, and Henry at first talked of cutting off his head.[1] It was hardly probable, however, had the surrender been really the result of treachery, that the governor would have put himself, as he did at once, in the king's power; for the garrison marched out of Ardres with the commandant at their head, banners displayed, drums beating, matches lighted, and bullet in mouth, twelve hundred fighting men strong, besides invalids. Belin was possessed of too much influence, and had the means of rendering too many pieces of service to the politic king, whose rancor against Spain was perhaps not really so intense as was commonly supposed, to meet with the condign punishment which might have been the fate of humbler knaves.

These successes having been obtained in Normandy, the cardinal, with a force of nearly fifteen thousand men, now took the field in Flanders, and after hesitating for a time whether he should attack Breda, Bergen, Ostend, or Gertruydenberg, and after making occasional feints in various directions, came, toward the end of June, before Hulst. This rather insignificant place, with a population of but one thousand inhabitants, was defended by a strong garrison under command of that eminent and experienced officer, Count Everard Solms. Its defenses were made more complete by a system of sluices, through which the country around could be laid under water; and Maurice, whose capture of the town in the year 1591 had been one of his earliest military achievements, was disposed to hold it at all hazards. He came in person to inspect the fortifications, and ap-

[1] So Justinus of Nassau wrote to Prince Maurice. (Bor, iv. 194.)

peared to be so eager on the subject, and so likely to encounter unnecessary hazards, that the states of Holland passed a resolution imploring him "that he would not, in his heroic enthusiasm and laudable personal service, expose a life on which the country so much depended to manifest dangers." [1] The place was soon thoroughly invested, and the usual series of minings and counterminings, assaults and sorties, followed, in the course of which that courageous and corpulent renegade, De Rosne, had his head taken off by a cannon-ball, while his son, a lad of sixteen, was fighting by his side.[2] On the 16th August the cardinal formally demanded the surrender of the place, and received the magnanimous reply that Hulst would be defended to the death. This did not, however, prevent the opening of negotiations the very same day. All the officers save one united in urging Solms to capitulate; and Solms, for somewhat mysterious reasons, and, as was stated, in much confusion, gave his consent. The single malcontent was the well-named Matthew Held, whose family name meant hero, and who had been one of the chief actors in the far-famed capture of Breda. He was soon afterward killed in an unsuccessful attack made by Maurice upon Venlo.

Hulst capitulated on the 18th August.[3] The terms were honorable, but the indignation throughout the country against Count Solms was very great. The states of Zealand, of whose regiment he had been com-

[1] Van der Kemp, iii. 162.

[2] Bor, iv. 219. Bentivoglio, 440.

[3] For the siege and capture of Hulst, see Bor, iv. 213–230; Meteren, 380 seq; Bentivoglio, 439, 440; Reyd, 285–287; Coloma, 225–229.

mander ever since the death of Sir Philip Sydney, dismissed him from their service, while a torrent of wrath flowed upon him from every part of the country. Members of the States-General refused to salute him in the streets; eminent personages turned their backs upon him, and for a time there was no one willing to listen to a word in his defense. The usual reaction in such cases followed: Maurice sustained the commander, who had doubtless committed a grave error, but who had often rendered honorable service to the Republic; and the States-General gave him a command as important as that of which he had been relieved by the Zealand states. It was mainly on account of the tempest thus created within the Netherlands that an affair of such slight importance came to occupy so large a space in contemporary history. The defenders of Solms told wild stories about the losses of the besieging army. The cardinal, who was thought prodigal of blood, and who was often quoted as saying "his soldiers' lives belonged to God and their bodies to the king,"[1] had sacrificed, it was ridiculously said, according to the statement of the Spaniards themselves, five thousand soldiers before the walls of Hulst.[2] It was very logically deduced therefrom that the capture of a few more towns of a thousand inhabitants each would cost him his whole army. People told each other, too, that the conqueror had refused a triumph which the burghers of Brussels wished to prepare for him on his entrance into the capital, and that he had administered the very proper rebuke that, if they had more money than they knew what to do with, they should expend it in aid of the wounded and of the

[1] Reyd, ubi sup.

[2] Bor, Meteren, Reyd, Coloma, ubi sup., especially Reyd.

families of the fallen, rather than in velvets and satins and triumphal arches.[1] The humanity of the suggestion hardly tallied with the bloodthirstiness of which he was at the same time so unjustly accused, although it might well be doubted whether the commander-in-chief, even if he could witness unflinchingly the destruction of five thousand soldiers on the battle-field, would dare to confront a new demonstration of Schoolmaster Houwaerts and his fellow-pedants.

The fact was, however, that the list of casualties in the cardinal's camp during the six weeks' siege amounted to six hundred, while the losses within the city were at least as many.[2] There was no attempt to relieve the place; for the states, as before observed, had been too much cramped by the strain upon their resources and by the removal of so many veterans for the expedition against Cadiz to be able to muster any considerable forces in the field during the whole of this year.

For a vast war in which the four leading powers of the earth were engaged, the events, to modern eyes, of the campaign of 1596 seem sufficiently meager. Meantime, during all this campaigning by land and sea in the West, there had been great but profitless bloodshed in the East. With difficulty did the Holy Roman Empire withstand the terrible, ever-renewed assaults of the unholy realm of Ottoman, then in the full flush of its power; but the two empires still counterbalanced each other, and contended with each other at the gates of Vienna.

[1] Reyd.

[2] Relacion de la presa de la villa de Hulst en Flandes, August 17, 1596. There seems no reason why the cardinal in these private despatches should not have told the truth.

As the fighting became more languid, however, in the western part of Christendom, the negotiations and intrigues grew only the more active. It was most desirable for the Republic to effect, if possible, a formal alliance, offensive and defensive, with France and England against Spain. The diplomacy of the Netherlands had been very efficient in bringing about the declaration of war by Henry against Philip, by which the current year had opened, after Henry and Philip had been doing their best to destroy each other and each other's subjects during the half-dozen previous years. Elizabeth, too, although she had seen her shores invaded by Philip with the most tremendous armaments that had ever floated on the seas, and although she had herself just been sending fire and sword into the heart of Spain, had very recently made the observation [1] that she and Philip were not formally at war with each other. It seemed, therefore, desirable to the States-General that this very practical warfare should be, as it were, reduced to a theorem. In this case the position of the Republic to both powers and to Spain itself might perhaps be more accurately defined.

Calvaert, the states' envoy,—to use his own words,—haunted Henry like his perpetual shadow, and was ever doing his best to persuade him of the necessity of this alliance.[2] De Sancy, as we have seen, had just arrived in England when the cool proposition of the queen to rescue Calais from Philip on condition of keeping it for herself had been brought to Boulogne by Sydney. Notwithstanding the indignation of the king, he had been

[1] "'T welck haer Mag. pretendeerde tot noch niet gedaen te hebben."—Calvaert to the States-General, apud Deventer, ii. 117.

[2] Ibid., ii. 114.

induced directly afterward to send an additional embassy to Elizabeth, with the Duke of Bouillon at its head, and he had insisted upon Calvaert's accompanying the mission. He had, as he frequently observed,[1] no secrets from the States-General, or from Calvaert, who had been negotiating upon these affairs for two years past and was so well acquainted with all their bearings. The Dutch envoy was reluctant to go,—for he was seriously ill and very poor in purse,—but Henry urged the point so vehemently that Calvaert found himself on board ship within six hours of the making of the proposition.[2] The incident shows of how much account the republican diplomatist was held by so keen a judge of mankind as the Béarnese; but it will subsequently appear that the candor of the king toward the States-General and their representative was by no means without certain convenient limitations.

De Sancy had arrived just as, without his knowledge, Sydney had been despatched across the Channel with the brief mission already mentioned. When he was presented to the queen the next day, she excused herself for the propositions by which Henry had been so much enraged by assuring the envoy that it had been her intention only to keep Calais out of the enemy's hand so long as the king's forces were too much occupied at a distance to provide for its safety. As diplomatic conferences were about to begin in which, even more than in that age, at least, was usually the case, the object of the two conferring powers was to deceive each other, and at the same time still more decidedly to defraud other states, Sancy accepted the royal explana-

[1] Calvaert to the States-General, apud Deventer, ii. 118.

[2] Ibid.

tion, although Henry's special messenger, Lomenie, had just brought him from the camp at Boulogne a minute account of the propositions of Sydney.[1]

The envoy had, immediately afterward, an interview with Lord Burghley, and at once perceived that he was no friend to his master. Cecil observed that the queen had formerly been much bound to the king for religion's sake. As this tie no longer existed, there was nothing now to unite them save the proximity of the two states to each other and their ancient alliances, a bond purely of interest, which existed only so long as princes found therein a special advantage.

De Sancy replied that the safety of the two crowns depended upon their close alliance against a very powerful foe who was equally menacing to them both. Cecil rejoined that he considered the Spaniards deserving of the very highest praise for having been able to plan so important an enterprise, and to have so well deceived the King of France by the promptness and the secrecy of their operations as to allow him to conceive no suspicion as to their designs.

To this not very friendly sarcasm the envoy, indignant that France should thus be insulted in her misfortunes, exclaimed that he prayed to God that the affairs of Englishmen might never be reduced to such a point as to induce the world to judge by the result merely, as to the sagacity of their counsels. He added that there were many passages through which to enter France, and that it was difficult to be present everywhere in order to defend them all against the enemy.

A few days afterward the Duke of Bouillon arrived

[1] See especially for these negotiations De Thou, t. xii. liv. cxvi. 247 seq. Compare Bor, iv. 253–257.

in London. He had seen Lord Essex at Dover as he passed, and had endeavored without success to dissuade him from his expedition against the Spanish coast. The conferences opened on the 7th May, at Greenwich, between Burghley, Cobham, the lord chamberlain, and one or two other commissioners, on the part of the queen, and Bouillon, Sancy, Du Vair, and Ancel, as plenipotentiaries of Henry.

There was the usual indispensable series of feints at the outset, as if it were impossible for statesmen to meet around a green table except as fencers in the field or pugilists in the ring.

"We have nothing to do," said Burghley, "except to listen to such propositions as may be made on the part of the king, and to repeat them to her Highness the Queen."

"You cannot be ignorant," replied Bouillon, "of the purpose for which we have been sent hither by his Very Christian Majesty. You know very well that it is to conclude a league with England. 'T is necessary, therefore, for the English to begin by declaring whether they are disposed to enter into such an alliance. This point once settled, the French can make their propositions, but it would be idle to dispute about the conditions of a treaty if there is, after all, no treaty to be made."

To this Cecil rejoined that, if the king were reduced to the necessity of asking succor from the queen and of begging for her alliance, it was necessary for them, on the other hand, to see what he was ready to do for the queen in return, and to learn what advantage she could expect from the league.

The duke said that the English statesmen were perfectly aware of the French intention of proposing a

league against the common enemy of both nations, and that it would be unquestionably for the advantage of both to unite their forces for a vigorous attack upon Spain, in which case it would be more difficult for the Spanish to resist them than if each were acting separately. It was no secret that the Spaniards would rather attack England than France, because their war against England, being colored by a religious motive, would be much less odious, and would even have a specious pretext. Moreover, the conquest of England would give them an excellent vantage-ground to recover what they had lost in the Netherlands. If, on the contrary, the enemy should throw himself with his whole force upon France, the king, who would perhaps lose many places at once, and might hardly be able to maintain himself single-handed against domestic treason and a concentrated effort on the part of Spain, would probably find it necessary to make a peace with that power. Nothing could be more desirable for Spain than such a result, for she would then be free to attack England and Holland, undisturbed by any fear of France. This was a piece of advice, the duke said, which the king offered, in the most friendly spirit, and as a proof of his affection, to her Majesty's earnest consideration.

Burghley replied that all this seemed to him no reason for making a league. "What more can the queen do," he observed, "than she is already doing? She has invaded Spain by land and sea; she has sent troops to Spain, France, and the Netherlands; she has lent the king fifteen hundred thousand crowns in gold. In short, the envoys ought rather to be studying how to repay her Majesty for her former benefits than to be soliciting fresh assistance." He added that the king was so much

stronger by the recent gain of Marseilles as to be easily able to bear the loss of places of far less importance, while Ireland, on the contrary, was a constant danger to the queen. The country was already in a blaze, on account of the recent landing effected there by the Spaniards, and it was a very ancient proverb among the English that to attack England it was necessary to take the road of Ireland.

Bouillon replied that in this war there was much difference between the position of France and that of England. The queen, notwithstanding hostilities, obtained her annual revenue as usual, while the king was cut off from his resources and obliged to ruin his kingdom in order to wage war. Sancy added that it must be obvious to the English ministers that the peril of Holland was likewise the peril of England and of France, but that at the same time they could plainly see that the king, if not succored, would be forced to a peace with Spain. All his councilors were urging him to this, and it was the interest of all his neighbors to prevent such a step. Moreover, the proposed league could not but be advantageous to the English, whether by restraining the Spaniards from entering England, or by facilitating a combined attack upon the common enemy. The queen might invade any portion of the Flemish coast at her pleasure, while the king's fleet could sail with troops from his ports to prevent any attack upon her realms.

At this Burghley turned to his colleagues and said in English: "The French are acting according to the proverb: they wish to sell us the bearskin before they have killed the bear."[1]

[1] De Thou, 653. The historian, probably, according to Fruin, 346, took his account from the papers of Du Vair.

Sancy, who understood English, rejoined: "We have no bearskin to sell, but we are giving you a very good and salutary piece of advice. It is for you to profit by it as you may."

"Where are these ships of war of which you were speaking?" asked Burghley.

"They are at Rochelle, at Bordeaux, and at St.-Malo," replied De Sancy.

"And these ports are not in the king's possession," said the lord treasurer.

The discussion was growing warm. The Duke of Bouillon, in order to put an end to it, said that what England had most to fear was a descent by Spain upon her coasts, and that the true way to prevent this was to give occupation to Philip's army in Flanders. The soldiers in the fleet then preparing were raw levies with which he would not venture to assail her kingdom. The veterans in Flanders were the men on whom he relied for that purpose. Moreover, the queen, who had great influence with the States-General, would procure from them a prohibition of all commerce between the provinces and Spain; all the Netherlands would be lost to Philip; his armies would disperse of their own accord; the princes of Italy, to whom the power of Spain was a perpetual menace, would secretly supply funds to the allied powers, and the Germans, declared enemies of Philip, would furnish troops.

Burghley asserted confidently that this could never be obtained from the Hollanders, who lived by commerce alone. Upon which Sancy, wearied with all these difficulties, interrupted the lord treasurer by exclaiming: "If the king is to expect neither an alliance nor any succor on your part, he will be very much obliged to the

queen if she will be good enough to inform him of the decision taken by her, in order that he may, upon his side, take the steps most suitable to the present position of his affairs."

The session then terminated. Two days afterward, in another conference, Burghley offered three thousand men on the part of the queen, on condition that they should be raised at the king's expense, and that they should not leave England until they had received a month's pay in advance.

The Duke of Bouillon said this was far from being what had been expected of the generosity of her Majesty, that if the king had money he would find no difficulty in raising troops in Switzerland and Germany, and that there was a very great difference between hired princes and allies.[1] The English ministers having answered that this was all the queen could do, the duke and Sancy rose in much excitement, saying that they had then no further business than to ask for an audience of leave, and to return to France as fast as possible.

Before they bade farewell to the queen, however, the envoys sent a memoir to her Majesty, in which they set forth that the first proposition as to a league had been made by Sir Henry Umton, and that now, when the king had sent commissioners to treat concerning an alliance, already recommended by the queen's ambassador in France, they had been received in such a way as to indicate a desire to mock them rather than to treat with them. They could not believe, they said, that it was her Majesty's desire to use such language as had been addressed to them, and they therefore implored her plainly

[1] "Beaucoup de différence entre des princes à gages et des alliés."—De Thou, 655.

to declare her intentions, in order that they might waste no more time unnecessarily, especially as the high offices with which their sovereign had honored them did not allow them to remain for a long time absent from France.

The effect of this memoir upon the queen was that fresh conferences were suggested, which took place at intervals between the 11th and the 26th of May. They were characterized by the same mutual complaints of overreachings and of shortcomings by which all the previous discussions had been distinguished. On the 17th May the French envoys even insisted on taking formal farewell of the queen, and were received by her Majesty for that purpose at a final audience. After they had left the presence, the preparations for their homeward journey being already made, the queen sent Sir Robert Cecil, Henry Brooke, son of Lord Cobham, and La Fontaine, minister of a French church in England, to say to them how very much mortified she was that the state of her affairs did not permit her to give the king as much assistance as he desired, and to express her wish to speak to them once more before their departure.

The result of the audience given accordingly to the envoys, two days later, was the communication of her decision to enter into the league proposed, but without definitely concluding the treaty until it should be ratified by the king.

On the 26th May articles were finally agreed upon, by which the king and queen agreed to defend each other's dominions, to unite in attacking the common enemy, and to invite other princes and states equally interested with themselves in resisting the ambitious projects of Spain to join in the league. It was arranged that an army

should be put in the field as soon as possible, at the expense of the king and queen and of such other powers as should associate themselves in the proposed alliance; that this army should invade the dominions of the Spanish monarch; that the king and queen were never without each other's consent to make peace or truce with Philip; that the queen should immediately raise four thousand infantry to serve six months of every year in Picardy and Normandy, with the condition that they were never to be sent to a distance of more than fifty leagues from Boulogne; that when the troubles of Ireland should be over the queen should be at liberty to add new troops to the four thousand men thus promised by her to the league; that the queen was to furnish to these four thousand men six months' pay in advance before they should leave England, and that the king should agree to repay the amount six months afterward, sending meanwhile four nobles to England as hostages. If the dominions of the queen should be attacked it was stipulated that, at two months' notice, the king should raise four thousand men at the expense of the queen and send them to her assistance, and that they were to serve for six months at her charge, but were not to be sent to a distance of more than fifty leagues from the coasts of France.[1]

The English were not willing that the States-General should be comprehended among the powers to be invited to join the league, because, being under the protection of the Queen of England, they were supposed to have no will but hers.[2] Burghley insisted accordingly that, in speaking of those who were thus to be asked, no mention was to be made of peoples nor of states, for fear

[1] De Thou, 647–660 seq.

[2] Ibid., 660.

lest the States-General might be included under those terms.[1] The queen was, however, brought at last to yield the point, and consented, in order to satisfy the French envoys, that to the word "princes" should be added the general expression "orders or estates."[2] The obstacle thus interposed to the formation of the league by the hatred of the queen and of the privileged classes of England to popular liberty, and by the secret desire entertained of regaining that sovereignty over the provinces which had been refused ten years before by Elizabeth, was at length set aside. The Republic, which might have been stifled at its birth, was now a formidable fact, and could neither be annexed to the English dominions nor deprived of its existence as a new member of the European family.

It being no longer possible to gainsay the presence of the young commonwealth among the nations, the next best thing, so it was thought, was to defraud her in the treaty to which she was now invited to accede. This, as it will presently appear, the King of France and the Queen of England succeeded in doing very thoroughly, and they accomplished it notwithstanding the astuteness and the diligence of the states' envoy, who, at Henry's urgent request, had accompanied the French mission to England. Calvaert had been very active in bringing about the arrangement, to assist in which he had, as we have seen, risen from a sick-bed and made the journey to England. "The proposition for an offensive and defensive alliance was agreed to by her Majesty's council, but under intolerable and impracticable conditions," said he, "and, as such, rejected by the duke and Sancy, so that they took leave of her Majesty.

[1] Bor, iv. 256. De Thou, ubi sup. [2] Ibid.

At last, after some negotiation in which, without boasting, I may say that I did some service, it was again taken in hand, and at last, thank God, although with much difficulty, the league has been concluded." [1]

When the task was finished the French envoys departed to obtain their master's ratification of the treaty. Elizabeth expressed herself warmly in regard to her royal brother, inviting him earnestly to pay her a visit, in which case she said she would gladly meet him halfway, for a sight of him would be her only consolation in the midst of her adversity and annoyance. "He may see other princesses of a more lovely appearance," she added, "but he will never make a visit to a more faithful friend." [2]

But the treaty thus concluded was for the public. The real agreement between France and England was made by the commissioners a few days later, and reduced the ostensible arrangement to a sham, a mere decoy to foreign nations, especially to the Dutch Republic, to induce them to imitate England in joining the league, and to emulate her likewise in affording that substantial assistance to the league which in reality England was very far from giving.

"Two contracts were made," said Secretary of State Villeroy, "the one public, to give credit and reputation to the said league, *the other secret, which destroyed the effects and the promises of the first.* By the first his Majesty was to be succored by four thousand infantry, *which number was limited by the second contract to two thousand, who were to reside and to serve only in the cities of Boulogne and Montreuil,* assisted by an equal number of French, and not otherwise, and on condition of not

[1] Calvaert's report, in Deventer, 117. [2] Ibid.

being removed from those towns unless his Majesty should be personally present in Picardy with an army, in which case they might serve in Picardy, but nowhere else."[1]

An English garrison in a couple of French seaports, over against the English coast, would hardly have seemed a sufficient inducement to other princes and states to put large armies in the field to sustain the Protestant league, had they known that this was the meager result of the protocolling and disputations that had been going on all the summer at Greenwich.

Nevertheless, the decoy did its work. The envoys returned to France, and it was not until three months later that the Duke of Bouillon again made his appearance in England, bringing the treaty duly ratified by Henry. The league was then solemnized, on the 26th August, by the queen with much pomp and ceremony. Three peers of the realm waited upon the French ambassador at his lodgings, and escorted him and his suite in seventeen royal coaches to the Tower. Seven splendid barges then conveyed them along the Thames to Greenwich. On the pier the ambassador was received by the Earl of Derby, at the head of a great suite of nobles

[1] Fruin, in his masterly "Tien Jaren uit den tachtigjarigen Oorlog," is the first, so far as I know, that ever called public attention to the extraordinary perfidy of these transactions. See, in particular, pp. 372–374.

Camden, however, alludes to the fact that "shortly after there was another treaty had, wherein it was agreed that this year no more than two thousand English should be sent over, which should serve only in Boulogne and Montreuil, unless the king should come personally to Picardy," etc. (b. iv. 525). But the essence of this "other treaty" was that it was kept secret from those most interested in knowing its existence.

and high functionaries, and conducted to the palace of Nonesuch.[1]

There was a religious ceremony in the royal chapel, where a special pavilion had been constructed. Standing within this sanctuary, the queen, with her hand on her breast, swore faithfully to maintain the league just concluded. She then gave her hand to the Duke of Bouillon, who held it in both his own, while psalms were sung and the organ resounded through the chapel. Afterward there was a splendid banquet in the palace, the duke sitting in solitary grandeur at the royal table, being placed at a respectful distance from her Majesty, and the dishes being placed on the board by the highest nobles of the realm, who, upon their knees, served the queen with wine. No one save the ambassador sat at Elizabeth's table, but in the same hall was spread another, at which the Earl of Essex entertained many distinguished guests, young Count Louis Gunther of Nassau among the number.

In the midsummer twilight the brilliantly decorated barges were again floating on the historic river, the gaily colored lanterns lighting the sweep of the oars, and the sound of lute and viol floating merrily across the water. As the ambassador came into the courtyard of his house, he found a crowd of several thousand people assembled, who shouted welcome to the representative of Henry, and invoked blessings on the head of Queen Elizabeth and of her royal brother of France. Meanwhile all the bells of London were ringing, artillery was thundering, and bonfires were blazing, until the night was half spent.[2]

Such was the holiday-making by which the league between the great Protestant queen and the ex-chief of the

[1] Bor, iv. 256, 257. [2] Ibid.

Huguenots of France was celebrated within a year after the pope had received him, a repentant sinner, into the fold of the Church. Truly it might be said that religion was rapidly ceasing to be the line of demarcation among the nations, as had been the case for the two last generations of mankind.

The Duke of Bouillon soon afterward departed for the Netherlands, where the regular envoy to the commonwealth, Paul Chouart, Seigneur de Buzanval, had already been preparing the States-General for their entrance into the league. Of course it was duly impressed upon those republicans that they should think themselves highly honored by the privilege of associating themselves with so august an alliance. The queen wrote an earnest letter to the states urging them to join the league. "Especially should you do so," she said, "on account of the reputation which you will thereby gain for your affairs with the people who are under you, seeing you thus sustained (besides the certainty which you have of our favor) by the friendship of other confederated princes, and particularly by that of the Most Christian King."[1]

On the 31st October the articles of agreement under which the Republic acceded to the new confederation were signed at The Hague. Of course it was not the exact counterpart of the famous Catholic association. Madam League, after struggling feebly for the past few years, a decrepit beldam, was at last dead and buried. But there had been a time when she was filled with exuberant and terrible life. She, at least, had known the object of her creation, and never, so long as life was in her, had she faltered in her dread purpose. To extirpate Protestantism, to murder Protestants, to burn,

[1] Bor, iv. 260.

hang, butcher, bury them alive, to dethrone every Protestant sovereign in Europe, especially to assassinate the Queen of England, the Prince of Orange, with all his race, and Henry of Navarre, and to unite in the accomplishment of these simple purposes all the powers of Christendom under the universal monarchy of Philip of Spain—for all this, blood was shed in torrents, and the precious metals of the "Indies" squandered as fast as the poor savages, who were thus taking their first lessons in the doctrines of Jesus of Nazareth, could dig them from the mines. For this America had been summoned, as it were by almighty fiat, out of previous darkness, in order that it might furnish money with which to massacre all the heretics of the earth. For this great purpose was the sublime discovery of the Genoese sailor to be turned to account. These aims were intelligible, and had in part been attained. William of Orange had fallen, and a patent of nobility, with a handsome fortune, had been bestowed upon his assassin. Elizabeth's life had been frequently attempted. So had those of Henry, of Maurice, of Olden-Barneveldt. Divine Providence might perhaps guide the hand of future murderers with greater accuracy, for even if Madam League were dead, her ghost still walked among the Jesuits and summoned them to complete the crimes left yet unfinished.

But what was the design of the new confederacy? It was not a Protestant league. Henry of Navarre could no longer be the chief of such an association, although it was to Protestant powers only that he could turn for assistance. It was to the commonwealth of the Netherlands, to the Northern potentates, and to the Calvinist and Lutheran princes of Germany that the king and queen could alone appeal in their designs against Philip of Spain.

The position of Henry was essentially a false one from the beginning. He felt it to be so, and the ink was scarce dry with which he signed the new treaty before he was secretly casting about him to make peace with that power with which he was apparently summoning all the nations of the earth to do battle. Even the cautious Elizabeth was deceived by the crafty Béarnese, while both united to hoodwink the other states and princes.

On the 31st October, accordingly, the States-General agreed to go into the league with England and France, "in order to resist the enterprises and ambitious designs of the King of Spain against all the princes and potentates of Christendom." As the queen had engaged, according to the public treaty or decoy, to furnish four thousand infantry to the league, the states now agreed to raise and pay for another four thousand to be maintained in the king's service at a cost of four hundred and fifty thousand florins annually, to be paid by the month. The king promised, in case the Netherlands should be invaded by the enemy with the greater part of his force, that these four thousand soldiers should return to the Netherlands. The king further bound himself to carry on a sharp offensive war in Artois and Hainault.[1]

The States-General would have liked a condition inserted in the treaty that no peace should be made with Spain by England or France without the consent of the provinces; but this was peremptorily refused.

Perhaps the Republic had no special reason to be

[1] Articles of agreement between the king and the States-General of the Netherlands, signed by Bouillon and Buzanval, October 31, 1596, apud Bor, iv. 265–267.

grateful for the grudging and almost contemptuous manner in which it had thus been virtually admitted into the community of sovereigns; but the men who directed its affairs were far too enlightened not to see how great a step was taken when their political position, now conceded to them, had been secured. In good faith they intended to carry out the provisions of the new treaty, and they immediately turned their attention to the vital matters of making new levies and of imposing new taxes, by means of which they might render themselves useful to their new allies.

Meantime Ancel was deputed by Henry to visit the various courts of Germany and the North in order to obtain, if possible, new members for the league.[1] But Germany was difficult to rouse. The dissensions among Protestants were ever inviting the assaults of the papists. Its multitude of sovereigns were passing their leisure moments in wrangling among themselves, as usual, on abstruse points of theology, and devoting their serious hours to banqueting, deep drinking, and the pleasures of the chase. The jeremiads of old John of Nassau grew louder than ever, but his voice was of one crying in the wilderness. The wrath to come of that horrible Thirty Years' War, which he was not to witness, seemed to inspire all his prophetic diatribes. But there were few to heed them. Two great dangers seemed ever impending over Christendom, and it is difficult to decide which fate would have been the more terrible, the establishment of the universal monarchy of Philip II., or the conquest of Germany by the Grand Turk. But when Ancel and other emissaries sought to

[1] See an account of Ancel's missions, speeches, and negotiations, in De Thou, t. xiii. liv. cxviii. 77–87; Bor, iv. 289.

obtain succor against the danger from the southwest, he was answered by the clash of arms and the shrieks of horror which came daily from the southeast.[1] In vain was it urged, and urged with truth, that the Alcoran was less cruel than the Inquisition, that the soil of Europe might be overrun by Turks and Tartars, and the crescent planted triumphantly in every village, with less disaster to the human race, and with better hope that the germs of civilization and the precepts of Christianity might survive the invasion, than if the system of Philip, of Torquemada, and of Alva should become the universal law. But the Turk was a frank enemy of Christianity, while Philip murdered Christians in the name of Christ. The distinction imposed upon the multitudes, with whom words were things. Moreover, the danger from the young and enterprising Mohammed seemed more appalling to the imagination than the menace, from which experience had taken something of its terrors, of the old and decrepit Philip.

The Ottoman Empire, in its exact discipline, in its ter-

[1] "J'ai cru de devoir ici sur la foi de ceux qui en ont été témoins oculaires, afin de donner par là une juste idée de la splendeur de l'empire Ottoman, de ses richesses, de sa puissance et de la discipline exacte qui s'observe au dedans et au dehors, afin que nos peuples ne soient plus étonnés ni si indignés, si tandis que nos princes Chrétiens languissent dans l'oiseveté et dans une mollesse infame et travaillent sans cesse à se détruire les uns les autres par leurs haines ou par leurs jalousies, les Turcs dont les commencements ont été si peu de chose ont formé un si grand empire. Quand on fera réflexion sur la séverité de leur discipline, sur leur éloignement du luxe et de tous les vices que traine avec soi la mollesse, et qu'il n'y a point d'autre route parmi eux pour s'élever aux grands emplois, et faire de grandes fortunes, que les vertus militaires, leurs vaste progrès n'auront plus rien qui surprenne." Such are the admiring words of so

rible concentration of purpose, in its contempt for all arts and sciences, and all human occupation save the trade of war and the pursuit of military dominion, offered a strong contrast to the distracted condition of the Holy Roman Empire, where an intellectual and industrious people, distracted by half a century of religious controversy and groaning under one of the most elaborately perverse of all the political systems ever invented by man, seemed to offer itself an easy prey to any conqueror. The Turkish power was in the fullness of its aggressive strength, and seemed far more formidable than it would have done had there been clearer perceptions of what constitutes the strength and the wealth of nations. Could the simple truth have been thoroughly comprehended that a realm founded upon such principles was the grossest of absurdities, the Eastern might have seemed less terrible than the Western danger.

But a great campaign, at no considerable distance from the walls of Vienna, had occupied the attention of Germany during the autumn. Mohammed had taken the field in person with a hundred thousand men, and the emperor's brother Maximilian, in conjunction with the Prince of Transylvania, at the head of a force of equal

enlightened a statesman and historian as Jacques Auguste de Thou (t. xii. liv. cxv. 580).

"Wol zu wünschen wehre," said old John of Nassau, "das man in Zeiten uffwachen und uff die wege gedenken wolte, wie nicht, allein diesem bluthundt dem Türken sondern auch dem Pabst, welchen D. Luther seliger in seinem christlichen Gesang, 'Erhalt uns Herr bei deinem Wort,' vor und den Türken nachsetzt, mit verleihung Göttlicher hülffe möge widerstanden, und viel jamer und ehlendt und blut vergiessen, ja die verherung der ganzen Teutschen nation sambt andren christlichen Königreichen und Ländern vorkommen werden," etc.—Groen v. Prinsterer, Archives, II. S. i. 330.

magnitude, had gone forth to give him battle. Between the Theiss and the Danube, at Kövesd, not far from the city of Erlau, on the 26th October, the terrible encounter on which the fate of Christendom seemed to hang at last took place, and Europe held its breath in awful suspense until its fate should be decided. When the result at last became known, a horrible blending of the comic and the tragic, such as has rarely been presented in history, startled the world. Seventy thousand human beings, Moslems and Christians, were lying dead or wounded on the banks of a nameless little stream which flows into the Theiss, and the commanders-in-chief of both armies were running away as fast as horses could carry them. Each army believed itself hopelessly defeated, and abandoning tents, baggage, artillery, ammunition, the remnants of each betook themselves to panic-stricken flight. Generalissimo Maximilian never looked behind him, as he fled, until he had taken refuge in Kaschau, and had thence made his way, deeply mortified and despondent, to Vienna. The Prince of Transylvania retreated into the depths of his own principality. Mohammed, with his principal officers, shut himself up in Buda, after which he returned to Constantinople and abandoned himself for a time to a voluptuous ease, inconsistent with the Ottoman projects of conquering the world. The Turks, less prone to desperation than the Christians, had been utterly overthrown in the early part of the action; but when the victors were, as usual, greedily bent upon plunder before the victory had been fairly secured, the tide of battle was turned by the famous Italian renegade Cicala. The Turks, too, had the good sense to send two days afterward and recover their artillery trains and other property, which ever

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since the battle had been left at the mercy of the first comers.[1]

So ended the Turkish campaign of the year 1596.[2] Ancel, accordingly, fared ill in his negotiations with Germany. On the other hand, Mendoza, Admiral of Aragon, had been industriously but secretly canvassing the same regions as the representative of the Spanish king.[3] It was important for Philip, who put more faith in the league of the three powers than Henry himself did, to lose no time in counteracting its influence. The condition of the Holy Roman Empire had for some time occupied his most serious thoughts. It seemed plain that Rudolph would never marry. Certainly he would never marry the Infanta, although he was very angry that his brother should aspire to the hand which he himself rejected. In case of his death without children, Philip thought it possible that there might be a Protestant revolution in Germany, and that the house of Hapsburg might lose the imperial crown altogether. It was even said that the emperor himself was of that opinion, and preferred that the empire should end with his own life.[4] Philip considered[5] that neither Matthias nor Max-

[1] De Thou, t. xii. l. cxv. 567–594. Meteren, 388. Reyd, 297.

[2] Ibid.

[3] Bor, iv. 293.

[4] "Siendo comun opinion en Alemania que desea que con su muerte se acabe el imperio en estas partes."—Relacion de lo que el Almirante de Aragon ha colegido en el tiempo que ha estado en Alemaña y en la corte Cesarea tratando con personas prudentes cerca el negº de Rey de Romanos y sucesion a los estados electivos de Bohemia, Moravia, Silesia y Ungria, Arch. de Sim. MS.

[5] Admiral of Aragon to Philip, December 17, 1596, Arch. de Sim. MS.

imilian was fit to succeed their brother, being both of them lukewarm in the Catholic faith.[1] In other words, he chose that his destined son-in-law, the Cardinal Albert, should supersede them, and he was anxious to have him appointed as soon as possible King of the Romans.

"His Holiness the Pope and the King of Spain," said the Admiral of Aragon, "think it necessary to apply most stringent measures to the emperor to compel him to appoint a successor, because, in case of his death without one, the administration during the vacancy would fall to the Elector Palatine, a most perverse Calvinistic heretic, and as great an enemy of the house of Austria and of our holy religion as the Turk himself, as sufficiently appears in those diabolical laws of his published in the Palatinate a few months since. A vacancy is so dreadful that in the north of Germany the world would come to an end; yet the emperor, being of rather a timid nature than otherwise, is inclined to quiet, and shrinks from the discussions and conflicts likely to be caused by an appointment. Therefore his Holiness and his Catholic Majesty, not choosing that we should all live in danger of the world's falling in ruins, have resolved to provide the remedy. They are to permit the electors to use the faculty which they possess of suspending the emperor and depriving him of his power, there being examples of this in other times against emperors who governed ill."[2]

The admiral further alluded to the great effort made two years before to elect the King of Denmark emperor,

[1] Admiral of Aragon to Philip, December 17, 1596, Arch. de Sim. MS.

[2] Relacion del Almirante de Aragon, etc., ubi sup.

reminding Philip that in Hamburg they had erected triumphal arches and made other preparations to receive him. This year, he observed, the Protestants were renewing their schemes. On the occasion of the baptism of the child of the Elector Palatine, the English envoy being present, and Queen Elizabeth being godmother, they had agreed upon nine articles of faith much more hostile to the Catholic creed than anything ever yet professed. In case of the death of the emperor, this Elector Palatine would of course make much trouble, and the emperor should therefore be induced, by fair means if possible, on account of the great inconvenience of forcing him, but not without a hint of compulsion, to acquiesce in the necessary measures. Philip was represented as willing to assist the empire with considerable force against the Turk, as there could be no doubt that Hungary was in great danger, but in recompense it was necessary to elect a King of the Romans in all respects satisfactory to him. There were three objections to the election of Albert, whose recent victories and great abilities entitled him, in Philip's opinion, to the crown. Firstly, there was a doubt whether the kingdoms of Hungary and Bohemia were elective or hereditary, and it was very important that the King of the Romans should succeed to those two crowns, because the electors and other princes having fiefs within those kingdoms would be unwilling to swear fealty to two suzerains, and as Albert was younger than his brothers he could scarcely expect to take by inheritance.

Secondly, Albert had no property of his own, but the admiral suggested that the emperor might be made to abandon to him the income of the Tyrol.

Thirdly, it was undesirable for Albert to leave the

Netherlands at that juncture. Nevertheless, it was suggested by the easy-going admiral, with the same tranquil insolence which marked all his proposed arrangements, that as Rudolph would retire from the government altogether, Albert, as King of the Romans and acting emperor, could very well take care of the Netherlands as part of his whole realm. Albert being, moreover, about to marry the Infanta, the handsome dowry which he would receive with her from the king would enable him to sustain his dignity.[1]

Thus did Philip, who had been so industrious during the many past years in his endeavors to expel the heretic Queen of England and the Huguenot Henry from the realms of their ancestors, and to seat himself or his daughter, or one or another of his nephews, in their places, now busy himself with schemes to discrown Rudolph of Hapsburg, and to place the ubiquitous Infanta and her future husband on his throne. Time would show the result.

Meantime, while the Protestant Ancel and other agents of the new league against Philip were traveling about from one court of Europe to another to gain adherents to their cause, the great founder of the confederacy was already secretly intriguing for a peace with that monarch. The ink was scarce dry on the treaty to which he had affixed his signature before he was closeted with the agents of the Archduke Albert and receiving affectionate messages and splendid presents from that military ecclesiastic.

In November, 1596, La Balvena, formerly a gentleman of the Count de la Fera, came to Rouen. He had

[1] Relacion del Almirante, ubi sup. Letter of the admiral, December 17, 1596, last cited.

a very secret interview with Henry IV. at three o'clock one morning, and soon afterward at a very late hour in the night. The king asked him why the archduke was not willing to make a general peace, including England and Holland. Balvena replied that he had no authority to treat on that subject, it being well known, however, that the King of Spain would never consent to a peace with the rebels, except on the ground of the exclusive maintenance of the Catholic religion.[1]

He is taking the very course to destroy that religion, said Henry. The king then avowed himself in favor of peace for the sake of the poor afflicted people of all countries. He was not tired of arms, he said, which were so familiar to him, but his wish was to join in a general crusade against the Turk. This would be better for the Catholic religion than the present occupations of all parties. He avowed that the Queen of England was his very good friend, and said he had never yet broken his faith with her, and never would do so. She had sent him the Garter, and he had accepted it, as his brother Henry III. had done before him, and he would negotiate no peace which did not include her.[2] The not very distant future was to show how much these stout profes-

[1] Relacion de lo que ha hecha La Balvena, November, 1596, Arch. de Sim. MS.

I am not quite sure as to the orthography of the name of this secret agent. Van Deventer (ii. 141–146) prints it Vulneve, but as the B and V in Spanish are nearly identical, I am inclined to prefer the name given in the text. It is, however, difficult to ascertain how obscurer men were correctly called in days when grave historians could designate so illustrious a personage as Sir Walter Raleigh as Guateral.

[2] 2ª Relacion que Balvena ha hecha á su Alteza volviendo de Francia, December, 1596, Arch. de Sim. MS.

sions of sincerity were worth. Meantime Henry charged Balvena to keep their interviews a profound secret, especially from every one in France. The king expressed great anxiety lest the Huguenots should hear of it, and the agent observed that any suspicion of peace negotiations would make great disturbance among the heretics, as one of the conditions of the king's absolution by the pope was supposed to be that he should make war upon his Protestant subjects. On his return from Rouen the emissary made a visit to Monlevet, marshal of the camp to Henry IV., and a Calvinist. There was much conversation about peace, in the course of which Monlevet observed: "We are much afraid of you in negotiation, for we know that you Spaniards far surpass us in astuteness."

"Nay," said Balvena; "I will only repeat the words of the Emperor Charles V.: 'The Spaniards seem wise, and are madmen; the French seem madmen, and are wise.'"[1]

A few weeks later the archduke sent Balvena again to Rouen. He had another interview with the king, at which not only Villeroy and other Catholics were present, but Monlevet also. This proved a great obstacle to freedom of conversation. The result was the same as before. There were strong professions of a desire on the part of the king for a peace, but it was for a general peace, nothing further.

On the 4th December Balvena was sent for by the king before daylight, just as he was mounting his horse for the chase.

"Tell his Highness," said Henry, "that I am all frank-

[1] "Los Españoles parecen sabios y son locos, y los franceses parecen locos y son sabios."

ness, and incapable of dissimulation, and that I believe him too much a man of honor to wish to deceive me. Go tell him that I am most anxious for peace, and that I deeply regret the defeat that has been sustained against the Turk. Had I been there I would have come out dead or victorious. Let him arrange an agreement between us, so that *presto* he may see me there with my brave nobles, with infantry, and with plenty of Switzers. Tell him that I am his friend. Begone. Be diligent."[1]

On the last day but two of the year, the archduke, having heard this faithful report of Henry's affectionate sentiments, sent him a suit of splendid armor, such as was then made better in Antwerp than anywhere else, magnificently burnished of a blue color, according to an entirely new fashion.[2]

With such secret courtesies between his Most Catholic Majesty's vicegerent and himself was Henry's league with the two Protestant powers accompanied.

Exactly at the same epoch Philip was again preparing an invasion of the queen's dominions. An armada of a hundred and twenty-eight ships, with a force of fourteen thousand infantry and three thousand horse, had been assembled during the autumn of this year at Lisbon, notwithstanding the almost crushing blow that the English and Hollanders had dealt the king's navy so recently at Cadiz.[3] This new expedition was intended for Ireland, where it was supposed that the Catholics would be easily roused. It was also hoped that the King of Scots

[1] 2ª Relacion, etc.

[2] Albert to Philip, December 29, 1596, Arch. de Sim. MS.: "Armas buenas de las que se labran en Anveres que son pabonadas de cierta labor nueva." Compare Reyd, 290.

[3] Philip to Albert, October 4, 1596, Arch. de Sim. MS.

might be induced to embrace this opportunity of wreaking vengeance on his mother's destroyer. "He was on the watch the last time that my armada went forth against the English," said Philip, "and he has now no reason to do the contrary, especially if he remembers that here is a chance to requite the cruelty which was practised on his mother."[1]

The fleet sailed on the 5th October, under the command of the Count Santa Gadea. Its immediate destination was the coast of Ireland, where they were to find some favorable point for disembarking the troops. Having accomplished this, the ships, with the exception of a few light vessels, were to take their departure and pass the winter in Ferrol. In case the fleet should be forced by stress of weather on the English coast, the port of Milford Haven, in Wales, was to be seized, "because," said Philip, "there are a great many Catholics there well affected to our cause, and who have a special enmity to the English." In case the English fleet should come forth to give battle, Philip sent directions that it was to be conquered at once, and that after the victory Milford Haven was to be firmly held.[2]

This was easily said. But it was not fated that this expedition should be more triumphant than that of the Unconquerable Armada which had been so signally conquered eight years before. Scarcely had the fleet put to sea when it was overtaken by a tremendous storm, in which forty ships foundered with five thousand men.[3] The shattered remnants took refuge in Ferrol. There the ships were to refit, and in the spring the attempt

[1] Philip to Albert, October 4, 1596, Arch. de Sim. MS.
[2] Same to same, October 5, 1596, MS. last cited.
[3] Same to same, December 31, 1596, ibid. Reyd, 297.

was to be renewed. Thus it was ever with the King of Spain. There was a placid unconsciousness on his part of defeat which sycophants thought sublime. And such insensibility might have been sublimity had the monarch been in person on the deck of a frigate in the howling tempest, seeing ship after ship go down before his eyes, and exerting himself with tranquil energy and skill to encourage his followers and to preserve what remained afloat from destruction. Certainly such exhibitions of human superiority to the elements are in the highest degree inspiring. His father had shown himself on more than one occasion the master of his fate. The King of France, too, bareheaded, in his iron corselet, leading a forlorn hope, and by the personal charm of his valor changing fugitives into heroes and defeat into victory, had afforded many examples of sublime unconsciousness of disaster, such as must ever thrill the souls of mankind. But it is more difficult to be calm in battle and shipwreck than at the writing-desk; nor is that the highest degree of fortitude which enables a monarch, himself in safety, to endure without flinching the destruction of his fellow-creatures.

No sooner, however, was the remnant of the tempest-tossed fleet safe in Ferrol than the king requested the cardinal to collect an army at Calais and forthwith to invade England. He asked his nephew whether he could not manage to send his troops across the Channel in vessels of light draft, such as he already had at command, together with some others which might be furnished him from Spain. In this way he was directed to gain a foothold in England, and he was to state immediately whether he could accomplish this with his own resources, or should require the assistance of the fleet at

Ferrol. The king further suggested that the enemy, encouraged by his success at Cadiz the previous summer, might be preparing a fresh expedition against Spain, in which case the invasion of England would be easier to accomplish.

Thus, on the last day of 1596, Philip, whose fleet, sent forth for the conquest of Ireland and England, had been too crippled to prosecute the adventure, was proposing to his nephew to conquer England without any fleet at all. He had given the same advice to Alexander Farnese so soon as he heard of the destruction of the Invincible Armada.

CHAPTER XXXIII

Struggle of the Netherlands against Spain—March to Turnhout—Retreat of the Spanish commander—Pursuit and attack—Demolition of the Spanish army—Surrender of the garrison of Turnhout—Improved military science—Moral effect of the battle—The campaign in France—Attack on Amiens by the Spaniards—Sack and burning of the city—De Rosny's plan for reorganization of the finances—Jobbery and speculation—Philip's repudiation of his debts—Effects of the measure—Renewal of persecution by the Jesuits—Contention between Turk and Christian—Envoy from the King of Poland to The Hague to plead for reconciliation with Philip—His subsequent presentation to Queen Elizabeth—Military events—Recovery of Amiens—Feeble operations of the confederate powers against Spain—Marriage of the Princess Emilia, sister of Maurice—Reduction of the castle and town of Alphen—Surrender of Rheinberg—Capitulation of Meurs—Surrender of Grol—Storming and taking of Brevoort—Capitulation of Enschede, Ootmarsum, Oldenzaal, and Lingen—Rebellion of the Spanish garrisons in Antwerp and Ghent—Progress of the peace movement between Henry and Philip—Relations of the three confederate powers—Henry's scheme for reconciliation with Spain—His acceptance of Philip's offer of peace announced to Elizabeth—Endeavors for a general peace.

THE old year had closed with an abortive attempt of Philip to fulfil his favorite dream, the conquest of England. The new year opened with a spirited effort of Prince Maurice to measure himself in the open field with the veteran legions of Spain.

Turnhout, in Brabant, was an open village, the largest in all the Netherlands, lying about twenty-five English miles in almost a direct line south from Gertruydenberg. It was nearly as far distant in an easterly direction from Antwerp, and was about five miles nearer Breda than it was to Gertruydenberg.

At this place the cardinal archduke had gathered a considerable force, numbering at least four thousand of his best infantry, with several squadrons of cavalry, the whole under command of the general-in-chief of artillery, Count Varax. People in the neighborhood were growing uneasy, for it was uncertain in what direction it might be intended to use this formidable force. It was perhaps the cardinal's intention to make a sudden assault upon Breda, the governor of which seemed not inclined to carry out his proposition to transfer that important city to the king, or it was thought that he might take advantage of a hard frost and cross the frozen morasses and estuaries into the land of Ter Tholen, where he might overmaster some of the important strongholds of Zealand.

Marcellus Bax, that boldest and most brilliant of Holland's cavalry officers, had come to Maurice early in January with an urgent suggestion that no time might be lost in making an attack upon the force of Turnhout before they should succeed in doing any mischief. The prince pondered the proposition, for a little time, by himself, and then conferred very privately upon the subject with the state council. On the 14th January it was agreed with that body that the enterprise should be attempted, but with the utmost secrecy. A week later the council sent an express messenger to Maurice urging him not to expose his own life to peril, but to apprise

them as soon as possible as to the results of the adventure.

Meantime patents had been sent to the various garrisons for fifty companies of foot and sixteen squadrons of horse. On the 22d January Maurice came to Gertruydenberg, the place of rendezvous, attended by Sir Francis Vere and Count Solms. Colonel Kloetingen was already there with the transports of ammunition and a few pieces of artillery from Zealand, and in the course of the day the whole infantry force had assembled. Nothing could have been managed with greater promptness or secrecy.

Next day, before dawn, the march began. The battalia was led by Van der Noot, with six companies of Hollanders. Then came Vere with eight companies of the reserve, Dockray with eight companies of Englishmen, Murray with eight companies of Scotch, and Kloetingen and La Corde with twelve companies of Dutch and Zealanders. In front of the last troop under La Corde marched the commander of the artillery, with two demi-cannon and two field-pieces, followed by the ammunition- and baggage-trains. Hohenlo arrived just as the march was beginning, to whom the stadholder, notwithstanding their frequent differences, communicated his plans and intrusted the general command of the cavalry. That force met the expedition at Osterhout, a league's distance from Gertruydenberg, and consisted of the best-mounted companies, English and Dutch, from the garrisons of Breda, Bergen, Nimwegen, and the Zutphen districts.

It was a dismal, drizzly, foggy morning, the weather changing to steady rain as the expedition advanced. There had been alternate frost and thaw for the few

previous weeks, and had that condition of the atmosphere continued the adventure could not have been attempted. It had now turned completely to thaw. The roads were all under water, and the march was sufficiently difficult. Nevertheless, it was possible; so the stout Hollanders, Zealanders, and Englishmen struggled on manfully, shoulder to shoulder, through the mist and the mire. By nightfall the expedition had reached Ravels, at less than a league's distance from Turnhout, having accomplished, under the circumstances, a very remarkable march of over twenty miles. A stream of water, the Nethe, one of the tributaries of the Schelde, separated Ravels from Turnhout, and was crossed by a stone bridge. It was an anxious moment. Maurice discovered by his scouts that he was almost within cannon-shot of several of the most famous regiments in the Spanish army, lying fresh, securely posted, and capable of making an attack at any moment. He instantly threw forward Marcellus Bax with four squadrons of Bergen cavalry, who, jaded as they were by their day's work, were to watch the bridge that night and to hold it against all comers and at every hazard.

The Spanish commander, on his part, had reconnoitered the advancing foe, for it was impossible for the movement to have been so secret or so swift over those inundated roads as to be shrouded to the last moment in complete mystery. It was naturally to be expected, therefore, that those splendid legions, the famous Neapolitan tercio of Trevico, the veteran troops of Sultz and Hachicourt, the picked Epirote and Spanish cavalry of Nicholas Basta and Guzman, would be hurled upon the wearied, benumbed, bemired soldiers of the Republic, as

they came slowly along after their long march through the cold winter's rain.

Varax took no such heroic resolution. Had he done so that January afternoon, the career of Maurice of Nassau might have been brought to a sudden close, despite the affectionate warning of the state council. Certainly it was difficult for any commander to be placed in a more perilous position than that in which the stadholder found himself. He remained awake and afoot the whole night, perfecting his arrangements for the morning, and watching every indication of a possible advance on the part of the enemy. Marcellus Bax and his troopers remained at the bridge till morning, and were so near the Spaniards that they heard the voices of their pickets and could even distinguish in the distance the various movements in their camp.

But no attack was made, and the little army of Maurice was allowed to sleep off its fatigue. With the dawn of the 24th January, a reconnoitering party, sent out from the republican camp, discovered that Varax, having no stomach for an encounter, had given his enemies the slip. Long before daylight his baggage- and ammunition-trains had been sent off in a southerly direction, and his whole force had already left the village of Turnhout. It was the intention of the commander to take refuge in the fortified city of Herenthals and there await the attack of Maurice. Accordingly, when the stadholder arrived on the fields beyond the immediate precincts of the village, he saw the last of the enemy's rear-guard just disappearing from view. The situation was a very peculiar one.

The rain and thaw, following upon frosty weather, had converted the fenny country in many directions into

a shallow lake. The little river which flowed by the village had risen above its almost level banks, and could with difficulty be traversed at any point, while there was no permanent bridge, such as there was at Ravels. The retreating Spaniards had made their way through a narrow passage, where a roughly constructed causeway of planks had enabled the infantry to cross the waters almost in single file, while the cavalry had floundered through as best they might. Those who were acquainted with the country reported that beyond this defile there was an upland heath, a league in extent, full of furze and thickets, where it would be easy enough for Varax to draw up his army in battle array and conceal it from view. Maurice's scouts, too, brought information that the Spanish commander had left a force of musketeers to guard the passage at the farther end.

This looked very like an ambush. In the opinion of Hohenlo, of Solms, and of Sydney, an advance was not to be thought of; and if the adventure seemed perilous to such hardy and experienced campaigners as these three, the stadholder might well hesitate. Nevertheless, Maurice had made up his mind. Sir Francis Vere and Marcellus Bax confirmed him in his determination, and spoke fiercely of the disgrace which would come upon the arms of the Republic if now, after having made a day's march to meet the enemy, they should turn their backs upon him just as he was doing his best to escape.

On leave obtained from the prince, these two champions, the Englishman and the Hollander, spurred their horses through the narrow pass, with the waters up to the saddle-bow, at the head of a mere handful of troopers, not more than a dozen men in all. Two hundred musketeers followed, picking their way across the

planks. As they emerged into the open country beyond, the Spanish soldiers guarding the passage fled without firing a shot. Such was already the discouraging effect produced upon veterans by the unexpected order given that morning to retreat. Vere and Bax sent word for all the cavalry to advance at once, and meantime hovered about the rear-guard of the retreating enemy, ready to charge upon him so soon as they should be strong enough.

Maurice lost no time in plunging with his whole mounted force through the watery defile, directing the infantry to follow as fast as practicable. When the commander-in-chief with his eight hundred horsemen, Englishmen, Zealanders, Hollanders, and Germans, came upon the heath, the position and purpose of the enemy were plainly visible. He was not drawn up in battle order, waiting to sweep down upon his rash assailants so soon as, after struggling through the difficult pass, they should be delivered into his hands. On the contrary, it was obvious at a glance that his object was still to escape. The heath of Tiel, on which Spaniards, Italians, Walloons, Germans, Dutchmen, English, Scotch, and Irishmen now all found themselves together, was a ridgy, spongy expanse of country, bordered on one side by the swollen river, here flowing again through steeper banks which were overgrown with alders and pollard willows. Along the left of the Spanish army, as they moved in the direction of Herenthals, was a continuous fringe of scrub-oaks, intermixed with tall beeches, skirting the heath, and forming a leafless but almost impervious screen for the movements of small detachments of troops. Quite at the termination of the open space, these thickets, becoming closely crowded, overhung an-

other extremely narrow passage, which formed the only outlet from the plain. Thus the heath of Tiel, upon that winter's morning, had but a single entrance and a single exit, each very dangerous or very fortunate for those capable of taking or neglecting the advantages offered by the position.

The whole force of Varax, at least five thousand strong, was advancing in close marching order toward the narrow passage by which only they could emerge from the heath. Should they reach this point in time, and thus effect their escape, it would be useless to attempt to follow them, for, as was the case with the first defile, it was not possible for two abreast to go through, while beyond was a swampy country in which military operations were impossible. Yet there remained less than half a league's space for the retreating soldiers to traverse, while not a single foot-soldier of Maurice's army had thus far made his appearance on the heath. All were still wallowing and struggling, single file, in the marshy entrance, through which only the cavalry had forced their way. Here was a dilemma. Should Maurice look calmly on while the enemy, whom he had made so painful a forced march to meet, moved off out of reach before his eyes? Yet certainly this was no slight triumph in itself. There sat the stadholder on his horse at the head of eight hundred carbineers, and there marched four of Philip's best infantry regiments, garnished with some of his most renowned cavalry squadrons, anxious not to seek but to avoid a combat. First came the Germans of Count Sultz, the musketeers in front, and the spearsmen, of which the bulk of this and of all the regiments was composed, marching in closely serried squares, with the company standards waving over each.

Next, arranged in the same manner, came the Walloon regiments of Hachicourt and of La Barlotte. Fourth and last came the famous Neapolitans of Marquis Trevico. The cavalry squadrons rode on the left of the infantry, and were commanded by Nicholas Basta, a man who had been trampling upon the Netherlanders ever since the days of Alva, with whom he had first come to the country.

And these were the legions, these very men or their immediate predecessors, these Italians, Spaniards, Germans, and Walloons, who during so many terrible years had stormed and sacked almost every city of the Netherlands, and swept over the whole breadth of those little provinces as with the besom of destruction.

Both infantry and cavalry, that picked little army of Varax was of the very best that had shared in the devil's work which had been the chief industry practised for so long in the obedient Netherlands. Was it not madness for the stadholder, at the head of eight hundred horsemen, to assail such an army as this? Was it not to invoke upon his head the swift vengeance of Heaven? Nevertheless, the painstaking, cautious Maurice did not hesitate. He ordered Hohenlo, with all the Brabantine cavalry, to ride as rapidly as their horses could carry them along the edge of the plain and behind the tangled woodland, by which the movement would be concealed. He was at all hazards to intercept the enemy's vanguard before it should reach the fatal pass. Vere and Marcellus Bax meanwhile, supported now by Edmont with the Nimwegen squadrons, were to threaten the Spanish rear. A company of two under Laurentz was kept by Maurice near his person in reserve.

The Spaniards steadily continued their march, but as they became aware of certain slight and indefinite movements on their left, their cavalry, changing their position, were transferred from the right to the left of the line of march, and now rode between the infantry and the belt of woods.

In a few minutes after the orders given to Hohenlo, that dashing soldier had circumvented the Spaniards, and emerged upon the plain between them and the entrance to the defile. The next instant the trumpets sounded a charge, and Hohenlo fell upon the foremost regiment, that of Sultz, while the rear-guard, consisting of Trevico's Neapolitan regiment, was assailed by Du Bois, Donck, Rysoir, Marcellus Bax, and Sir Francis Vere. The effect seemed almost supernatural. The Spanish cavalry, those far-famed squadrons of Guzman and Basta, broke at the first onset and galloped off for the pass as if they had been riding a race. Most of them escaped through the hollow into the morass beyond. The musketeers of Sultz's regiment hardly fired a shot, and fell back in confusion upon the thickly clustered pikemen. The assailants, every one of them in complete armor, on powerful horses, and armed not with lances but with carbines, trampled over the panic-stricken and struggling masses of leather-jerkined pikemen and shot them at arm's-length. The charge upon Trevico's men at the same moment was just as decisive. In less time than it took afterward to describe the scene, those renowned veterans were broken into a helpless mass of dying, wounded, or fugitive creatures, incapable of striking a blow. Thus the Germans in the front and the Neapolitans in the rear had been simultaneously shattered, and rolled together upon the two other regiments,

those of Hachicourt and La Barlotte, which were placed between them. Nor did these troops offer any better resistance, but were paralyzed and hurled out of existence like the rest. In less than an hour the Spanish army was demolished. Varax himself lay dead upon the field, too fortunate not to survive his disgrace. It was hardly more than daylight on that dull January morning, nine o'clock had scarce chimed from the old brick steeples of Turnhout, yet two thousand Spaniards had fallen before the blows of eight hundred Netherlanders, and there were five hundred prisoners besides. Of Maurice's army not more than nine or ten were slain. The story sounds like a wild legend. It was as if the arm of each Netherlander had been nerved by the memory of fifty years of outrage, as if the specter of their half-century of crime had appalled the soul of every Spaniard. Like a thunderbolt the son of William the Silent smote that army of Philip, and in an instant it lay blasted on the heath of Tiel. At least it could hardly be called sagacious generalship on the part of the stadholder. The chances were all against him, and if instead of Varax those legions had been commanded that morning by old Christopher Mondragon there might perhaps have been another tale to tell. Even as it was, there had been a supreme moment when the Spanish disaster had nearly been changed to victory. The fight was almost done when a small party of states' cavalry, who at the beginning of the action had followed the enemy's horse in its sudden retreat through the gap, came whirling back over the plain in wild confusion, pursued by about forty of the enemy's lancers. They swept by the spot where Maurice, with not more than ten horsemen around him, was directing and watching the battle, and

in vain the prince threw himself in front of them and strove to check their flight. They were panic-stricken, and Maurice would himself have been swept off the field had not Marcellus Bax and Edmont, with half a dozen heavy troopers, come to the rescue. A grave error had been committed by Parker, who, upon being ordered by Maurice to cause Louis Laurentz to charge, had himself charged with the whole reserve and left the stadholder almost alone upon the field. Thus the culprits, who after pursuing the Spanish cavalry through the pass had been plundering the enemy's baggage until they were set upon by the handful left to guard it and had become fugitives in their turn, might possibly have caused the loss of the day after the victory had been won, had there been a man on the Spanish side to take in the situation at a glance. But it is probable that the rout had been too absolute to allow of any such sudden turning to account of the serious errors of the victors. The cavalry, except this handful, had long disappeared, at least half the infantry lay dead or wounded in the field, while the remainder, throwing away pipe and matchlock, were running helter-skelter for their lives.

Besides Prince Maurice himself, to whom the chief credit of the whole expedition justly belonged, nearly all the commanders engaged obtained great distinction by their skill and valor. Sir Francis Vere, as usual, was ever foremost in the thickest of the fray, and had a horse killed under him. Parker erred by too much readiness to engage, but bore himself manfully throughout the battle. Hohenlo, Solms, Sydney, Louis Laurentz, Du Bois, all displayed their usual prowess; but the real hero of the hour, the personal embodiment of the fortunate

madness which prompted and won the battle, was undoubtedly Marcellus Bax.[1]

Maurice remained an hour or two on the field of battle, and then, returning toward the village of Turnhout, summoned its stronghold. The garrison of sixty, under Captain van der Delf, instantly surrendered. The victor allowed these troops to go off scot-free, saying that there had been blood enough shed that day. Every standard borne by the Spaniards in the battle—thirty-eight in number—was taken, besides nearly all their arms. The banners were sent to The Hague to be hung up in the great hall of the castle. The dead body of Varax was sent to the archduke with a courteous letter, in which, however, a categorical explanation was demanded as to a statement in circulation that Albert had decided to give the soldiers of the Republic no quarter.[2]

No answer being immediately returned, Maurice ordered the five hundred prisoners to be hanged or drowned unless ransomed within twenty days, and this

[1] I place together in one note the authorities used by me for this famous action. Not an incident is mentioned that is not vouched for by one or more of the contemporary chronicles or letter-writers cited, but I have not thought it necessary to encumber each paragraph with reference to a foot-note. Bor, iv. 301–304. Meteren, 393, 394. Bentivoglio, 443, 444. Reyd, 302 seq. Carnero, 402–407. Coloma, 237. Albert to Philip, January 30, 1597, Arch. de Sim. MS. Van der Kemp, ii. 25–29, 167–171.

[2] The letter of Maurice was as follows:

"Sir: I had intended to send the soldiers who were taken prisoners yesterday, and to manifest the same courtesy which I am accustomed to show toward those who fall into my hands. But as I have been apprised that your Highness has published an order according to which military commanders are forbidden henceforth to give quarter to those of this side, I have desired first to have this doubt made clear to me before I permit them to

horrible decree appears from official documents to be consistent with the military usages of the period. The arrival of the letter from the cardinal archduke, who levied the money for the ransom on the villagers of Brabant,[1] prevented, however, the execution of the menace, which could hardly have been seriously intended.[2]

Within a week from the time of his departure from The Hague to engage in this daring adventure, the stadholder had returned to that little capital, having achieved a complete success. The enthusiastic demonstrations throughout the land on account of so signal a victory can easily be imagined. Nothing like this had ever before been recorded in the archives of the young common-

go free, in order that, having understood your Highness's intention on this point, I may conduct myself as I shall find most fitting. Herewith I humbly kiss the hands of your Highness, and pray God to give you long and healthy life.

"TURNHOUT, January 25, 1597."

The archduke thus replied:

"COUNT: I have received your letter, and can do no otherwise than praise the courtesy which you have manifested toward the dead body of the late Count Varax, and signify to you the thanks which you deserve, and which I render you from my heart. Touching the other point, you will not find that I have thus far resolved on keeping no quarter, and I hope never to have occasion for such a determination, inasmuch as to do so is against my nature. And inasmuch as in this conjuncture you use the courtesy toward me which you signify in your letter, I shall take care to do the same when occasions present themselves. And herewith I pray the Creator to have you in his holy keeping.

"Your good friend,

"ALBERT, Cardinal.

"BRUSSELS, January 28, 1597."

[1] Meteren, xix. 394.

[2] Ibid. Van der Kemp, 28, 171, who cites Resol. St.-Gen., May 18, 1599, for an example.

wealth. There had been glorious defenses of beleaguered cities, where scenes of heroic endurance and self-sacrifice had been enacted, such as never can be forgotten so long as the history of human liberty shall endure, but a victory won in the open field over the most famous legions of Spain and against overwhelming numbers was an achievement entirely without example. It is beyond all doubt that the force under Varax was at least four times as large as that portion of the states' army which alone was engaged; for Maurice had not a foot-soldier on the field until the battle was over, save the handful of musketeers who had followed Vere and Bax at the beginning of the action.

Therefore it is that this remarkable action merits a much more attentive consideration than it might deserve regarded purely as a military exploit. To the military student a mere cavalry affair, fought out upon an obscure Brabantine heath between a party of Dutch carbineers and Spanish pikemen, may seem of little account—a subject fitted by picturesque costume and animated action for the pencil of a Wouvermans or a Terburg, but conveying little instruction. As illustrating a period of transition in which heavy-armored troopers, each one a human iron-clad fortress moving at speed and furnished with the most formidable portable artillery then known, could overcome the resistance of almost any number of foot-soldiers in light marching gear and armed with the antiquated pike, the affair may be worthy of a moment's attention; and for this improvement, itself now as obsolete as the slings and cataphracts of Roman legions, the world was indebted to Maurice. But the shock of mighty armies, the manœuvering of vast masses in one magnificent combination, by which the

fate of empires, the happiness or the misery of the peoples for generations, may perhaps be decided in a few hours, undoubtedly require a higher constructive genius than could be displayed in any such hand-to-hand encounter as that of Turnhout, scientifically managed as it unquestionably was. The true and abiding interest of the battle is derived from its moral effect, from its influence on the people of the Netherlands. And this could scarcely be exaggerated. The nation was electrified, transformed in an instant. Who now should henceforth dare to say that one Spanish fighting man was equal to five or ten Hollanders? At last the days of Jemmingen and Mooker Heath needed no longer to be remembered by every patriot with a shudder of shame. Here at least in the open field a Spanish army, after in vain refusing a combat and endeavoring to escape, had literally bitten the dust before one fourth of its own number. And this effect was a permanent one. Thenceforth for foreign powers to talk of mediation between the Republic and the ancient master, to suggest schemes of reconciliation and of a return to obedience, was to offer gratuitous and trivial insult, and we shall very soon have occasion to mark the simple eloquence with which the thirty-eight Spanish standards of Turnhout, hung up in the old hall of The Hague, were made to reply to the pompous rhetoric of an interfering ambassador.

This brief episode was not immediately followed by other military events of importance in the provinces during what remained of the winter. Very early in the spring, however, it was probable that the campaign might open simultaneously in France and on the frontiers of Flanders. Of all the cities in the north of France there was none, after Rouen, so important, so

populous, so wealthy as Amiens. Situate in fertile fields, within three days' march of Paris, with no intervening forests or other impediments of a physical nature to free communication, it was the key to the gates of the capital. It had no garrison, for the population numbered fifteen thousand men able to bear arms, and the inhabitants valued themselves on the prowess of their trained militiamen, five thousand of whom they boasted to be able to bring into the field at an hour's notice, and they were perfectly loyal to Henry.

One morning in March there came a party of peasants, fifteen or twenty in number, laden with sacks of chestnuts and walnuts, to the northernmost gate of the town. They offered them for sale, as usual, to the soldiers at the guard-house, and chaffered and jested, as boors and soldiers are wont to do, over their wares. It so happened that in the course of the bargaining one of the bags became untied, and its contents, much to the dissatisfaction of the proprietor, were emptied on the ground. There was a scramble for the walnuts, and much shouting, kicking, and squabbling ensued, growing almost into a quarrel between the burgher soldiers and the peasants. As the altercation was at its height a heavy wagon, laden with long planks, came toward the gate for the use of carpenters and architects within the town. The portcullis was drawn up to admit this lumbering vehicle, but, in the confusion caused by the chance medley going on at the guard-house, the gate dropped again before the wagon had fairly got through the passage, and remained resting upon the timber with which it was piled.

At that instant a shrill whistle was heard, and as if by magic the twenty chestnut-selling peasants were sud-

denly transformed to Spanish and Walloon soldiers armed to the teeth, who were presently reinforced by as many more of their comrades, who sprang from beneath the plank-work by which the real contents of the wagon had thus been screened. Captain Dognano, his brother the sergeant-major, Captain d'Arco, and other officers of a Walloon regiment stationed in Dourlens, were the leaders of the little party, and while they were busily occupied in putting the soldiers of the watch, thus taken unawares, to death, the master spirit of the whole adventure suddenly made his appearance and entered the city at the head of fifteen hundred men. This was an extremely small, yellow, dried-up, energetic Spanish captain [1] with a long red beard, Hernan Tello de Porto Carrero by name, governor of the neighboring city of Dourlens, who had conceived this plan for obtaining possession of Amiens. Having sent these disguised soldiers on before him, he had passed the night with his men in ambush until the signal should sound. The burghers of the town were mostly in church; none were dreaming of an attack, as men rarely do,—for otherwise how should they ever be surprised?—and in half an hour Amiens was the property of Philip of Spain. There were not very many lives lost, for the resistance was small, but great numbers were tortured for ransom, and few women escaped outrage. The sack was famous, for the city was rich and the captors were few in number, so that each soldier had two or three houses to plunder for his own profit.

When the work was done the faubourgs were all destroyed, for it was the intention of the conquerors to occupy the place, which would be a most convenient

[1] Coloma, 262.

basis of operations for any attack upon Paris, and it was desirable to contract the limits to be defended. Fifteen hundred houses, many of them beautiful villas surrounded with orchards and pleasure-gardens, were soon in flames, and afterward razed to the ground. The governor of the place, Count Saint-Pol, managed to effect his escape. His place was now supplied by the Marquis of Montenegro, an Italian in the service of the Spanish king. Such was the fate of Amiens in the month of March, 1597;[1] such the result of the refusal by the citizens to accept the garrison urged upon them by Henry.

It would be impossible to exaggerate the consternation produced throughout France by this astounding and altogether unlooked-for event. "It seemed," said President de Thou, "as if it had extinguished in a moment the royal majesty and the French name." A few nights later than the date of this occurrence Maximilian de Béthune[2] (afterward Duke of Sully, but then called Marquis de Rosny) was asleep in his bed in Paris. He had returned, at past two o'clock in the morning, from a magnificent ball given by the Constable of France. The capital had been uncommonly brilliant during the winter with banquets and dances, tourneys and masquerades, as if to cast a lurid glare over the unutterable misery of the people and the complete desolation of the country; but this entertainment—given by Montmorency in honor of a fair dame with whom he supposed himself desperately in love, the young bride of a very ancient courtier—surpassed in splendor every festival that had

[1] Bor, iv. 314, 315. Meteren, 395, 396. Bentivoglio, 447. Coloma, 238–262. De Thou, xiii. 103–109, 118. Albert to Philip, March 14, 1597, Arch. de Sim. MS.

[2] De Thou, xiii. 109.

been heard of for years. De Béthune had hardly lost himself in slumber when he was startled by Beringen, who, on drawing his curtains in this dead hour of the night, presented such a ghastly visage that the faithful friend of Henry instantly imagined some personal disaster to his well-beloved sovereign. "Is the king dead?" he cried.[1]

Being reassured as to this point and told to hasten to the Louvre, Rosny instantly complied with the command. When he reached the palace he was admitted at once to the royal bedchamber, where he found the king in the most unsophisticated of costumes, striding up and down the room, with his hands clasped together behind his head, and with an expression of agony upon his face. Many courtiers were assembled there, stuck all of them like images against the wall, staring before them in helpless perplexity.[2]

Henry rushed forward as Rosny entered, and wringing him by the hand, exclaimed: "Ah, my friend, what a misfortune! Amiens is taken."

"Very well," replied the financier, with unperturbed visage; "I have just completed a plan which will restore to your Majesty not only Amiens but many other places."

The king drew a great sigh of relief and asked for his project. Rosny, saying that he would instantly go and fetch his papers, left the apartment for an interval, in order to give vent to the horrible agitation which he had been enduring and so bravely concealing ever since the fatal words had been spoken. That a city so important, the key to Paris, without a moment's warning, without the semblance of a siege, should thus fall into the hands of the enemy, was a blow as directly to the heart of De

[1] Sully, Mémoires, i. 484 seq. [2] Ibid.

Béthune as it could have been to any other of Henry's adherents. But while they had been distracting the king by unavailing curses or wailings, Henry, who had received the intelligence just as he was getting into bed, had sent for support and consolation to the tried friend of years, and he now reproachfully contrasted their pusillanimity with De Rosny's fortitude.

A great plan for reorganizing the finances of the kingdom was that very night submitted by Rosny to the king, and it was wrought upon day by day thereafter until it was carried into effect.

It must be confessed that the crudities and immoralities which the project revealed do not inspire the political student of modern days with so high a conception of the financial genius of the great minister as his calm and heroic deportment on trying occasions, whether on the battle-field or in the council-chamber, does of his natural authority over his fellow-men. The scheme was devised to put money in the king's coffers, which at that moment were completely empty. Its chief features were to create a great many new offices in the various courts of justice and tribunals of administration, all to be disposed of by sale to the highest bidder; to extort a considerable loan from the chief courtiers and from the richest burghers in the principal towns; to compel all the leading peculators, whose name in the public service was legion, to disgorge a portion of their ill-gotten gains on being released from prosecution; and to increase the tax upon salt.[1]

Such a project hardly seems a masterpiece of ethics or political economy, but it was hailed with rapture by the needy monarch. At once there was a wild excitement

[1] Sully, Mémoires, i. liv. ix. 485 seq.

among the jobbers and speculators in places. The creation of an indefinite number of new judgeships and magistracies, to be disposed of at auction, was a tempting opportunity even in that age of corruption. One of the most notorious traders in the judicial ermine, limping Robin de Tours by name, at once made a private visit to Madame de Rosny, and offered seventy-two thousand crowns for the exclusive right to distribute these new offices. If this could be managed to his satisfaction, he promised to give her a diamond worth two thousand crowns, and another worth six thousand to her husband. The wife of the great minister, who did not comprehend the whole amount of the insult, presented Robin to her husband. She was enlightened, however, as to the barefaced iniquity of the offer when she heard De Béthune's indignant reply and saw the jobber limp away crestfallen and amazed. That a financier or a magistrate should decline a bribe or interfere with the private sale of places, which were, after all, objects of merchandise, was to him incomprehensible. The industrious Robin, accordingly, recovering from his discomfiture, went straightway to the chancellor, and concluded the same bargain in the council-chamber which had been rejected by De Béthune, with the slight difference that the distribution of the places was assigned to the speculator for seventy-five thousand instead of seventy-two thousand crowns. It was with great difficulty that De Béthune, who went at once to the king with complaints and insinuations as to the cleanness of the chancellor's hands, was able to cancel the operation.[1] The day was fast approaching when the universal impoverishment of the great nobles and landholders—the

[1] Sully, Mémoires, i. liv. ix. 490.

result of the long, hideous, senseless massacres called the wars of religion—was to open the way for the laboring classes to acquire a property in the soil. Thus that famous fowl in every pot was to make its appearance, which vulgar tradition ascribes to the bounty of a king who hated everything like popular rights, and loved nothing but his own glory and his own amusement. It was not until the days of his grandchildren and great-grandchildren that Privilege could renew those horrible outrages on the People, which were to be avenged by a dread series of wars, massacres, and crimes, compared to which even the religious conflicts of the sixteenth century grow pale.

Meantime De Béthune comforted his master with these financial plans, and assured him in the spirit of prophecy that the King of Spain, now tottering, as it was thought, to his grave, would soon be glad to make a favorable peace with France, even if he felt obliged to restore not only Amiens but every other city or stronghold that he had ever conquered in that kingdom. Time would soon show whether this prediction were correct or delusive; but while the secret negotiations between Henry and the pope were vigorously proceeding for that peace with Spain which the world in general and the commonwealth of the Netherlands in particular thought to be furthest from the warlike king's wishes, it was necessary to set about the siege of Amiens.

Henry assembled a force of some twelve or fifteen thousand men for that purpose, while the cardinal archduke, upon his part, did his best to put an army in the field in order to relieve the threatened city so recently acquired by a coarse but successful artifice.

But Albert was in even a worse plight than that in

which his great antagonist found himself. When he had first arrived in the provinces, his exchequer was overflowing, and he was even supposed to devote a considerable portion of the military funds to defray the expenses of his magnificent housekeeping at Brussels.[1] But those halcyon days were over. A gigantic fraud just perpetrated by Philip had descended like a thunderbolt upon the provinces and upon all commercial Europe, and had utterly blasted the unfortunate viceroy. In the latter days of the preceding year the king had issued a general repudiation of his debts.

He did it solemnly, too, and with great religious unction, for it was a peculiarity of this remarkable sovereign that he was ever wont to accomplish his darkest crimes, whether murders or stratagems, as if they were acts of virtue. Perhaps he really believed them to be such, for a man before whom so many millions of his fellow-worms had been writhing for half a century in the dust might well imagine himself a deity.

So the king, on the 20th November, 1596, had publicly revoked all the assignments, mortgages, and other deeds by which the royal domains, revenues, taxes, and other public property had been transferred or pledged for moneys already advanced to merchants, bankers, and other companies or individuals, and formally took them again into his own possession, on the ground that his exertions in carrying on this long war to save Chris-

[1] "Non possiede l' amore di quei popoli quanto bisognerebbe, oltrecchè ha nome di non favorir molto la soldatesca e di gettar gran parte di denaro che doverebbe esser distribuito alle milizie in quelli della sua propria casa e nel sostentar la propria albagia. Da che nasce poi che si veggono tante sollevazioni e le cose di quella guerra prendono sempre peggior piega."—Soranzo, Relazione, before cited, 168.

tianity from destruction had reduced him to beggary, while the money-lenders, by charging him exorbitant interest, had all grown rich at his expense.[1]

This was perfectly simple. There was no attempt to disguise the villainy of the transaction. The massacre of so many millions of Protestants, the gigantic but puerile attempts to subjugate the Dutch Republic and to annex France, England, and the German Empire to his hereditary dominions, had been attended with more

[1] "Whereas it has come to our knowledge," so ran this famous proclamation of repudiation in its principal paragraphs, "that notwithstanding all which our royal incomes from this monarchy and from without have yielded, together with the assistance rendered to us by his Holiness to maintain the war against the English and to protect the Catholic religion, and with the steady burdens borne for this object by the subjects and vassals of the crown, according to their ancient and great fidelity, and besides the great abundance of the gold and silver produced by our Indies, likewise all that has come from the sums furnished by the farmers of our finances and revenues, we find ourselves now so wholly exhausted and ruined, and our royal inherited estates so diminished, and, as it were, reduced to nothing, that, although the foremost cause of this ruin is the great and incredible expense which we have sustained and are still enduring for the protection of Christendom, of our kingdom and domains, other chief causes are the grievous damages, discounts, and interest which have been forced upon us, and which at present obtain in the finances, bills of exchange, and other obligations which have been made and taken up in our name, since we could not escape the same in order to be able to provide for our so entirely necessary and pressing necessities. Thus all our domains, taxes, revenues, and all ordinary and extraordinary resources stand burdened and covered with obligations in the hands of merchants. And what is most oppressive, our affairs are come to extremities through our having no means by which we might help ourselves, nor do we know of any other resources that we can make use of. And now the said merchants, who hitherto have given on bills of exchange

expense than Philip had calculated upon. The enormous wealth which a long series of marriages, inheritances, conquests, and maritime discoveries had heaped upon Spain had been exhausted by the insane ambition of the king to exterminate heresy throughout the world, and to make himself the sovereign of one undivided, universal Catholic monarchy. All the gold and silver of America had not sufficed for this purpose, and he had

such moneys as were necessary to provide for the protection of our royal state and to carry on the war which we are waging for these righteous and special reasons, refuse to do this any longer, and make difficulties in further dealing with us, seeing that they have in their own hands and power all the royal revenues by means of the said pledges, certificates, and transfers, and hereby such embarrassments arise that if they are not provided against it would be enough to put in hazard all that which God the Lord has so highly commanded us to perform, namely, the protection and maintenance of the Catholic Church, of our subjects and vassals and all those who dwell under our government. . . .

"Therefore to put an end to such financiering and unhallowed practices with bills of exchange which have been introduced and have spread abroad among so many people, who in order to follow such pursuits have abandoned agriculture, cattle-raising, and mechanical works, and embarked in trade, finding therein gain and profit to the disservice of the Lord God and of us, with great injury to our kingdom, . . . and which have brought great masses of coin and species to flow out of India [*i. e.*, America] into the kingdoms and lands of the rebels and foes of Christianity and of us, enabling them to keep everything in commotion, so that we are compelled to increase our armaments and our forces, and to incur more expenses, we have now given command to devise some means of restoring order and of accomplishing in the best possible way that which we are so highly and legally bound to do, whereupon hang the protection of Christendom and the security of our realms; and we have found no other remedy than to call in and to disburden our royal incomes, liberating the same from the unjust damage put upon them through this financiering and bills of ex-

seen with an ever-rising indignation those very precious metals which, in his ignorance of the laws of trade, he considered his exclusive property flowing speedily into the coffers of the merchants of Europe, especially those of the hated commonwealth of the rebellious Netherlands.

Therefore he solemnly renounced all his contracts, and took God to witness that it was to serve his divine will.[1] How else could he hope to continue his massacre of the Protestants?

The effect of the promulgation of this measure was instantaneous. Two millions and a half of bills of exchange sold by the Cardinal Albert came back in one

change, which we have suffered and are continuing to suffer at the time we made such contracts, in order to avoid still greater embarrassments that would have arisen had there been want of provision for our military affairs. . . . Having decided to cancel and annihilate all the aforesaid interests and impositions, we shall afterward meditate upon ways and means by which may be paid to the merchants and traders what may seem to us properly due to them in regard to these contracts, transfers, and assignments. . . . Accordingly, we suspend and declare suspended all such assignations made by us in any manner whatsoever since September 1, 1575, and December 1, 1577, unto this date, to the said merchants and traders, whether of taxes, gifts, domains, rents, or any other property or revenues whatsoever, on account of such bills of exchange or other advances. And we order the moneys coming from such pledged property to be henceforth paid into our royal treasury, for the support of our own necessities, declaring from this day forth all payments otherwise made to be null and void.

"November 20, 1596."

Bor, iii. 318, 319. Herrera, iii. 711 seq. Compare Reyd, 301, 302. Meteren, 388–391. It was found necessary after the expiration of a year to revoke these orders, as the usual consequences of repudiation followed.

[1] Bor, Herrera, ubi sup.

day protested. The chief merchants and bankers of Europe suspended payment. Their creditors became bankrupt. At the Frankfort fair there were more failures in one day than there had ever been in all the years since Frankfort existed.[1] In Genoa alone a million dollars of interest were confiscated.[2] It was no better in Antwerp; but Antwerp was already ruined. There was a general howl of indignation and despair upon every exchange, in every counting-room, in every palace, in every cottage of Christendom. Such a tremendous repudiation of national debts was never heard of before. There had been debasements of the currency, petty frauds by kings upon their unfortunate peoples, but such a crime as this had never been conceived by human heart before.

The archduke was fain to pawn his jewelry, his plate, his furniture, to support the daily expenses of his household. Meantime he was to set an army in the field to relieve a city beleaguered by the most warlike monarch in Christendom. Fortunately for him, that prince was in very similar straits, for the pressure upon the public swindlers and the auction sales of judicial ermine throughout his kingdom were not as rapidly productive as had been hoped.

It was precisely at this moment, too, that an incident of another nature occurred in Antwerp, which did not tend to make the believers in the possibility of religious or political freedom more in love with the system of Spain and Rome. Those blood-dripping edicts against heresy in the Netherlands, of which enough has been said in previous volumes of this history, and which had caused the deaths, by ax, fagot, halter, or burial alive,

[1] Bor, Reyd, ubi sup. [2] Ibid.

of at least fifty thousand human creatures, however historical skepticism may shut its eyes to evidence, had now been dormant for twenty years. Their activity had ceased with the Pacification of Ghent; but the devilish spirit which had inspired them still lived in the persons of the Jesuits, and there were now more Jesuits in the obedient provinces than there had been for years. We have seen that Champagny's remedy for the ills the country was enduring was "more Jesuits." And this, too, was Albert's recipe. Always more Jesuits.[1] And now the time had come when the Jesuits thought that they might step openly with their works into the daylight again. Of late years they had shrouded themselves in comparative mystery, but from their seminaries and colleges had gone forth a plentiful company of assassins against Elizabeth and Henry, Nassau, Barneveldt, and others who, whether avowedly or involuntarily, were prominent in the party of human progress. Some important murders had already been accomplished, and the prospect was fair that still others might follow, if the Jesuits persevered. Meantime those ecclesiastics thought that a wholesome example might be set to humbler heretics by the spectacle of a public execution.

Two maiden ladies lived on the north rampart of Antwerp. They had formerly professed the Protestant religion, and had been thrown into prison for that crime; but the fear of further persecution, human weakness, or perhaps sincere conviction, had caused them to renounce the error of their ways, and they now went to mass. But they had a maid-servant, forty years of age, Anna van den Hove by name, who was stanch in that Reformed faith in which she had been born and bred.

[1] Albert to Philip, May 3, 1596, Arch. de Sim. MS.

The Jesuits denounced this maid-servant to the civil authority, and claimed her condemnation and execution under the edicts of 1540, decrees which every one had supposed as obsolete as the statutes of Draco, which they had so entirely put to shame.

The sentence having been obtained from the docile and priest-ridden magistrates, Anna van den Hove was brought to Brussels and informed that she was at once to be buried alive. At the same time the Jesuits told her that by converting herself to the Church she might escape punishment.[1]

When King Henry IV. was summoned to renounce that same Huguenot faith of which he was the political embodiment and the military champion, the candid man answered by the simple demand to be instructed. When the proper moment came, the instruction was accomplished by an archbishop with the rapidity of magic. Half an hour undid the work of half a lifetime. Thus expeditiously could religious conversion be effected when an earthly crown was its guerdon. The poor serving-maid was less open to conviction. In her simple fanaticism she, too, talked of a crown, and saw it descending from heaven on her poor, forlorn head as the reward, not of apostasy, but of steadfastness. She asked her tormentors how they could expect her to abandon her religion for fear of death. She had read her Bible every day, she said, and had found nothing there of the pope or purgatory, masses, invocation of saints, or the absolution of sins except through the blood of the blessed Redeemer. She interfered with no one who thought differently; she quarreled with no one's religious belief. She had prayed for enlightenment from Him, if she

[1] Bor, iv. 334, 335. Meteren, 400.

were in error, and the result was that she felt strengthened in her simplicity, and resolved to do nothing against her conscience. Rather than add this sin to the manifold ones committed by her, she preferred, she said, to die the death. So Anna van den Hove was led, one fine midsummer morning, to the hay-field outside of Brussels, between two Jesuits, followed by a number of a peculiar kind of monks called love-brothers. Those holy men goaded her as she went, telling her that she was the devil's carrion, and calling on her to repent at the last moment, and thus save her life and escape eternal damnation besides. But the poor soul had no ear for them, and cried out that, like Stephen, she saw the heavens opening, and the angels stooping down to conduct her far away from the power of the evil one. When they came to the hay-field they found the pit already dug, and the maid-servant was ordered to descend into it. The executioner then covered her with earth up to the waist, and a last summons was made to her to renounce her errors. She refused, and then the earth was piled upon her, and the hangman jumped upon the grave till it was flattened and firm.[1]

Of all the religious murders done in that hideous sixteenth century in the Netherlands, the burial of the Antwerp servant-maid was the last and the worst. The worst, because it was a cynical and deliberate attempt to revive the demon whose thirst for blood had been at last allayed, and who had sunk into repose. And it was a spasmodic revival only, for, in the provinces at least, that demon had finished his work.

Still, on the eastern borders of what was called civilization, Turk and Christian were contending for the

[1] Bor, Meteren, ubi sup.

mastery. The great battle of Kövesd had decided nothing, and the crescent still shone over the fortified and most important Hungarian stronghold of Raab, within arm's-length of Vienna. How rapidly might that fatal and menacing emblem fill its horns, should it once be planted on the walls of the imperial capital! It was not wonderful that a sincere impatience should be felt by all the frontier states for the termination of the insurrection of the Netherlands. Would that rebellious and heretical Republic only consent to go out of existence, again bow its stubborn knee to Philip and the pope, what a magnificent campaign might be made against Mohammed! The King of Spain was the only potentate at all comparable in power to the Grand Turk. The King of France, most warlike of men, desired nothing better, as he avowed, than to lead his brave nobles into Hungary to smite the unbelievers. Even Prince Maurice, it was fondly hoped, might be induced to accept a high command in the united armies of Christendom, and seek for glory by campaigning, in alliance with Philip, Rudolph, and Henry, against the Ottoman, rather than against his natural sovereign. Such were the sagacity, the insight, the power of forecasting the future possessed in those days by monarchs, statesmen, and diplomatists who were imagining that they held the world's destiny in their hands.

There was this summer a solemn embassy from the emperor to the States-General, proposing mediation, referring in the usual conventional phraseology to the right of kings to command and to the duty of the people to submit, and urging the gentle-mindedness and readiness to forgive which characterized the sovereign of the Netherlands and of Spain.

And the statesmen of the Republic had answered as they always did, showing, with courteous language, irresistible logic, and at unmerciful length, that there never had been kings in the Netherlands at all, and that the gentle-mindedness of Philip had been exhibited in the massacre of a hundred thousand Netherlanders in various sieges and battles, and in the murder, under the Duke of Alva alone, of twenty thousand human beings by the hangman.[1]

They liked not such divine right nor such gentle-mindedness. They recognized no duty on their part to consent to such a system. Even the friendly King of Denmark sent a legation for a similar purpose, which was respectfully but very decidedly allowed to return as it came;[2] but the most persistent in schemes of interference for the purpose of putting an end to the effusion of blood in the Netherlands was Sigismund of Poland. This monarch, who occupied two very incompatible positions, being sovereign at once of fanatically Protestant Sweden and of orthodox Poland, and who was, moreover, son-in-law of Archduke Charles of Styria,—whose other daughter was soon to be espoused by the Prince of Spain,—was personally and geographically interested in liberating Philip from the inconvenience of his Netherland war. Only thus could he hope to bring the Spanish power to the rescue of Christendom against the Turk. Troubles enough were in store for Sigismund in his hereditary Northern realms, and he was to learn that his intermarriage with the great Catholic and imperial house did not enable him to trample out Protestantism in those hardy Scandinavian and Flemish regions where it had taken secure root. Meantime he despatched, in solemn mis-

[1] Bor, iv. 358. [2] Ibid., iv. 376.

sion to the Republic and to the heretic queen, a diplomatist whose name and whose oratorical efforts have by a caprice of history been allowed to endure to our times.

Paul Dialyn was solemnly received at The Hague on the 21st July.[1] A pragmatical fop, attired in a long, magnificent Polish robe, covered with diamonds and other jewels, he was yet recognized by some of those present as having been several years before a student at Leyden under a different name, and with far less gorgeous surroundings.[2] He took up his position in the council-chamber, in the presence of the stadholder and the leading members of the States-General, and pronounced a long Latin oration, in the manner, as it was said, of a monk delivering a sermon from the pulpit. He kept his eyes steadily fixed on the ceiling, never once looking at the men whom he was addressing, and speaking in a loud, nasal, dictatorial tone, not at all agreeable to the audience. He dwelt in terms of extravagant eulogy on the benignity and gentleness of the King of Spain,—qualities in which he asserted that no prince on earth could be compared to him,—and he said this to the very face of Maurice of Nassau. That the benignant and gentle king had caused the stadholder's father to be assassinated, and that he had rewarded the murderer's family with a patent of nobility and with an ample revenue taken from the murdered man's property, appeared of no account to the envoy in the full sweep of his rhetoric. Yet the reminiscence caused a shudder of disgust in all who heard him.

He then stated the wish of his master the Polish king to be that, in consideration of the present state of Europe in regard to the Turk, the provinces might reconcile

[1] Bor, iv. 332–334. Reyd, 304, 305. [2] Reyd, ubi sup.

themselves to their natural master, who was the most powerful monarch in Christendom, and the only one able to make head against the common foe. They were solemnly warned of the enormous power and resources of the Great King, with whom it was hopeless for them to protract a struggle sure to end at last in their uttermost destruction. It was for kings to issue commands, he said, and for the people to obey; but Philip was full of sweetness, and would accord them full forgiveness for their manifold sins against him. The wish to come to the rescue of Christendom, in this extreme peril from the Turk, was with him paramount to all other considerations.[1]

Such, in brief, was the substance of the long Latin harangue by which it was thought possible to induce those sturdy republicans and Calvinists to renounce their vigorous national existence and to fall on their knees before the Most Catholic King. This was understood to be mediation, statesmanship, diplomacy, in deference to which the world was to pause and the course of events to flow backward. Truly, despots and their lackeys were destined to learn some rude lessons from that vigorous little commonwealth in the North Sea before it should have accomplished its mission on earth.

The States-General dissembled their disgust, however, for it was not desirable to make open enemies of Sigismund or Rudolph. They refused to accept a copy of the oration, but they promised to send him a categorical answer to it in writing. Meantime the envoy had the honor of walking about the castle with the stadholder, and in the course of their promenade Maurice pointed to the thirty-eight standards taken at the battle

[1] Bor, ubi sup.

of Turnhout, which hung from the cedarn rafters of the ancient banqueting-hall.[1] The mute eloquence of those tattered banners seemed a not illogical reply to the diplomatic Paul's rhetoric in regard to the hopelessness of a contest with Spanish armies.

Next, Van der Werken, pensionary of Leyden, and a classical scholar, waited upon the envoy with a Latin reply to his harangue, together with a courteous letter for Sigismund. Both documents were scathing denunciations of the policy pursued by the King of Spain and by all his aiders and abettors, and a distinct but polished refusal to listen to a single word in favor of mediation or of peace.

Paul Dialyn then received a courteous permission to leave the territory of the Republic, and was subsequently forwarded in a states' vessel of war to England.

His reception, about a month later, by Queen Elizabeth is an event on which all English historians are fond of dwelling. The pedant, on being presented to that imperious and accomplished sovereign, deported himself with the same ludicrous arrogance which had characterized him at The Hague. His Latin oration, which had been duly drawn up for him by the chancellor of Sweden, was quite as impertinent as his harangue to the States-General had been, and was delivered with the same conceited air. The queen replied on the instant in the same tongue. She was somewhat in a passion, but spoke with majestic moderation.[2]

"Oh, how I have been deceived!" she exclaimed. "I expected an ambassador, and behold a herald! In all

[1] Bor, ubi sup.

[2] Camden, 536, 537. Bor, iv. 350. Wright, Queen Elizabeth and her Times, ii. 480.

my life I never heard of such an oration. Your boldness and unadvised temerity I cannot sufficiently admire. But if the king your master has given you any such thing in charge—which I much doubt—I believe it is because, being but a young man, and lately advanced to the crown, not by ordinary succession of blood, but by election, he understandeth not yet the way of such affairs." And so on for several minutes longer.

Never did envoy receive such a setting down from sovereign.

"God's death, my lords!" said the queen to her ministers, as she concluded, "I have been enforced this day to scour up my old Latin that hath lain long in rusting."[1]

This combination of ready wit, high spirit, and good Latin justly excited the enthusiasm of the queen's subjects, and endeared her still more to every English heart. It may, however, be doubted whether the famous reply was in reality so entirely extemporaneous as it has usually been considered. The States-General had lost no time in forwarding to England a minute account of the proceedings of Paul Dialyn at The Hague, together with a sketch of his harangue and of the reply on behalf of the states.[2] Her Majesty and her councilors therefore, knowing that the same envoy was on his way to England with a similar errand, may be supposed to have had leisure to prepare the famous impromptu. Moreover, it is difficult to understand, on the presumption that these classic utterances were purely extemporaneous, how they have kept their place in all chronicles and histories from that day to the present, without change of a word in the text. Surely there was no stenographer present to take down the queen's words as they fell from her lips.

[1] Wright, ubi sup. [2] Bor, ubi sup.

The military events of the year did not testify to a much more successful activity on the part of the new league in the field than it had displayed in the sphere of diplomacy. In vain did the envoy of the Republic urge Henry and his councilors to follow up the crushing blow dealt to the cardinal at Turnhout by vigorous operations in conjunction with the states' forces in Artois and Hainault.[1] For Amiens had meantime been taken, and it was now necessary for the king to employ all his energy and all his resources to recover that important city. So much damage to the cause of the Republic and of the new league had the little yellow Spanish captain inflicted in an hour with his bags of chestnuts and walnuts. The siege of Amiens lasted nearly six months, and was the main event of the campaign, so far as Henry was concerned. It is true, as the reader has already seen, and as will soon be more clearly developed, that Henry's heart had been fixed on peace from the moment that he consented in conjunction with the Republic to declare war, and that he had entered into secret and separate negotiations for that purpose with the agents of Philip so soon as he had bound himself by solemn covenant with Elizabeth to have no negotiations whatever with him except with her full knowledge and consent.

The siege of Amiens, however, was considered a military masterpiece, and its whole progress showed the revolution which the stadholder of Holland had already effected in European warfare. Henry IV. beleaguered Amiens as if he were a pupil of Maurice, and contemporaries were enthusiastic over the science, the patience, the inventive ingenuity which were at last crowned with success. The heroic Hernan Tello de Porto Carrero was

[1] Calvaert to the States-General, in Deventer, ii. 141 seq.

killed in a sortie during the defense of the place which he had so gallantly won, and when the city was surrendered to the king on the 19th of September it was stipulated in the first article of the capitulation that the tomb, epitaph, and trophies by which his memory was honored in the principal church should not be disturbed, and that his body might be removed whenever and whither it seemed good to his sovereign. In vain the cardinal had taken the field with an army of eighteen thousand foot and fifteen hundred light cavalry. The king had learned so well to intrench himself and to moderate his ardor for inopportune pitched battles that the relieving force could find no occasion to effect its purpose. The archduke retired. He came to Amiens like a soldier, said Henry, but he went back like a priest. Moreover, he was obliged to renounce, besides the city, a most tempting prize which he thought that he had secured within the city. Alexander Farnese, in his last French campaign, had procured and sent to his uncle the foot of St. Philip and the head of St. Lawrence; but what was Albert's delight when he learned that in Amiens cathedral there was a large piece of the head of John the Baptist! "There will be a great scandal about it in this kingdom," he wrote to Philip, "if I undertake to transport it out of the country, but I will try to contrive it as your Majesty desires."[1]

But the military events of the year prevented the cardinal from gratifying the king in regard to these choice curiosities.

[1] Albert to Philip, March 14, 1597. Same to same, August 16, 1597. Arch. de Sim. MSS.

"Es cosa cierta que está en Amiens gran parte de la cabeza de San Juan Baptista. Aun podria causar en aquel Reyno algun

After the reduction of the city Henry went a considerable distance with his army toward the frontier of Flanders, in order to return, as he said, his cousin's visit.[1] But the recovery of Amiens had placed too winning a card in the secret game which he was then playing to allow him to push his nominal adversary to extremities.

The result, suspected very early in the year by the statesmen of the Republic, was already very plainly foreshadowing itself as the winter advanced.

Nor had the other two members of the league effected much in the field. Again an expedition had been fitted forth under Essex against the Spanish coast to return the compliment which Philip had intended with the unlucky armada under Santa Gadea; and again Sir Francis Vere, with two thousand veterans from the Netherlands, and the Dutch admirals, with ten ships of war and a large number of tenders and transports, had faithfully taken part in the adventure.

The fleet was tempest-tossed for ten days, during which it reached the threatened coast and was blown off again. It returned at last into the English ports, having accomplished nothing, and having expended superfluously a considerable amount of money and trouble. Essex, with a few of the vessels, subsequently made a cruise toward the Azores, but, beyond the capture of a Spanish merchantman or two, gained no glory and inflicted no damage.[2]

escandalo el tratar de un traslacion pero procurare que se guie como mas convenga conforme a lo que V. Mag^{d} me manda," etc.

[1] For the siege of Amiens, see De Thou, xiii. 109–126; Meteren, 396; Bentivoglio, 458 seq; Carnero, 407 seq.; and especially Coloma, 238–271. Albert to Philip, September 30, 1597, Arch. de Sim. MS.

[2] Bor, iv. 335–337. Camden, 529–535.

Nothing could be feebler than the military operations of the three confederated powers ever since they had so solemnly confederated themselves.

Sick at heart with the political intrigues of his allies, which had brought a paralysis upon his arms which the blows of the enemy could hardly have effected, Maurice took the field in August for an autumnal campaign on the eastern frontier of the Republic. Foiled in his efforts for a combined attack by the whole force of the league upon Philip's power in the West, he thought it at least expedient to liberate the Rhine, to secure the important provinces of Zutphen, Gelderland, and Overyssel from attack, and to provide against the dangerous intrigues and concealed warfare carried on by Spain in the territories of the mad Duke of Juliers, Cleves, and Berg. For the seeds of the Thirty Years' War of Germany were already sown broadcast in those fatal duchies, and it was the determination of the agents of Spain to acquire the mastery of that most eligible military position, that excellent *sedes belli*, whenever Protestantism was to be assailed in England, the Netherlands, or Germany.

Meantime the Hispaniolated councilors of Duke John had strangled, as it was strongly suspected, his duchess, who, having gone to bed in perfect health one evening, was found dead in her bed next morning, with an ugly mark on her throat;[1] and it was now the purpose of these statesmen to find a new bride for their insane sovereign in the ever-ready and ever-orthodox house of Lorraine.[2] And the Protestant brothers-in-law and nephews and nieces were making every possible combination in order to check such dark designs, and to save

[1] Reyd, 319. [2] Ibid.

these important territories from the ubiquitous power of Spain.

The stadholder had also family troubles at this period. His sister Emilia had conceived a desperate passion for Don Emmanuel, the pauper son of the forlorn Pretender to Portugal, Don Antonio, who had at last departed this life. Maurice was indignant that a Catholic, an outcast, and, as it was supposed, a bastard, should dare to mate with the daughter of William of Orange-Nassau; and there were many scenes of tenderness, reproaches, recriminations, and *hysterica passio*, in which not only the lovers, the stadholder and his family, but also the high and mighty States-General, were obliged to enact their parts. The chronicles are filled with the incidents, which, however, never turned to tragedy, nor even to romance, but ended, without a catastrophe, in a rather insipid marriage. The Princess Emilia remained true both to her religion and her husband during a somewhat obscure wedded life, and after her death Don Emmanuel found means to reconcile himself with the King of Spain and to espouse in second nuptials a Spanish lady.[1]

On the 4th of August Maurice arrived at Arnheim with a force of seven thousand foot and twelve hundred horse. Hohenlo was with him, and Louis William, and there was yet another of the illustrious house of Nassau in the camp, Frederick Henry, a boy in his thirteenth year, the youngest born of William the Silent, the grandson of Admiral de Coligny, now about, in this his first campaign, to take the first step in a long and noble career.[2]

Having reduced the town and castle of Alphen, the

[1] Bor, iv. 322–324. Van der Kemp, ii. 36–40, 182–194.

[2] Van der Kemp, ii. 31, 32.

stadholder came before Rheinberg, which he very expeditiously invested. During a preliminary skirmish Louis William received a wound in the leg, while during the brief siege Maurice had a narrow escape from death, a cannon-ball passing through his tent and over his head as he lay taking a brief repose upon his couch.[1]

On the 19th Rheinberg, the key to that portion of the river, surrendered. On the 31st the stadholder opened his batteries upon the city of Meurs, which capitulated on the 2d of September; the commandant, Andrew Miranda, stipulating that he should carry off an old fifty-pounder, the only piece of cannon in the place. Maurice gave his permission with a laugh, begging Miranda not to batter down any cities with his big gun.[2]

On the 8th September the stadholder threw a bridge over the Rhine, and crossing that river and the Lippe, came on the 11th before Grol. There was no Christopher Mondragon now in his path to check his progress and spoil his campaign, so that in seventeen days the city, being completely surrounded with galleries and covered ways up to its walls, surrendered. Count van Stirum, royal governor of the place, dined with the stadholder on that day, and the garrison, from twelve hundred to fifteen hundred strong, together with such of the townsfolk as chose to be subjects of Philip rather than citizens of the Republic, were permitted to depart in peace.[3]

On the 9th October the town and castle of Brevoort were taken by storm and the town was burned.[4]

[1] Bor, iv. 345. Van der Kemp, ii. 32.
[2] Reyd, xiv. 312.
[3] Bor, iv. 349. Meteren, 411–417.
[4] Ibid.

On the 18th October, Maurice having summoned Enschede, the commandant requested permission to examine the artillery by which it was proposed to reduce the city. Leave being granted, two captains were deputed accordingly as inspectors, who reported that resistance was useless. The place accordingly capitulated at once.[1]

Here, again, was an improvement on the heroic practice of Alva and Romero.

On the 21st and 22d October Ootmarsum and Oldenzaal were taken, and on the 28th the little army came before Lingen. This important city surrendered after a fortnight's siege.

Thus closed a sagacious, businesslike, three months' campaign, in the course of which the stadholder, although with a slender force, had, by means of his excellent organization and his profound practical science, achieved very considerable results. He had taken nine strongly fortified cities and five castles, opened the navigation of the Rhine, and strengthened the whole eastern bulwarks of the Republic.[2] He was censured by the superficial critics of the old school for his humanity toward the conquered garrisons. At least it was thought quite superfluous to let these Spanish soldiers go scot-free. Five thousand veterans had thus been liberated to swell the ranks of the cardinal's army, but the result soon proved the policy of Maurice to be in many ways wholesome. The great repudiation by Philip, and the consequent bankruptcy of Albert, converted large numbers of the royal troops into mutineers, and these garri-

[1] Letter of Maurice, in Van der Kemp, ii. 180.

[2] Bor, iv. 345–368. Van der Kemp, ii. 31–35, 177 seq. Meteren, ubi sup.

sons from the eastern frontier were glad to join in the game.

After the successful siege of Hulst in the previous year the cardinal had reduced the formidable mutiny which had organized itself at Tirlemont and Chapelle in the days of his luckless predecessor. Those rebels had been paid off and had mainly returned to Italy and other lands to spend their money. But soon a new rebellion in all the customary forms established itself in Antwerp citadel during the temporary absence of Mexia, the governor, and great was the misery of the unhappy burghers thus placed at the mercy of the guns of that famous pentagon. They were obliged to furnish large sums to the whole garrison, paying every common foot-soldier twelve stivers a day and the officers in proportion, while the great eletto demanded, besides his salary, a coach and six, a state bed with satin curtains and fine linen, and the materials for banqueting sumptuously every day.[1] At the slightest demur to these demands the bombardment from the citadel would begin, and the accurate artillery practice of those experienced cannoneers soon convinced the loyal citizens of the propriety of the arrangement.[2] The example spread. The garrison of Ghent broke into open revolt, and a general military rebellion lasted for more than a year.

While the loyal cities of the obedient provinces were thus enjoying the fruits of their loyalty and obedience, the rebellious capital of the Republic was receiving its stadholder with exuberant demonstrations of gratitude. The year, begun with the signal victory of Turnhout, had worthily terminated, so far as military events were concerned, with the autumnal campaign on the Rhine,

[1] Bor, iv. 468. [2] Ibid.

and great were the rejoicings throughout the little commonwealth.

Thus, with diminished resources, had the Republic been doing its share of the work which the anti-Spanish league had been called into existence to accomplish. But, as already intimated, this league was a mere fraud upon the Netherlands, which their statesmen were not slow in discovering Of course it was the object of Philip and of the pope to destroy this formidable triple alliance as soon as formed, and they found potent assistance not only in Henry's councilors, but in the bosom of that crafty monarch himself. Clement hated Philip as much as he feared him, so that the prospect both of obtaining Henry as a counterpoise to his own most oppressive and Most Catholic protector, and of breaking up the great convert's alliance with the heretic queen and the rebellious Republic, was a most tempting one to his Holiness. Therefore he employed indefatigably the matchless powers of intrigue possessed by Rome to effect this great purpose. As for Elizabeth, she was weary of the war, most anxious to be reimbursed her advances to the states, and profoundly jealous of the rising commercial and naval greatness of the new commonwealth. If the league therefore proved impotent from the beginning, certainly it was not the fault of the United Netherlands. We have seen how much the king deplored, in intimate conversation with De Béthune,[1] his formal declaration of war against Spain which the Dutch diplomatists had induced him to make; and indeed nothing can be more certain than that this public declaration of war, and this solemn formation of the

[1] Antea. Vide Sully, Mémoires, i. liv. viii. 412. Van Deventer, ii. 142.

triple alliance against Philip, were instantly accompanied on Henry's part by secret peace negotiations with Philip's agents. Villeroy told Envoy Calvaert that, as for himself, he always trembled when he thought on what he had done, in seconding the will of his Majesty in that declaration at the instance of the States-General, of which measure so many losses and such bitter fruits had been the result.[1] He complained, too, of the little assistance or coöperation yielded by England.[2] Calvaert replied that he had nothing to say in defense of England,[3] but that certainly the king could have no cause to censure the states. The Republic, however, had good ground, he said, to complain that nothing had been done by France, that all favorable occasions had been neglected, and that there was a perpetual change of counsels. The envoy especially, and justly, reproached the royal government for having taken no advantage of the opportunity offered by the victory of Turnhout, in which the Republic had utterly defeated the principal forces of the common enemy. He bluntly remarked, too, that the mysterious comings and goings of Balvena had naturally excited suspicions in the Netherlands, and that it would be better that all such practices should be at once abandoned. They did his Majesty no service, and it was no wonder that they caused uneasiness to his allies. Villeroy replied that the king had good reasons to give satisfaction to those who were yearning for peace.[4]

As Henry himself was yearning in this regard as much as any of his subjects, it was natural enough that he should listen to Balvena and all other informal negotiators whom Cardinal Albert might send from Brussels

[1] Calvaert's letter, in Deventer, ii. 141–146.
[2] Ibid.
[3] Ibid.: "Dat ick England daer liet."
[4] Ibid.

or Clement from Rome. It will be recollected that Henry's parting words to Balvena at Rouen had been: "Tell the archduke that I am very much his friend. Let him arrange a peace. Begone. Be diligent." [1]

But the king's reply to Calvaert, when, after the interview with Villeroy, that envoy was admitted to the royal dressing-room for private conversation and took the occasion to remonstrate with his Majesty on these intrigues with the Spanish agent, was that he should send off Balvena in such fashion that it would take from the cardinal archduke all hope of troubling him with any further propositions.[2]

It has been seen, too, with what an outbreak of wrath the proposition made by Elizabeth through Robert Sydney, that she should succor Calais on condition of keeping it for herself, had been received by Henry. At a somewhat later moment, when Calais had passed entirely into the possession of Spain, the queen offered to lay siege to that city with twelve thousand men, but with the understanding that the success was to be entirely for her own profit. Again the king had expressed great astonishment and indignation at the proposition.[3]

Nevertheless, after Amiens had been lost, Henry had sent Fonquerolles on a special mission to England,[4] asking Elizabeth's assistance in the siege for its recovery, and offering that she should keep Calais as a pledge for expenses thus incurred, on the same terms as those on which she held the Brill and Flushing in the Netherlands. This proposal, however, to make a considerable

[1] Antea.

[2] Caron to the states, in Deventer, ubi sup. [3] Ibid.

[4] Instructions for Fonquerolles, in Prévost-Paradol, Élisabeth et Henri IV.

campaign in Picardy, and to be indemnified by Henry for her trouble with the pledge of a city which was not his property, did not seem tempting to Elizabeth. The mission of Fonquerolles was fruitless, as might have been supposed.[1] Nothing certainly in the queen's attitude, up to that moment, could induce the supposition that she would help to reduce Amiens for the sake of the privilege of conquering Calais if she could.

So soon as her refusal was made certain, Henry dropped the mask. Buzanval, the regular French envoy at The Hague, even while amazing the states by rebukes for their shortcomings in the field and by demands for immediate coöperation in the king's campaign, when the king was doing nothing but besiege Amiens, astonished the republican statesmen still further by telling them that his master was listening seriously to the pope's secret offers.[2]

His Holiness had assured the king, through the legate at Paris, that he could easily bring about a peace between him and Philip, if Henry would agree to make it alone, and he would so manage it that the king's name should not be mixed up with the negotiations, and that he should not appear as seeking for peace. It was to be considered, however,—so Henry's envoy intimated both at Greenwich and The Hague,—that if the king should accept the pope's intervention he would be obliged to exclude from a share in it the queen and all others not of the Catholic religion, and it was feared that the same necessity which had compelled him to listen to these overtures would force him still further in the same path. He dreaded lest, between peace and war, he might fall

[1] Calvaert to States-General, in Deventer, ii. 47.

[2] Bor, iv. 324, 325.

into a position in which the law would be dictated to him either by the enemy or by those who had undertaken to help him out of danger.

Much more information to this effect did Buzanval communicate to the states on the authority of a private letter from the king, telling him of the ill success of the mission of Fonquerolles.[1] That diplomatist had brought back nothing from England, it appeared, save excuses, general phrases, and many references to the troubles in Ireland and to the danger of a new Spanish armada.

It was now for the first time, moreover, that the states learned how they had been duped both by England and France in the matter of the league. To their surprise they were informed that while they were themselves furnishing four thousand men, according to the contract signed by the three powers, the queen had in reality only agreed to contribute two thousand soldiers, and these only for four months' service, within a very strict territorial limit, and under promise of immediate reimbursement of the expenses thus incurred.[2]

These facts, together with the avowal that their magnanimous ally had all along been secretly treating for peace with the common enemy, did not make a cheerful impression upon those plain-spoken republicans, nor was it much consolation to them to receive the assurance that "after the king's death his affection and gratitude toward the states would be found deeply engraved upon his heart."[3]

The result of such a future autopsy might seem a matter of comparative indifference, since meantime the present effect to the Republic of those deep emotions was a

[1] An abstract of the letter is given by Bor, ubi sup.
[2] Bor, ubi sup. Vide antea. [3] Ibid.

treacherous desertion. Calvaert, too, who had so long haunted the king like his perpetual shadow, and who had believed him, at least so far as the Netherlands were concerned, to be almost without guile,[1] had been destined, after all, to a rude awakening. Sick and suffering, he did not cease, so long as life was in him, to warn the States-General of the dangers impending over them from the secret negotiations which their royal ally was doing his best to conceal from them, and as to which he had for a time succeeded so dexterously in hoodwinking their envoy himself. But the honest and energetic agent of the Republic did not live to see the consummation of these manœuvers of Henry and the pope. He died in Paris during the month of June of this year.[2]

Certainly the efforts of Spanish and papal diplomacy had not been unsuccessful in bringing about a dissolution of the bonds of amity by which the three powers seemed so lately to be drawing themselves very closely together. The Republic and Henry IV. were now on a most uncomfortable footing toward each other. On the other hand, the queen was in a very ill humor with the states and very angry with Henry. Especially the persistent manner in which the Hollanders carried on trade with Spain, and were at the same time making fortunes for themselves and feeding the enemy, while Englishmen, on pain of death, were debarred from participa-

[1] "Deurien, S. M.," wrote Calvaert in June, 1596, "(Sonder jactantie gesproken) binnen den tyt ick by hem geweest ben, my luttel particulariteiten verborgen heeft, seggende dikmael met expresse woorden, en soo ick geloove sonder fictie (*die in hem cleyn is*) [!] dat hy niet begeerde de kennis syner handelingen desen oorlog raakende, aen U. M. E. te onttrecken."—Calvaert to the States-General, Deventer, ii. 118.

[2] Van Deventer, ii. 148.

tion in such traffic, excited great and general indignation in England. In vain was it represented that this trade, if prohibited to the commonwealth, would fall into the hands of neutral powers, and that Spain would derive her supplies from the Baltic and other regions as regularly as ever, while the Republic, whose whole life was in her foreign commerce, would not only become incapable of carrying on the war, but would perish of inanition. The English statesmen threatened to declare all such trade contraband, and vessels engaging in it lawful prize to English cruisers.[1]

Burghley declared, with much excitement, to Caron that he, as well as all the council, considered the conduct of the Hollanders so unjustifiable as to make them regret that their princess had ever embarked with a state which chose to aid its own enemies in the destruction of itself and its allies. Such conduct was so monstrous that those who were told of it would hardly believe it.[2]

The Dutch envoy observed that there were thirty thousand sailors engaged in this trade, and he asked the lord treasurer whether he proposed that these people should all starve or be driven into the service of the enemy. Burghley rejoined that the Hollanders had the whole world besides to pursue their traffic in, that they did indeed trade over the whole world, and had thereby become so extraordinarily, monstrously rich that there was no believing it.[3]

Caron declared his sincere wish that this was true, but said, on the contrary, that he knew too well what ex-

[1] "Ende voor vrybuyt doen verklaren alle sulcke schepen," etc. —Caron to the States-General, September 24, 1597, in Deventer, 157–161.

[2] Caron's despatch last cited.

[3] Ibid.

treme trouble and labor the States-General had in providing for the expenses of the war and in extracting the necessary funds from the various communities. This would hardly be the case were such great wealth in the land as was imagined. But still the English councilors protested that they would stop this trading with the enemy at every hazard.[1]

On the question of peace or war itself the republican diplomatists were often baffled as to the true intentions of the English government. "As the queen is fine and false," said Marquis Havré, observing and aiding in the various intrigues which were weaving at Brussels, "and her council much the same, she is practising toward the Hollanders a double stratagem. On the one hand she induces them to incline to a general peace. On the other, her adherents, ten or twelve in number of those who govern Holland and have credit with the people, insist that the true interest of the state is in a continuation of the war."[2]

But Havré, adept in diplomatic chicane as he undoubtedly was, would have found it difficult to find any man of intelligence or influence in that rebellious commonwealth, of which he was once a servant, who had any doubt on that subject. It needed no English argument to persuade Olden-Barneveldt, and the other statesmen who guided the destiny of the Republic, that peace would be destruction. Moreover, there is no question that both the queen and Burghley would have been truly grateful had the States-General been willing to make peace and return to the allegiance which they had long since spurned.

[1] Caron's despatch last cited.

[2] Deventer, 169, from the Belgian Archives. Havré to Archduke Albert.

Nevertheless, it is difficult to say whether there were at this moment more of animosity in Elizabeth's mind toward her backsliding ally, with whom she had so recently and so pompously sworn an eternal friendship, or toward her ancient enemy. Although she longed for peace, she hardly saw her way to it, for she felt that the secret movements of Henry had in a manner barred the path. She confessed to the states' envoy that it was as easy for her to make black white as to make peace with Spain.[1] To this Caron cordially assented, saying with much energy: "There is as much chance for your Majesty and for us to make peace, during the life of the present King of Spain, as to find redemption in hell."[2]

To the Danish ambassadors, who had come to England with proposals of mediation, the queen had replied that the King of Spain had attacked her dominions many times and had very often attempted her assassination;[3] that after long patience she had begun to defend herself, and had been willing to show him that she had the courage and the means not only to maintain herself against his assaults, but also to invade his realms; that, therefore, she was not disposed to speak first, nor to lay down any conditions. Yet, if she saw that the King of Spain had any remorse for his former offenses against her, and wished to make atonement for them, she was willing to declare that her heart was not so alienated from peace but that she could listen to propositions on the subject.[4]

[1] Caron to the States-General, September 24, 1597, Deventer, ii. 153–156.

[2] Ibid., ii. 156.

[3] "Ende seer dickmael naer haer lyfe ende leven heeft doen staen."—Caron to States-General, September 24, 1597, Deventer, ii. 159.

[4] Ibid.

She said, too, that such a peace must be a general one, including both the King of France and the states of the Netherlands, for with these powers she had but lately made an offensive and defensive league against the King of Spain, from which she protested that for no consideration in the world would she ever swerve one jot.

Certainly these were words of Christian charity and good faith, but such professions are the common staple of orations and documents for public consumption. As the accounts became more and more minute, however, of Henry's intrigues with Albert, Philip, and Clement, the queen grew more angry.

She told Caron that she was quite aware that the king had long been in communication with the cardinal's emissaries, and that he had even sent some of his principal councilors to confer with the cardinal himself at Arras, in direct violation of the stipulations of the league. She expressed her amazement at the king's conduct; for she knew very well, she said, that the league had hardly been confirmed and sworn to before he was treating with secret agents sent to him by the cardinal. "And now," she continued, "they propose to send an ambassador to inform me of the whole proceeding, and to ask my advice and consent in regard to negotiations which they have, perchance, entirely concluded."

She further informed the republican envoy that the king had recently been taking the ground in these dealings with the common enemy; that the two kingdoms of France and England must first be provided for; that when the basis between these powers and Spain had been arranged it would be time to make arrangements for the states, and that it would probably be found advisable to obtain a truce of three or four years between

them and Spain, in which interval the government of the provinces might remain on its actual footing. During this armistice the King of Spain was to withdraw all Spanish troops from the Netherlands, in consequence of which measure all distrust would by degrees vanish, and the community, becoming more and more encouraged, would in time recognize the king for their sovereign once more.[1]

This, according to the information received by Elizabeth from her resident minister in France, was Henry's scheme for carrying out the principles of the offensive and defensive league, which only the year before he had so solemnly concluded with the Dutch Republic. Instead of assisting that commonwealth in waging her war of independence against Spain, he would endeavor to make it easy for her to return peacefully to her ancient thraldom.[2]

The queen asked Caron what he thought of the project. How could that diplomatist reply but with polite scorn? Not a year of such an armistice would elapse, he said, before the Spanish partizans would have it all their own way in the Netherlands, and the King of Spain would be master of the whole country. Again and again he repeated that peace, so long as Philip lived, was an impossibility for the states. No doubt that monarch would gladly consent to the proposed truce, for it would be indeed strange if by means of it he could not so establish himself in the provinces as to easily overthrow the sovereigns who were thus helping him to so advantageous a position.[3]

[1] Caron to States-General, November 19, 1597, Deventer, ii. 161–164.

[2] Ibid.

[3] Ibid.

The queen listened patiently to a long and earnest remonstrance in this vein made by the envoy, and assured him that not even to gain another kingdom would she be the cause of a return of the provinces to the dominion of Spain. She would do her best to dissuade the king from his peace negotiations, but she would listen to De Maisse, the new special envoy from Henry, and would then faithfully report to Caron, by word of mouth, the substance of the conversation. The States-General did not deserve to be deceived, nor would she be a party to any deception, unless she were first cheated herself. "I feel indeed," she added, "that matters are not always managed as they should be by your government, and that you have not always treated princes, especially myself, as we deserve to be treated. Nevertheless, your state is not a monarchy, and so we must take all things into consideration, and weigh its faults against its many perfections."[1]

With this philosophical, and in the mouth of Elizabeth Tudor surely very liberal, reflection, the queen terminated the interview with the republican envoy.

Meantime the conferences with the special ambassador of France proceeded. For, so soon as Henry had completed all his arrangements, and taken his decision to accept the very profitable peace offered to him by Spain, he assumed that air of frankness which so well became him, and candidly avowed his intention of doing what

[1] "Ick bevinde wel (seide sy) dat het niet al recht soo 't behoorde in hunne regeeringe toegaet, en dat sy niet altyts de Princen immers niet my tincteren soo wy wel in hun regart verdient hebben; doch hun staet is oock geen monarchie, en daarom wy moeten alles considereren en de faulten met vele perfectien die sy hebben tegen elkander laeten gemoeten."—Caron's despatch last cited.

he had already done. Hurault de Maisse arrived in England not long before the time when the peace commissioners were about assembling at Vervins. He was instructed to inform her Majesty that he had done his best to bring about a general alliance of the European powers, from which alone the league concluded between England, France, and the Netherlands would have derived substantial strength.[1]

But as nothing was to be hoped for from Germany, as England offered but little assistance, and as France was exhausted by her perpetual conflicts, it had become necessary for the king to negotiate for a peace. He now wished to prove, therefore, to the queen, as to a sister to whom he was under such obligations, that the interests of England were as dear to him as those of France.

The proof of these generous sentiments did not, however, seem so clear as could be wished, and there were very stormy debates so soon as the ambassador found himself in conference with her Majesty's councilors. The English statesmen bitterly reproached the French for having thus lightly thrown away the alliance between the two countries, and they insisted upon the duty of the king to fulfil his solemn engagements.

The reply was very frank and very decided. Kings, said De Maisse, never make treaties except with the tacit condition to embrace everything that may be useful to them, and carefully to avoid everything prejudicial to their interests.[2]

The corollary from this convenient and sweeping maxim was simple enough. The king could not be expected by his allies to reject an offered peace which was very profitable, nor to continue a war which was very

[1] De Thou, t. xiii. liv. cxx. 206 seq. [2] Ibid.

detrimental. All that they could expect was that he should communicate his intentions to them, and this he was now very cheerfully doing. Such in brief were the statements of De Maisse.[1]

The English were indignant. They also said a stout word for the provinces, although it has been made sufficiently clear that they did not love that upstart Republic. But the French ambassador replied that his master really meant secretly to assist the states in carrying on the war until they should make an arrangement.[2] He should send them very powerful succors for this purpose, and he expected confidently that England would assist him in this line of conduct.[3] Thus Henry was secretly pledging himself to make underhand but substantial war against Spain, with which power he was at that instant concluding peace, while at the same time he was abandoning his warlike league with the queen and the Republic in order to effect that very pacification. Truly the morality of the governing powers of the earth was not entirely according to the apostolic standard.

The interviews between the queen and the new ambassador were, of course, on his part, more courteous in tone than those with the councilors, but mainly to the same effect. De Maisse stated that the Spanish king had offered to restore every place that he held in France, including Calais, Brittany, and the marquisate of Saluces, and as he likewise manifested a willingness to come to

[1] De Thou, t. xiii. liv. cxx. 206 seq. [2] Ibid.

[3] "Qu'en faisant la paix avec les Espagnols il ne laisseroit pas de fournir secretement aux États-Généraux de puissans secours jusqu'à ce que leur accommodement fût fait, et qu'il souhaitoit se joindre avec l'Angleterre pour les aider et les soutenir, soit en paix, soit en guerre."—De Thou, ubi sup.

favorable terms with her Majesty and with the states, it was obviously the duty of Henry to make these matters known to her Majesty, in whose hands was thus placed the decision between peace or continuation of the war.[1] The queen asked what was the authority for the supposition that England was to be included by Spain in the pacification. De Maisse quoted President Richardot. In that case, the queen remarked, it was time for her to prepare for a third Spanish armada. When a former envoy from France had alluded to Richardot as expressing the same friendly sentiments on the part of his sovereign and himself, she had replied by referring to the sham negotiations of Bourbourg, by which the famous invasion of 1588 had been veiled, and she had intimated her expectation that another Spanish fleet would soon be at her throat. And within three weeks of the utterance of her prophecy the second armada, under Santa Gadea, had issued from Spain to assail her realms. Now, then, as Richardot was again cited as a peace negotiator, it was time to look for a third invasion. It was an impertinence for Secretary of State Villeroy to send her word about Richardot. It was not an impertinence in King Henry, who understood war matters better than he did affairs of state, in which kings were generally governed by their councilors and secretaries, but it was very strange that Villeroy should be made quiet with a simple declaration of Richardot.[2]

The queen protested that she would never consent to a peace with Spain, except with the knowledge and consent of the states. De Maisse replied that the king was

[1] Caron to the States-General, December 10, 1597 (O. S.), in Deventer, ii. 165–168.

[2] Ibid.

of the same mind, upon which her Majesty remarked that in that case he had better have apprised her and the states of his intentions before treating alone and secretly with the enemy. The envoy denied that the king had been treating. He had only been listening to what the King of Spain had to propose, and suggesting his own wishes and intentions. The queen rejoined that this was treating if anything was, and certainly her Majesty was in the right if the term has any meaning at all.

Elizabeth further reproachfully observed that, although the king talked about continuing the war, he seemed really tired of that dangerous pursuit, in which he had exercised himself so many long years, and that he was probably beginning to find a quiet and agreeable life more to his taste. She expressed the hope, however, that he would acquit himself honorably toward herself and her allies, and keep the oaths which he had so solemnly sworn before God.

Such was the substance of the queen's conversations with De Maisse, as she herself subsequently reported them to the states' envoy.[1]

The republican statesmen had certainly cause enough to suspect Henry's intentions, but they did not implicitly trust Elizabeth. They feared that both king and queen were heartily sick of the war, and disposed to abandon the league, while each was bent on securing better terms than the other in any negotiations for peace. Barneveldt—on the whole the most sagacious of the men then guiding the affairs of Europe, although he could dispose of but comparatively slender resources, and was merely the chief minister of a scarcely born little commonwealth of some three million souls—was doing his best to save

[1] Caron's despatch last cited.

the league and to divert Henry from thoughts of peace. Feeling that the queen, notwithstanding her professions to Caron and others, would have gladly entered into negotiations with Philip, had she found the door as wide open as Henry had found it, he did his best to prevent both his allies from proceeding further in that direction. He promised the French envoy at The Hague that not only would the Republic continue to furnish the four thousand soldiers as stipulated in the league, but that if Henry would recommence active operations a states' army of nine thousand foot and two thousand horse should at once take the field on the Flemish frontier of France, and aid in the campaign to the full extent of their resources.[1] If the king were disposed to undertake the siege of Calais, the advocate engaged that he should be likewise energetically assisted in that enterprise.[2] Nor was it suggested, in case the important maritime stronghold were recovered, that it should be transferred, not to the sovereign of France, but to the dominions of the Republic. That was the queen's method of assisting an ally, but it was not the practice of the states. Buzanval, who was quite aware of his master's decision to conclude peace, suggested Henry's notion of a preliminary and general truce for six months. But of course Barneveldt rejected the idea with horror. He felt, as every intelligent statesman of the commonwealth could not but feel, that an armistice would be a death-blow. It would be better, he said, for the states to lose one or two towns than to make a truce, for there were so many people in the commonwealth sure to be dazzled by the false show of a pacification that they would be

[1] Letters of Buzanval, cited by Deventer, ii. 164, 165.

[2] Ibid.

likely, after getting into the suburbs, to wish to enter the heart of the city. "If," said the advocate, "the French and the English know what they are doing when they are facilitating the Spanish dominion in the provinces, they would prefer to lose a third of their own kingdoms to seeing the Spaniard absolute master here."[1]

It was determined, in this grave position of affairs, to send a special mission both to France and to England, with the advocate as its chief. Henry made no objections to this step, but, on the contrary, affected much impatience for the arrival of the envoys, and ascribed the delay to the intrigues of Elizabeth. He sent word to Prince Maurice and to Barneveldt that he suspected the queen of endeavoring to get before him in negotiating with Spain in order to obtain Calais for herself.[2] And, in truth, Elizabeth very soon afterward informed Barneveldt that she might really have had Calais and have got the better of the king in these secret transactions.[3]

Meantime, while the special mission to France and England was getting ready to depart, an amateur diplomatist appeared in Brussels, and made a feeble effort to effect a reconciliation between the Republic and the cardinal.

This was a certain Van der Meulen, an Antwerp merchant, who, for religious reasons, had emigrated to Leyden, and who was now invited by the cardinal archduke to Brussels to confer with his councilors as to the possibility of the rebellious states accepting his authority.[4] For, as will soon be indicated, Philip had recently re-

[1] Letters of Buzanval, cited by Deventer, ii. 164, 165.
[2] Verhaal van Olden-Barneveldt, in Deventer, ii. 171.
[3] Ibid.
[4] Bor, iv. 468.

solved on a most important step. He was about to transfer the sovereignty of all the Netherlands to his daughter Isabella and her destined husband, Cardinal Albert It would obviously, therefore, be an excessively advantageous arrangement for these new sovereigns if the rebellious states would join hands with the obedient provinces, accept the dominion of Albert and Isabella and give up their attempt to establish a republican government. Accordingly, the cardinal had intimated that the states would be allowed the practice of their religion, while the military and civil functionaries might retain office. He even suggested that he would appoint Maurice of Nassau his stadholder for the northern provinces, unless he should prefer a high position in the imperial armies.[1] Such was the general admiration felt in Spain and elsewhere for the military talents of the prince that he would probably be appointed commander-in-chief of the forces against Mohammed.[2] Van der Meulen duly reported all these ingenious schemes to the states, but the sturdy republicans only laughed at them. They saw clearly enough through such slight attempts to sow discord in their commonwealth and to send their great chieftain to Turkey.

A most affectionate letter written by the cardinal archduke to the States-General, inviting them to accept his sovereignty, and another from the obedient provinces to the United States of the same purport, remained unanswered.[3]

But the Antwerp merchant, in his interviews with the crafty politicians who surrounded the cardinal, was able at least to obtain some insight into the opinions prevalent at Brussels; and these were undoubtedly to the

[1] Bor, iv. 468. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.

effect that both England and France were willing enough to abandon the cause of the Netherlands, provided only that they could obtain satisfactory arrangements for themselves.

Van der Meulen remarked to Richardot that in all their talk about a general peace nothing had been said of the Queen of England, to whom the states were under so great obligations, and without whom they would never enter into any negotiations.

Richardot replied that the queen had very sagaciously provided for the safety of her own kingdom, and had kept up the fire everywhere else in order to shelter herself. There was more difficulty for this lady, he said, than for any of the rest. She had shown herself very obstinate, and had done them a great deal of mischief. They knew very well that the King of France did not love her. Nevertheless, as they had resolved upon a general peace, they were willing to treat with her as well as with the others.[1]

[1] Verhaal van Van der Meulen, cited by Deventer, ii. 173.

NOTE TO PAGE 83; NOTE, PAGES 83, 84; PAGE 434, LINE 18

It will be observed that the officer mortally wounded at the taking of Cadiz, 2d July, 1596, bears in the text (iv. 434) the same name—Nicholas Meetkerken—with that of the colonel killed at the capture of Deventer, 10th June, 1591 (iv. 83). Meteren (xvi. and xviii. fol. 333 and 388, 389) and other contemporary authorities state the fact without comment on the identity of name. It is possible, however, that the Meetkerken killed at Cadiz was one of the remaining sons of the president of Flanders, and that his Christian name was Baldwin or Adolph.

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